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***PORTRAIT OF NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI***





# THE PRINCE

BY

NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY S G W BENJAMIN

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## THE CITY OF THE SUN

BY TOMMASO CAMPANELLA

ESSAYS

BY UGO FOSCOLO

ESSAYS

BY GIUSEPPI MAZZINI

RECOLLECTIONS

BY GIUSEPPI GARIBARDI

THE NATIONAL ALUMNI

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## INTRODUCTION

**N**ICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI was born in Florence in 1649. He was descended from marquesses of Tuscany. Many members of the family reached high offices in that city when her fortunes were in their prime and men of genius were founding her fame. That was the period when the Guelph and Ghibelline factions struggled for the mastery, and later when the aristocrats and the plebeians were engaged in constant internecine agitation for control of the government. Every form of turbulence and wickedness abounded. Wealth, and envy, its inevitable attendant, perpetually threatened the peace of a state that was the mediæval vortex of genius, violence and crime. Men whose patriotism took a broad view of tendencies and events, like Farinata degli Uberti, whose acts rose sometimes above faction and ambition, were rare, and they lacked the power to stem the current of passion.

Amid this Inferno of strenuous activities Machiavelli was born, inheriting social position and vast mental abilities, but handicapped by poverty. The family wealth had been squandered by his forbears in the struggle for rank and office. But in such a community, noble descent was not without its uses, especially if it was an adjunct of abilities equaled or surpassed by few even in that age and country of extraordinary intellectual



activity Machiavelli was in thorough sympathy with the spirit of his time. Indeed, it was a maxim with him that "The cause of every man's success in life is owing to the temperature of his mind in conformity to the times in which he lives." With some notable exceptions, perhaps, this maxim is correct.

A marked quality of Machiavelli's mind, shared with several of his most distinguished contemporaries, was his versatility. For example, Leonardo da Vinci was painter, sculptor, civil engineer, and what not besides. Michelangelo was sculptor, painter, architect, engineer, and poet. Machiavelli, in turn, was a man of affairs, a publicist, a historian, and a dramatist. During the first half of his career he held a prominent post in Florence, and conducted with signal success important embassies, which required great shrewdness, courage, and diplomatic skill. In one of these he waited on the Duke of Valentino—better known as Cæsar Borgia—and was present on the occasion when the most powerful Italian of his time executed his chief enemies at one *coup* by a treachery bold and amazing even in those days. While at Borgia's court Machiavelli so conducted himself as to give the impression of friendliness while actually plotting against his crafty host. It would have gone hard with him if his plot had been discovered. The diplomatic reports that Machiavelli sent home at that time are masterpieces of official style.

Machiavelli also turned his hand to discourses or commentaries on Livy, replete with the wisdom of statecraft, and likewise wrote a treatise on the art of war, which attracted serious attention and acceptance. This

was followed by a plan for the reform of the militia of Florence. As if this were not enough, he composed several comedies, of which the one entitled *La Mandragola* is considered among the noblest of Italian dramas, ranking little below Molière.

Not yet satisfied with such varied success, Machiavelli undertook to write the history of Florence. There are some who prefer the more sober style of Villani, who treated part of the same subject, just as some prefer the method of Hallam to that of Gibbon. This is a matter of individual taste. In any case, Machiavelli's *History of Florence* is a masterpiece not only for the brilliance of the narrative, and the dramatic power in the description of striking events, but also for the profound observations that abound in its pages. As a further indication of his powers, it may be added here that Machiavelli possessed a command of the Italian language and a flexibility of diction which place him by the side of Boccaccio as one of two or three writers who fixed the Italian language as it is to-day, as it has been ever since Machiavelli took up authorship. Indeed, the latter surpassed the former by abandoning the inversions of the Latin tongue.

To have reached such excellence in so many forms of intellectual effort was glory enough for one individual, and his achievements placed Machiavelli easily on a line with the greatest names of Italy's most brilliant period of genius. And yet, if his fame had depended only on these works and deeds, the name of Machiavelli would now be found, most probably, among the obscurely great alone. It might be looked up to by his compatriots

with a degree of pride, and his works be read by occasional scholars and specialists, enough to preserve his name from oblivion. He would have been in the ranks with many who are possessed of great talent, but who lack that certain quality of genius which claims and meets a universal demand in all agès, not large, perhaps, but permanent

It remained for another achievement to win for Machiavelli an immortality of alternating infamy and fame. This was the celebrated treatise on government, called *The Prince*. It has placed the name of Machiavelli on a tablet where it will be seen to the end of time, and by that means, likewise, it tends to preserve the memory of his other works. Not more profound than his *History of Florence*, not more brilliant than his *Mandragola*, hardly more clever than his diplomatic despatches, *The Prince* holds its place and upholds the fame of its author for two especial reasons. It is, first, one of the most strikingly original conceptions ever composed by mortal brain, and it holds the same relation to the country, age and people whence it drew its inspiration that Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*—a work entirely its opposite in character—bears to the environment that gave it creation, or *Don Quixote* to its own special environment. Such works springing from native seed, at critical periods of national evolution, and announced by native genius, are the kind of works that live.

The second reason for the continued, world-wide interest of *The Prince* is that it has been veiled by a mystery which has taxed curiosity and provoked endless discussion and speculation. Stripped of the element of

curiosity, the Man in the Iron Mask would have raised but mere local interest, and been soon forgotten. But for the question of the authorship of the *Letters of Junius*, they would have been accorded the same fate soon after publication.

The mystery about *The Prince* concerns the author's purpose when he undertook a work of apparently such barefaced iniquity. Did he write in sarcasm or in irony on despotism, and especially on government, as conducted in the Middle Ages, or was the author a man of base, diabolical nature, deliberately recommending in cold blood the practice of selfishness and crime that involved the effacement of human rights and liberties, the spread of misery in a world already sufficiently beset with trouble, or was he led by such obliquity of moral vision as to write with patriotic and humane motives precepts and advice that in other circumstances he would have shuddered to put on paper? Under any of these hypotheses, the mind of the author of *The Prince* might well be an object of keen and rational curiosity, and a fit subject for analysis by those scientists who, in our day, are called alienists.

If we had no other means of judging of the intent of *The Prince* than from internal evidence, then indeed the verdict must be against the defendant. But, on the other hand, the general good repute of the author is such that he is entitled to the benefit of what is called historical perspective. By this is meant a recent method of criticising men and events of the past so far as possible according to the usages and opinions of their own period, their own point of view. In brief, if we would

## INTRODUCTION

fairly judge, let us go back to the fifteenth century, and place ourselves in the environment in which Machiavelli lived when he wrote *The Prince*

From the rise to the fall of her grandeur, Florence, the mistress of the outlying districts known as Tuscany, bore considerable resemblance to Athens. She rivaled the Greek state in the number of her great men. Her government was not unlike that of Athens, nominally under the control of the people, but practically ruled by some man of superior qualities, who, by election or tacit agreement, held superior sway. Faction and agitation were common to each, but in this respect Florence surpassed any other state in history. As the Guelph and Ghibelline disturbances died, others took their places, such as the chronic tumults of the artisan and plebeian classes or those resulting from the jealousies of families of wealth and blood. In every case "pride, envy and avarice were the sparks that had set hearts on fire" in Florence, says Dante. In Canto VI of his "Purgatory" the poet hurls terrible sarcasm against the perpetual turbulence that crushed beneficent government in his native city. So continuous was agitation, aroused by the lowest passions and ever attended with treachery, overthrow of administrations for no adequate cause, banishment, incendiarism and slaughter, that the period of eleven years from 1379 to 1390, when there was comparative calm, is celebrated as abnormal. In 1433 Cosimo de' Medici, wise, benevolent, public-spirited, and called the father of his country three centuries before Washington was similarly honored, was for these very reasons the object of a stupendous tumult. For days

his life hung in the balance, the mob howling for his blood and treasure. Finally he was banished, ostracised for no better cause than was Aristides. The rising of the artisan faction in 1378 was a return of chaos. The slums were emptied by the host of ignorance and envy. Sifted to its ultimate cause, this catastrophe was due to a vague yearning for liberty, or freedom from law, on the part of those who lacked intelligence or self-control to discriminate between liberty and license, between order and rapine.

These disorders also sprang quite as often from rivalry and hate of some governing family, even when it governed well. Demagogues prated of liberty and tyranny, but with ulterior ambitions of their own, as Brutus and Cassius, whom Dante consigned to the lowest hell, inveighed and conspired against Cæsar. Dante saw with unerring eye the hypocrisies, treacheries, and crimes that tore the vitals of his native city. It is true that these horrors were common throughout Italy, but Florence surpassed all.

As an example among scores of these foul tragedies, occurring as late as the time of Machiavelli, who might almost say, *Quorum pars fui*, may be cited the plot against the life and administration of the young brothers Gulielmo and Lorenzo de' Medici, the latter justly called the Magnificent, one of the wisest rulers of the Renaissance period.

The conspiracy grew out of alleged grudges of the Pazzi, a great Florentine family. Outsiders hastened to join in the plot on various pretences. Strange as it may seem to us, on the list of agitators were found no

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less personages than the Pope, his Captain-General, who said distinctly that he himself had no grudge, a cardinal, and an archbishop. And it was planned that the horrid deed should be executed in a church filled with worshippers on the occasion of a great function, and that the Cardinal and the Archbishop should themselves officiate at the altar at that very time, in order to allay suspicion. Gulielmo fell under numerous wounds, but Lorenzo, although hurt, escaped with his life, and the plot failed to overthrow the Medici rule. In the awful tumult that ensued, the Archbishop was hanged, and the Cardinal was barely saved by the priests that gathered around him. As for the Pazzi, good, bad, or indifferent, they were practically exterminated by the infuriated mob.

The points especially to consider in this case are the absence of sufficient motives for such determined defiance of order and law, and the exalted position of many of the parties to the plot. And further, that after the first blast of rage was past, there was little evidence that these conspirators were regarded by the men of the period with other sentiments than would be bestowed upon any who fail in an important and desperate but not necessarily criminal enterprise. It seemed as if the public said, "The deed was perhaps inexpedient. They ought at least to have managed things better. But next time the mistakes of this attempt will be avoided, and success will attend the proper use of treachery and poignards." People in Italy at that time took such affairs coolly, perhaps with a certain grim humor, somewhat as voters of our day accept the failure of an at-

tempt to steal an election with stuffed ballot-boxes or bribery. Other men, other manners! It should be remembered that, besides her chronic internal disorders, Florence was often involved in the continual warfare then existing among all the States of Italy. With hardly an exception, the causes for such conditions were absolute lack of political principles, slack public spirit, and thirst for self-aggrandizement and conquest, whether by the sword, or, as more frequently happened, by the devious mazes of duplicity and treachery.

It was among such scenes that Machiavelli was born and bred. As things went, he was a respectable and reputable citizen. But we are all subject more or less to the influences of our environment, and there is no reason to assume that in principles and morals he differed greatly from the average Florentine. His brain was doubtless exceptionally gifted, but in ethics probably Machiavelli was not much in advance of the period. If we take up the perusal of *The Prince* before his other writings, we may, indeed, conclude that a work of such character could have proceeded only from one whose principles were far below those of his fellow citizens. But if one first reads the author's *Discourses* and *History of Florence*, he will meet many passages, many profound observations, that seem to grow naturally out of the conditions described. Hence we are led up to *The Prince*, and see that it is in turn a natural outcome of circumstances that shaped the character of most who mingled as active citizens in the affairs of Florence. This is not to say that all Florentines were wholly bad. They had many great and noble traits. But public opinion on cer-



tain questions was distinctly immoral or non-moral. We need not go far to find communities even at the present day that resemble Florence in this respect.

What Machiavelli himself thought of *The Prince* is indicated in his dedication of the work to "The Most Magnificent Lorenzo de' Medici," from which the following passage is taken: "My desire to present myself to the notice of your Highness, with the best proof of my devotion, has not enabled me to discover, amongst all I possess, anything that I esteem more, or account so valuable, as a knowledge of the actions of celebrated men—a knowledge acquired by a long experience of modern times, and diligent perusal of ancient writers." There is no mystery about this; no consciousness of wrong intent, no suspicion of affronting his liege lord, but rather a compliment offered to him that would redound to the honor of both. What Machiavelli's fellow countrymen thought of this extraordinary manual of political ethics is shown by the reception given to his works, including *The Prince*. Pope Clement VII patronized them. The reading population of Italy, accustomed to the practices recommended in *The Prince*, accepted the author's sentiments as a matter of course. It was not until about thirty years after the publication of *The Prince* that the supposed heinousness of that work was discovered, and then not in Italy but beyond the Alps. Then, indeed, it was put under the ban at the Council of Trent, and Protestant and Catholic alike spared neither ink nor speech to consign the author to eternal infamy as an arch-fiend.

But this general condemnation did not satisfy all

thinkers, hence arose the mystery that has so long invested *The Prince*, and kept alive the extraordinary interest it aroused. If there had been nothing to stimulate curiosity as to the author's intent, there would have been an end of speculation; and this famous treatise might then have ceased to hold the reader's interest long ago. As often happens in the affairs of men, there has been a reaction from the extreme opinions held at one time in regard to Machiavelli. He was at first greatly esteemed, and was then anathematized the world over, and his works treated as poisons deadly to the weal of society. Then in time followed other thinkers, who deemed such iniquity impossible to one so intelligent and reputable as Machiavelli, and people began to think there must be hidden meanings in *The Prince*, and that in fact he wrote with a pen dipped in the vitriolic fluid of sarcasm and irony. This being the case, instead of receiving condemnation, he might almost be worthy of praise as an intentional benefactor. No less a writer than Macaulay went so far as to consider Machiavelli a staunch friend of the people, a believer in popular government, and hence very far from purposing to write a book whose aim appears on the surface to strengthen the hands of arbitrary rulers and to reduce popular independence and power. But this theory does not appear to be well sustained.

It is true that Machiavelli often, in the pages of *The Prince*, advises rulers, especially those who have obtained their power by conquest, to place strong dependence on the respect and affection of the people, as one of the best means for a sovereign to maintain stable

government. But what he advises is evidently for the benefit of the ruler rather than for his subjects. On the other hand, he repeatedly inveighs against the people, their insubordination, fickleness, and the like, and even uses such phrases as "The nauseous rule of the rabble." Moreover, Machiavelli came by descent from the aristocracy of early Florence, and class sentiments bred in the blood linger long, even in changed circumstances, and reappear in emergencies.

Nor is it reasonable to conclude that *The Prince* was composed in a spirit of irony. That treatise is a summing up of the author's observations and reading on political matters. He put into the concrete form of advice what successful men had been doing for ages, what they were doing still without arousing marked disapproval from the many, and often indeed with distinct applause and imitation. This is not irony, from his point of view; it is simply applied common sense, and when he advises firm, arbitrary, or cruel measures it is because he discerns that in his time it was the only way in which law and order, such as were possible in those ages, could be maintained. The majesty of popular government, the possibilities of good to which it might reach in later ages, were still remote, and certainly undreamed-of in southern Europe in Machiavelli's day. But he did feel keenly that what was the crying evil of the various little so-called republics and princedoms of the Italian peninsula was the need of firm hands to rule, and clearer eyes to see how to rule, and stronger souls to dare, to win, and to hold political control. Order, at any cost, was the end.

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In view of these facts and conclusions, is it unreasonable to venture the opinion that, in writing *The Prince*, Machiavelli proposed to himself a work that might be called the Gospel of Expediency? This is not to approve of the principles and modes of action he advised, but to explain and palliate them by the light of the conditions under which he lived. By this means we are able at once to explain the riddle of *The Prince*, and rise from a study of that work to a clearer understanding of the time and place in which it was written. And let us bear in mind, likewise, that while there were some sincere souls, undoubtedly, who honestly raised their hands in holy horror over the *chef d'œuvre* of Machiavelli, a still larger number condemned it because the author had simply dared to say aloud what they themselves were constantly practising in the secret council chambers of the nations.

*S. G. W. Benjamin*



## DEDICATION

*Niccolò Machiavelli, citizen and secretary of Florence, to  
the most magnificent Lorenzo de' Medici*

**T**HOSE who court the favor of princes present them with whatever they possess that is rare, curious, or valuable, as horses, armor, embroidery and precious stones, according to the dignity of the personage they seek to propitiate. For my part, my desire to present myself to the notice of your Highness, with the best proof of my devotion, has not enabled me to discover, amongst all I possess, anything that I esteem more, or account so valuable, as a knowledge of the actions of celebrated men—a knowledge acquired by a long experience of modern times and a diligent perusal of ancient writers. The observations that I have made with all the accuracy, reflection, and care of which I am capable are contained in the small volume now addressed to you. And although I am not vain enough to deem it worthy of your acceptance, yet I am persuaded that your goodness will not refuse the offering, since it is impossible to present you with anything more valuable than a work that places before you, in small compass, all the experience I have acquired in many years of continual meditation and suffering in the school of adversity.

You will find in this fragment neither a glowing and

## DEDICATION

lofty style, nor any of those meretricious ornaments with which writers seek to embellish their works Its interest must depend upon the importance of the subject, the solidity of the reflections, and the truth of the facts recorded

Perhaps it will appear presumptuous in me, a man of humble birth, to propose rules of conduct to those who govern, but as the painter about to sketch a mountainous country places himself in the plain, and in order to draw the scenery of a vale ascends an eminence, even so, I conceive, a person must be a prince to discover the nature and character of a people, and one of the people to judge properly of a prince

I am therefore bold enough to hope that you will accept this feeble tribute with reference to the intention with which it is offered, and if you condescend to read it with attention, you will have evidence of my ardent desire to see you fill gloriously those high destinies to which fortune and your splendid talents have called you.

If from your elevated place you should condescend to look down on a person in my lowly station, you will see how long and how unworthily I have been persecuted by the extreme and unrelenting malevolence of fortune.

NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI

## CHAPTER I

### THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF KINGDOMS AND THE MEANS BY WHICH THEY ARE ACQUIRED

**A**LL states and governments that have ever possessed, or at the present day exercise, dominion over mankind, have been in their origin, or continue to subsist, either as republics or as monarchies. Monarchies are either hereditary in the family by whose descendants they have long been ruled, or they are, on the other hand, but newly acquired. The latter are either wholly and absolutely new, as the government of Milan was to Francesco Sforza, or else they become annexed as appendages to the hereditary states of the prince by whom they are acquired, as the territory of Naples is now annexed to the kingdom of Spain. States so acquired either become subject to the dominion of a prince or they enjoy their liberty. The conqueror subdues them either by his own prowess or through the intervention of foreign arms, from some fortunate event, or by means of his own personal courage and talents



## CHAPTER II

## HEREDITARY KINGDOMS

**I** SHALL not here speak of republican governments, having already discussed that subject amply in my Essay on Livy. I shall confine myself to the subject of monarchies, and in following the divisions that I have laid down, I shall consider how such states ought to be governed and maintained.

I must premise that hereditary states, accustomed to be governed by a line of princes, are more easily maintained than such as are new. In fact, it is only necessary for an hereditary prince to conform strictly to the measures established by his predecessors, and comply with the exigencies that particular occasions may require. Thus, by the rational exercise of ordinary faculties, he may always maintain himself with credit in his states, or at least he can only be dispossessed by some force far greater than his own, and even then he may reestablish himself with ease on the first check the fortune of his adversary may sustain. Italy affords us an example of this in the Duke of Ferrara, who was enabled to resist the Venetians in 1484, and Pope Julius II in 1510, merely by having been so long established in the duchy. For as the legitimate prince has no motive or necessity for irritating his subjects, it follows that he will be more beloved by them than another, hence, unless some extraordinary vices render him

odious, it is natural that he should engross their inclination and regard. In the antiquity and long duration of a government the cause and the remembrance of innovation become confounded, for one change ever produces an increasing inclination for another.

## CHAPTER III

## MIXED GOVERNMENTS

**I**N the government of countries newly acquired, many difficulties occur. In the first place, if they are not entirely new, but merely annexed as appendages to another sovereignty (in which case the state may be called mixed), a degree of instability is created by the difficulties ever incident to new governments. For as most men are willing enough to change their masters, in expectation of improving their condition, such a persuasion induces them to take up arms against the existing government. But in this respect they are often deceived, and find by experience that they have only rendered their condition worse. This mischievous result appears to be both natural and inevitable, for every new prince is compelled, in some degree, to displease his new subjects, either by the presence of the soldiers he is obliged to retain, or by numerous other grievances that are always attendant on recent acquisitions. And thus he is sure to render inimical to him all those persons whom he has injured by seizing the government, and is unable to preserve

the friendship of others who assisted him in his enterprise because he can neither reward them as they expect, nor coerce them with rigor, as they have laid him under such weighty obligations. For, however great the military resources of a prince may be, he will find that to obtain firm footing in a province he must engage the favor and interest of the inhabitants. From these circumstances Louis XII of France quickly gained possession of Milan and as speedily lost it. The troops of Lodovico Sforza were sufficient to retake it at the first attack. For the very people who had opened the gates of the city to the French, deceived in their hopes of future favors, soon became disgusted with the conduct of their new master.

It is doubtless true that when a prince has reconquered a country that has once rebelled, he can retain it afterward more easily in subjection. He avails himself of the rebellion as a reason for using less reserve in securing his conquest, by punishing the guilty, watching the suspected, and strengthening himself in all the vulnerable points of his province. Thus when the French were first driven from the duchy of Milan, this was effected by a mere movement on the confines on the part of Lodovico Sforza, but on the second occasion it became necessary to form a league with other states against the French, to destroy their armies and expel them from Italy; and all this was due to the causes before assigned. Nevertheless, the duchy of Milan was twice wrested from its new master. We have mentioned the general reasons that occasioned his losing it the first time; it remains for us to examine the causes of the second, and

to speak of the measures that the King of France, or any other prince in a similar situation, ought to have adopted, in order to maintain his ground better than Lodovico did

We must premise that a state which a sovereign acquires and unites with his ancient territories is either contiguous to the latter, and they speak the same language, or they differ in these respects. In the former case, nothing is easier than to maintain possession, especially if the inhabitants have not been accustomed to liberty. Little more is required than to extirpate the family of the prince that last ruled over them, and by maintaining their ancient customs and manners, provided there is no national antipathy between the old and the new states, the latter will live peaceably under their new prince, as we have seen in the instances of Burgundy, Brittany, Gascony, and Normandy, countries which have been so long united to France, for although, doubtless, some difference in language existed there, yet their habits and their manners were congenial, and they were therefore capable of being easily blended. Hence, to preserve a newly acquired state, particular attention should be paid to two points. In the first place, care must be taken to extinguish entirely the family of the ancient sovereign; and, in the next, the laws should not be altered nor the taxes increased. By these means in a little time the new states will almost certainly become consolidated with the other dominions of the prince.

But when a prince acquires the sovereignty of a country differing from his own in language, manners,

and intellectual organization, great difficulties arise; and in order to maintain the possession of it, he must have good fortune and superior talent

One of the readiest and most effective methods that a new prince can employ, is to go thither and inhabit the country himself, which cannot fail to render his possession more durable and secure. This was the conduct of the Turk in respect to Greece; for, notwithstanding every precaution that human foresight could suggest, he never could have succeeded in retaining that country under his dominion if he had not fixed his residence there. For when the prince is immediately present he sees the beginning of disorder, and can apply a speedy remedy; but when he is absent, he learns the evil only when it has attained such force and extent as to become incurable. Besides, his new provinces are not liable to be pillaged by deputies and other officers; the new subjects enjoy the consoling advantage of free and speedy access to the prince, they have more reason to love him, if they are well disposed, or to fear him if they are disaffected. Foreign princes would also be deterred from attacking such a state, from the imminent difficulty that always attends an attempt to dispossess a sovereign of a country in which he personally resides.

Another excellent method is to send colonies to those places that are considered the keys of the province. Either this measure must be adopted, or a military force must be maintained. Colonies cost the prince but little, and in their consequences they are injurious to those only who deserve punishment, or to the enemies of the prince, who have been dispossessed of their lands

and houses for the assistance and accommodation of the new colonists, and as they are ever inferior in number, and moreover dispersed and impoverished, they are thus rendered inoffensive. On the other hand, all those who have suffered no wrong nor injury, are inclined to repose and quiet, terrified by the fate of those that have been despoiled. Hence I conclude that colonies are inexpensive, are faithful to the prince, and injurious only to a small number of individuals, who, being reduced to beggary and dispersed, are incapable of disturbing the tranquillity of the state, for we must never lose sight of this maxim, "Either make a man your friend, or put it out of his power to be your enemy." He may revenge a slight injury, but a great one deprives him of his power to avenge. Hence the injury should be of such magnitude that the prince shall have nothing to dread from his vengeance.

But if, instead of forming colonies, armed forces are sent thither, the expense will be infinitely greater, and the whole revenue of the country consumed in the single purpose of maintaining peaceable possession, so that the prince loses, rather than gains, by his conquest. The wrongs effected in this manner are so much the greater as they extend indiscriminately to all his subjects, who are perpetually harassed by the marches, the lodging, and subsistence of his troops. These inconveniences being universally felt, all become his enemies, and the more dangerous on this account, that although defeated, they remain in possession of their homes. Such a force, therefore, will be in every respect as prejudicial as colonies are advantageous.

The new sovereign of a country, the manners and constitution of which are different from his own, ought to take care to make himself the protector and chief of the weaker neighboring princes, and to curb and diminish the authority of the more powerful. He ought especially, in every possible case, to prevent the interference of a stranger as powerful as himself, for it frequently happens that the discontented party calls in somebody from motives of ambition or fear. Thus the Etolians invited the Romans into Greece, and in every province where they gained admittance it was always by the favor and cooperation of the natives. The reason is obvious: whenever a powerful party gets a footing in a country, all the malcontents and the inferior party immediately join him, actuated by envy of those who were more powerful than themselves; so that it costs him but little pains to win over those minor personages, and when they are gained they very soon adopt the measures he prescribes. But he must take especial care that they do not grow too strong and powerful, and then, by his own forces and with their assistance, he may easily weaken and destroy the authority of others, and thus make himself sole arbiter of the country. He who does not attend carefully to this point will soon lose all that he has acquired, and experience nothing but difficulties and embarrassments in his new acquisition.

The Romans carefully practised this system in the provinces they conquered. They planted colonies; they protected the lesser neighboring powers without increasing their strength, they humbled the overgrown power of others, and never permitted any foreigner whom they

had reason to fear to obtain the smallest influence in them. In illustration of this I need but refer to the provinces of Greece. By them the Achæians and Etolians were supported, the power of the Macedonians was weakened, and Antiochus was driven from his dominions, yet all the services of the Achæians and Etolians could not obtain for them the smallest increase of their possessions, notwithstanding all the persuasions of Philip, the Romans never would receive him as a friend till they had lowered his power, and they dreaded Antiochus too much to permit him to preserve the smallest degree of sovereignty in that province.

The Romans on this occasion did what should be done by every wise prince, whose duty it is not only to provide a remedy for present evils, but at the same time to anticipate such as are likely to happen. If foreseen at a distance, they are easily remedied; but if we wait till they have surrounded us, the opportunity is past and the malady has become incurable. It happens then as it happens to physicians in the cure of a consumption, which in the beginning is easy to cure and difficult to understand, but when it has neither been discovered in due time, nor treated upon a proper principle, it becomes easy to understand and difficult to cure. The same thing happens in state affairs, by foreseeing them at a distance, which is done only by men of talents, the evils that might arise from them are soon cured, but when from want of foresight they are suffered to increase to such a height that they are perceptible to every one, there is no longer any remedy.

The Romans, therefore, when aware of evils that might



happen, immediately prepared to avert them, and never suffered them to grow worse merely to evade a war, well knowing that the war was not to be escaped by such means, and that in deferring it they always gave a great advantage to the enemy. Upon which account they rather chose to make war against both Philip and Antiochus in Greece, than suffer those princes to invade Italy. They might then, unquestionably, have avoided the war in both cases, but they judged better, and they did not think fit to put in practice the maxim of politicians of the present day, viz., to await the advantage of time. They made use only of their prudence and their courage, knowing that time drives everything before it, and may bring good as well as evil, and evil as well as good.

But let us return to France, and examine to what extent she has followed the principles we have just explained. I will not speak of Charles VIII, but rather of Louis XII, a prince the length of whose government in Italy has enabled us more easily to understand his course; and you will see that he proceeded in a manner entirely contrary to what a prince should do who would keep possession of a kingdom so different in most respects from his own.

Louis was called into Italy by the ambition of the Venetians, who desired his assistance to enable them to conquer part of Lombardy. I do not condemn this enterprise of the King, or the course he first pursued. Wishing to gain a footing in Italy, and having no friends in the country, the misconduct of his predecessor Charles having closed every avenue against him, he was com-

pelled to avail himself of that alliance, and his enterprise would have succeeded if he had not committed errors in his subsequent conduct. This monarch soon recovered Lombardy, and, with it, the reputation that Charles had lost. The Geneoese submitted to him, the Florentines, the Marquis of Mantua, the Duke de Ferrara, the Bentivoglios,\* the Countess de Forlì, the Lords of Faenza, Pesaro, Rimini, Camerino, Piombino; those of Lucca, Pisa, Siena, all paid their court to him and made him offers of their friendship and assistance. The Venetians soon perceived the imprudent temerity with which they had acted, who, in order to gain two towns in Lombardy, had made the King of France master of two thirds of Italy.

With what facility might this monarch, by observing the rules above prescribed, have maintained his power in Italy and preserved and protected all his friends! These, too numerous to be powerful, dreaded the Church and the Venetians, and as they were compelled by their interests to remain firm to him, he might by their aid effectually strengthen himself against every dangerous power.

But he no sooner reached Milan than he pursued a course directly the reverse. He assisted Pope Alexander to conquer Romagna, not perceiving that by this course he weakened himself and disgusted those friends who had thrown themselves into his arms, while he aggrandized the Church by adding so much more temporal dominion to the spiritual power that had already grown

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\*Lords of Bologna

so formidable This first fault committed, he was constrained to pursue it, till, in order to set bounds to the ambition of Alexander, and to prevent him from seizing on Tuscany, he was obliged to return into Italy.

Nor was he content with having thus aggrandized the Church and alienated the affections of his natural allies, for, being afterward desirous of seizing on the kingdom of Naples, he had the folly to divide it with the King of Spain And in this manner, though he was the sole arbiter of Italy, he admitted an associate in the direction of it—a rival to whose aid the ambitious and the discontented might always have recourse, and while he might have left the kingdom in security under a king who would willingly have become his tributary, he dispossessed him to establish another there, who was powerful enough to drive himself away

Nothing is so natural or so common as the thirst for conquest, and when men can satisfy it, they deserve praise rather than censure But when they are not equal to the enterprise they undertake, disgrace is the inevitable consequence If the King of France, therefore, was powerful enough to invade the kingdom of Naples, he should have done it, but if he was not able, he should not have divided it, and if the partition of Lombardy that he made with the Venetians may in some measure be excused, because they furnished him with the means of entering Italy, the partition of Naples cannot be defended, because he was under no necessity of acting in a similar manner.

Louis then committed five capital errors in Italy He increased the strength of a great power, and destroyed

that of the small ones, he called into the country a powerful foreigner, he did not go himself to live there, he did not send colonies thither. Yet all these errors might have been remedied while he lived, if he had not committed a sixth in depressing the power of the Venetians. Unquestionably, if he had not aggrandized the ecclesiastical state, nor called the Spaniards into Italy, it would have been necessary for him to humble the Venetian states, but having once taken those steps, he should never have consented to their ruin. For while they continued powerful, they would prevent others from making any acquisitions in Lombardy, as the Venetians never would consent to such a step unless they themselves were to remain lords of the country. It was not the interest of the other, however, to deprive France of her conquests merely to enrich the Venetians, and they never would have had the courage to attack both.

If it be objected that King Louis ceded Romagna to Alexander VI, and the kingdom of Naples to the Spaniards, to avoid a war, I say again we never should submit to an evil merely to prevent a war, in fact, we do not thereby avoid it, but only defer it, to our great injury. If others allege his promise to the Pope, to assist him in this enterprise in return for a dissolution of his marriage,\* and the gift of a cardinal's hat to the Archbishop of Rouen,† my answer will be found in a subsequent article, where I shall speak concerning the good faith of princes and how far they are bound by their promises.

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\*With Anne of Brittany. †Afterward Cardinal D'Amboise

King Louis therefore lost Lombardy for want of observing the maxims that should be followed by those who would keep possession of provinces they have conquered. Nor is it much to be wondered at, on the contrary, no consequence could be more natural or more likely to occur. I had a conversation on this subject with the Cardinal D'Amboise, at Nantes, when Valentino (as the son of Pope Alexander was commonly called) occupied Romagna. The Cardinal observed that the Italians did not understand the art of war, and I answered him that the French knew nothing of politics, otherwise they never would have suffered the Church to grow so powerful. Experience has proved that the grandeur of the Church, and the power of the Spaniards in Italy have been entirely owing to France, and that her own ruin in that country may be attributed to the same cause. Whence we may draw this general and almost infallible conclusion, that the prince who contributes to the advancement of another power ruins his own. For this new power has been advanced either by address or by force, both which means will ever be viewed with suspicion by him who has attained sovereignty through their instrumentality.

## CHAPTER IV

WHY THE KINGDOM OF DARIUS, CONQUERED BY  
ALEXANDER, REMAINED WITH HIS SUCCESSORS  
AFTER HIS DEATH

**I**N considering the difficulties that occur in preserving a state newly conquered, it may seem surprising that as Alexander the Great, having in a few years made himself master of Asia, died before he had time to take possession of it, the whole country did not revolt. And yet his successors maintained themselves there for a considerable time without experiencing any other difficulty than that which arose among them from their own ambition.

To which I answer, that all monarchies of which there are records in history have either been governed by an absolute prince, to whom all the rest are slaves, and who as ministers with his favor and consent assist in governing the kingdom, or else by a prince and nobles who claim a share in the government, not so much through the prince's favor as from the antiquity and nobility of their blood. Such nobles also possess states and subjects of their own, who acknowledge them as their lords and entertain a particular affection toward them.

In a country governed by a prince and ministers of his own appointment, the sovereign enjoys infinitely the greatest authority because throughout the whole province no authority is acknowledged but his, and if they obey another, it is only as his minister or official, for

whom they have no particular affection Turkey and France furnish at present examples of these two kinds of government The whole Turkish monarchy is governed by a master to whom all the others are slaves He divides his kingdom into provinces, ruled by governors whom he changes and recalls at pleasure, but the King of France is surrounded by his ancient nobility, who, having subjects of their own, by whom they are acknowledged and beloved, are entitled to certain prerogatives of which the King cannot deprive them without danger to himself

If we examine both these sovereignties, we shall find great difficulties in the way of conquering a kingdom governed like Turkey, but, that once effected, nothing is so easy as to preserve it. It is difficult to seize on such a state, because the invader cannot be called in by the nobles of the kingdom, nor can he reckon on the assistance and rebellion of those who surround the prince The reason of this is easily conceived from what we have said above For as the officers of the state are his slaves and dependants, it becomes more difficult to corrupt them, and, supposing this were possible, little assistance is to be had from them, from their inability to draw the people along with them, for the reasons before adduced Thus, whoever attacks the Turks should expect to find them united, and must depend more on his own strength than on their division. But, once vanquished, and their armies absolutely put to rout, nothing more is to be feared except the family of the prince That once extinct, all further apprehension is at an end, since no one else would have interest

among the people, and as the invader could have no hopes from them before they were conquered, so he can have nothing to fear from them afterward.

It is quite otherwise in kingdoms governed like France. Here one may easily secure an entrance by gaining over certain nobles of the kingdom, among whom there will always be a party discontented and fond of change. These will open for him a way to the state, and facilitate the conquest of it, but in order afterward to keep possession an infinity of difficulties must be surmounted, not only from the conquered but from those who have assisted in the enterprise. Nor will it be sufficient in this case to destroy the family of the prince, the nobles of the kingdom still remain to take the lead of new parties; and as these can neither be satisfied nor destroyed, the conquest will be lost on the first and frequently on the slightest occasion.

If we consider the nature of Darius's government, we shall find it similar to that of Turkey. Thus Alexander was obliged to attack him in the most vigorous manner, to prevent him from keeping the field. But after his decisive victory and Darius's death, the kingdom remained in the possession of Alexander, secured to him from the causes we have before assigned; and if his successors had continued united, they likewise might have enjoyed it in peace, since no other tumults afterward happened there than those which they themselves excited in it.

But of kingdoms governed like France, possession cannot be kept easily. The frequent insurrections of Spain, Gaul, and Greece against the Romans were entirely ow-



ing to the number of petty princes with whom these states abounded. So long as they subsisted, the power of the Romans was precarious and uncertain, but, these once destroyed, and their former influence forgotten, the strength and continuance of the Roman dominion rendered their possession secure. These princes might afterward quarrel amongst themselves, and set up a claim to some of the provinces, according to the authority they had acquired among the natives, but those provinces, when once the house of their prince was extinct, no longer acknowledged any other master than the Romans.

In considering all these differences, we shall not be surprised at the facility with which Alexander kept possession of Asia, and the difficulties that certain other conquerors such as Pyrrhus, had to encounter in preserving their conquests, for the difference of their success must not be attributed to the good or bad conduct of the conqueror, but to the difference of the government of the conquered countries.

## CHAPTER V

HOW CITIES AND PRINCIPALITIES SHOULD BE  
GOVERNED WHICH, BEFORE THEY WERE SUBDUED  
LIVED UNDER THEIR OWN LAWS

**W**HEN newly conquered states have been accustomed to liberty, and to live under their own laws, there are three ways of maintaining them. The first is to ruin them. The second to inhabit them. The third to leave them in

the enjoyment of their laws, rendering them tributary, and establishing there a small council to form a government that may keep the country in peace, for this new government, being created by the prince, and dependent therefore on his favor and power, will be interested in exerting itself to support him. Besides, a state accustomed to enjoy its liberty can be more easily held by establishing there a government of its citizens than by any other means.

The Lacedemonians and the Romans furnish us with examples of these different ways of retaining a state. The first governed Athens and Thebes by founding there a government composed of a few persons, nevertheless they afterward lost them. The Romans, to make sure of Capua, Carthage, and Numantia, destroyed them and did not lose them. They were, on the contrary, desirous to hold Greece in the same manner the Spartans had held it, by restoring its liberty and its laws, but this mode did not succeed, and they were compelled at last to destroy several cities in Greece in order to retain the country. Doubtless that was the safest way, for otherwise whoever becomes master of a free state, and does not destroy it, may expect to be ruined by it himself. In all its revolts it has ever the cry of liberty for its rallying-point and its refuge, as well as the remembrance of its ancient institutions, which neither length of time nor benefits can efface. Do what we may, take whatever precautions we can, unless we divide and disperse the inhabitants, this name of liberty will never depart from their memory or their hearts, any more than the remembrance of their ancient institutions, and they will

immediately recur to it on the slightest occasion. We see what was done at Pisa after it had continued so many years in subjection to the Florentines.

But the case is different when cities or provinces have been accustomed to live under a prince and the race of that prince is extinct, for, as they are accustomed to obey, and are deprived of their former prince, they will not agree in the election of a new one, and are ignorant how to govern like free states, whence they are little disposed to rebel, and thus a conqueror may without much difficulty gain their affections and attach them to himself.

In republics, on the contrary, the resentment of citizens is stronger and more active, the desire of vengeance more animated, and the remembrance of their ancient liberty will not permit them to enjoy a single instant of repose, so that the surest means is either to live among them or to destroy them.

## CHAPTER VI

### NEW STATES, WHICH A PRINCE ACQUIRES BY HIS VALOR AND HIS OWN ARMS

**I**T ought not to appear strange if, in what I am about to advance respecting new principalities, princes, and states, I confine myself to examples furnished by the greatest personages, for men usually follow the beaten paths that others have formed, and their conduct is merely imitation. As we cannot keep exactly the same path, nor attain the elevation of

those whom we take for models, a wise man ought only to follow the paths traced by superior genius, and imitate those only who have excelled, in order that, if he cannot equal, he may at least in some respects resemble them, like the skilful archer, who, being at too great a distance from the object of his aim, and knowing accurately the power of his bow, elevates his arrow somewhat higher than the mark, only with the intent thereby of reaching it

I must observe, in the first place, that in a kingdom entirely new the degree of difficulty experienced by a prince in maintaining himself there depends on his own personal qualities. That a private individual should become a prince, argues a great share of fortune or talent, and the greater part of the difficulties should be surmounted by either of these qualities. Nevertheless, he who relies least on fortune has the strongest hold of his acquisitions, which is easier to those who, having no dominions of their own, are obliged to reside personally on their conquests.

Of those who have become princes solely by their own courage and talents, the most eminent are Moses, Cyrus, Romulus, and Theseus. It might seem, doubtless, that Moses ought not to be placed in this class, as he only executed the orders of Heaven; yet he merits our admiration, if it were only for having been chosen by God to communicate his will to man.

But if we examine the actions of Cyrus, and other such conquerors and founders of monarchies, they are entitled to the highest praise. We shall find that in their conduct and particular institutions they closely resembled

Moses, although he was under heavenly guidance Their lives and actions, however, prove that they had no other fortune than opportunity, which furnished them with the means of introducing that form of government which they conceived to be the most appropriate Without opportunity, their talents and their courage had been lost, and without their personal qualities, opportunity had been in vain

Consequently it was necessary that Moses should find the Israelites in a state of slavery and oppression amongst the Egyptians, that they should be disposed to follow him and shake off their bondage It was fortunate that Romulus was not brought up in Alba, but was exposed at his birth, otherwise he had never become King of Rome and founder of that empire It happened luckily for Cyrus that he found the Persians discontented with the empire of the Medes, and the Medes grown effeminate by a long peace Theseus could not have shown his courage if he had not found the Athenians dispersed These opportunities furnished those men with the means of success, and their talents profited by an occasion that rendered their several countries for ever illustrious, and at the same time founded their prosperity on a stable basis

It is difficult for others to raise themselves to dominion in the same heroic manner but when they succeed they preserve it without trouble The difficulties they experience arise in part from the changes they are obliged to introduce to establish their government upon a firm foundation Nothing is more difficult and dangerous, and the success of which is more doubtful, than the in-

introduction of new laws He who introduces them renders all those his enemies who lived satisfied under the former code, and is sure to find but feeble defenders in those who are to be benefited by the new system, and this supineness arises in part from the fear of their adversaries, to whom the ancient order of things is beneficial, and partly from the incredulity of mankind, who have no confidence in new measures except those founded on long experience, whence it follows, that when the enemies to the new order of things find an opportunity of attack, they use it with zeal and enthusiasm, while the others defend it with indifference, so that the prince encounters as much danger from his defenders as from his enemies

Wherefore, for better discussion of this case, it is necessary to inquire whether these innovators stand upon their own feet, or depend upon other people, that is to say, whether in the conduct of their affairs they make more use of their rhetoric than of their arms In the first case they usually miscarry, and their designs seldom succeed, but when their expectations are only from themselves, and they have power in their own hands to make themselves obeyed, they run little or no hazard, and frequently prevail The Scripture shows us that those of the prophets whose arms were in their hands, and had power to compel, succeeded better in the reformation they designed, whereas those who came only with exhortation and good language suffered martyrdom and banishment, because (besides the reasons aforesaid) the people are inconstant and susceptible of any new doctrine at first, but not easily brought to retain it, so that

things should be ordered in such manner that when their faith begins to stagger they may be forced to persist. Moses, Cyrus, Theseus, and Romulus never could have caused their laws to be long observed had they not had power to compel it, as in our days it happened to Friar Jerome Savonarola, who ruined himself by his new institutions as soon as the people of Florence began to desert him, for he had no means to confirm them who had been of his opinion, nor to constrain such as dissented. Wherefore such persons meet with great difficulty in their affairs, all their dangers are still by the way, which they can hardly overcome, but by some extraordinary virtue and excellence, nevertheless, when once they have surmounted them, and arrived at any degree of veneration, having supplanted those who envied their advancement, they remain strong and firm, and honorable and happy. I will add to these great examples another, perhaps not so conspicuous, but one that will bear a proportion and resemblance with the rest, and satisfy me for all others of that nature. It is of Hiero of Syracuse, who of a private person was made prince of that city, for which he was beholden to fortune no further than for the occasion, because the Syracusans, being under oppression, chose him for their captain, in which command he behaved himself so well that he deserved to be made their prince, for he was a person of so great virtue and excellence that those who have written of him have given him this character, that even in his private condition he wanted nothing but a kingdom to make him an admirable king. This Hiero subdued the old militia, and established a new, re-

nounced the old allies, and confederated with others, and, having friends and forces of his own, he was able on such a foundation to erect what fabric he pleased, so that, though the acquisition cost him much trouble, he maintained it with little

## CHAPTER VII

## OF PRINCIPALITIES ACQUIRED BY ACCIDENT

**T**HEY who from private condition become princes, and, merely by the indulgence of fortune, arrive without much trouble at that dignity, though it costs them dear to maintain it, meet but little difficulty in their passage, being hurried as it were with wings, yet when they come to settle and establish then begins their misery. Such persons attain their dignity by bribes, or concession of some other great prince, as it happened to several in Greece, in the cities of Ionia, and upon the Hellespont, where they were invested with that power by Darius for his greater security and glory, and to those emperors who arrived at the empire by the corruption of the soldiers. These persons, I say, subsist wholly upon the pleasure and fortune of those who advanced them, which being two things very valuable and uncertain, they have neither knowledge nor power to continue long in that degree. They know not, because, unless one is a man of extraordinary qualities and virtue, it is not reasonable to think that he who before lived always in a private condition himself can know how to command other people. They can-



not, because they have no forces upon whose friendship and fidelity they can rely. Moreover, states that are suddenly conquered (like all things else in Nature whose rise and increase is speedy) can have no root or foundation that will not be shaken and supplanted by the first gust of adversity, unless they who have been so suddenly exalted be wise enough to prepare prudently in time for the conservation of that which Fortune threw so luckily into their lap, and establish afterward such fundamentals for their duration as others have done in like cases. About the arrival at this authority, either by virtue or by good fortune, I shall instance two examples that are in our memory, one is Francesco Sforza, the other Cæsar Borgia. Sforza, by just means and extraordinary virtue, made himself Duke of Milan, and enjoyed it in great peace, though it was gained with much trouble. Borgia, on the other hand, (called commonly Duke of Valentine), got several fair territories by the fortune of his father, Pope Alexander, and lost them all after his death, though he used all his industry, and employed all the arts that a wise and brave prince ought to use to fix himself in the sphere where the arms and fortune of other people had placed him. For he who laid not his foundation in time, may yet raise his superstructure, but with great trouble to the architect and great danger to the building. If, therefore, the whole progress of that Duke be considered, it will be found what solid foundations he had laid for his future dominion, of which progress I think it not superfluous to discourse, because I know not what better precepts to display before a new prince than the example of his

actions, and though his own orders and methods did him no good, it was not so much his fault as the malignity of his fortune

Pope Alexander VI had a desire to make his son Duke Valentine great, but he saw many impediments in the way, both for the present and for the future. First, he could not see any way to advance him to any territory that depended not upon the Church, and to those in his gift he was sure the Duke of Milan and the Venetians would never consent, for Faenza and Rimini had already put themselves under Venetian protection. He was likewise sensible that the forces of Italy, especially those that were capable of assisting him, were in the hands of those that ought to apprehend the greatness of the Pope, as the Orsini, Colonnese, and their followers, and therefore could not repose any great confidence in them, besides, the laws and alliances of all the states in Italy must of necessity be disturbed before he could make himself master of any part, which was no hard matter to do, finding the Venetians, upon some private interest of their own, inviting the French to another expedition into Italy, which his Holiness was so far from opposing that he promoted it by dissolution of King Louis's former marriage. Louis therefore passed the Alps by the assistance of the Venetians and Alexander's consent, and was no sooner in Milan than he sent forces to assist the Pope in his enterprise against Romagna, which was immediately surrendered upon the King's reputation. Romagna being in this manner reduced by the Duke, and the Colonnese defeated, he was ambitious both to keep what he had got, and to advance

in his conquests, but two things obstructed. one was the infidelity of his own army, the other the aversion of the French, for he was jealous of the forces of the Orsini who were in his service, and suspected they would fail him in his need, and either hinder his conquest or take it from him when he had done, and the same fears he had of the French. And his jealousy of the Orsini was much increased when, after the capture of Faenza, he found them very cold and backward in the attack on Bologna. And the King's inclination he discovered when, having possessed himself of the Duchy of Urbino, he invaded Tuscany, and was by him required to desist. Whereupon the Duke resolved to depend no longer upon fortune and foreign assistance, and the first course he took was to weaken the party of the Orsini and Colonna in Rome, which he effected very neatly by bribing such of their adherents as were gentlemen, taking them into his own service, and giving them honorable pensions and governments and commands, according to their respective qualities, so that in a few months their passion for that faction evaporated, and they all adhered to the Duke. After this he watched for an opportunity of supplanting the Orsini, as he had supplanted the family of the Colonna, which happened very luckily, and was as luckily improved. For the Orsini, considering too late that the greatness of the Duke and the Church tended to their ruin, held a council at a place called Magione, in Perugia, which occasioned the rebellion of Urbino, the tumults in Romagna, and a thousand dangers to the Duke besides, but though he overcame them all by the assistance of the French, and recovered his

reputation, yet he grew weary of his foreign allies, as having nothing further to oblige them, and betook himself to artifice, managing so dextrously that the Orsini reconciled themselves to him by the mediation of Signor Paulo, with whom for his security he compounded so handsomely by presenting money, rich stuffs, and horses, that, being convinced of his integrity, he conducted them to Sinigaglia, and delivered them into the Duke's hands. Having by this means overcome his chief adversaries, and reduced their friends, the Duke had laid a fair foundation for his greatness, having gained Romagna and the Duchy of Urbino, and ingratiated himself with the people by giving them a taste of their future felicity.

When the Duke had possessed himself of Romagna, finding it had been governed by poor and inferior lords, who had rather robbed than corrected their subjects, and given them more occasion of discord than of unity, inasmuch as that province was full of robberies, riots, and all manner of disturbances, to reduce them to unanimity and subjection to monarchy, he thought it necessary to provide them a good governor, and thereupon he conferred that office upon Remiro d'Orco, with absolute power, though he was a cruel and passionate man. Orco soon settled it in peace, with no small reputation to himself. Afterward the Duke, apprehending that so large a power might become odious to the people, erected a court of judicature in the center of the province, in which every city had its advocate, and an excellent person was appointed to preside. And as he discovered that his past severity had made him many enemies, to

remove that ill opinion, and recover the affections of the people, he had a mind to show that, if any cruelty had been exercised, it proceeded not from him but from the arrogance of his minister, and for their further confirmation he caused the said governor to be apprehended, and his head chopped off one morning in the market-place at Cesena, with a wooden dagger on one side of him and a bloody knife on the other, the ferocity of which spectacle not only appeased but amazed the people for a while

Resuming our discourse, I say the Duke, finding himself powerful enough, and secure against present danger, being as strong as he desired, and his neighbors in a manner reduced to an incapacity of hurting him, was willing to go on with his conquests. Nothing remained but jealousy of France, which was without cause, for he knew that King had found his error at last, and would be sure to obstruct him. Hereupon he began to look abroad for new allies, and to hesitate and stagger toward France, as appeared when the French army advanced into the kingdom of Naples against the Spaniards, who had besieged Cajeta. His main design was to secure himself against the French, and he would doubtless have done it if Alexander had lived. These were his provisions against the dangers that were imminent, but those that were remote were more doubtful and uncertain. The first thing he feared was, lest the next Pope should be his enemy and reassume all that Alexander had given him, to prevent which he considered four ways. The first was by destroying the whole line of those lords whom he had dispossessed, that his

Holiness might have no occasion to restore them. The second was to cajole the nobility in Rome, and draw them over to his party, that thereby he might put an awe and restraint upon the Pope. The third was, if possible, to make the College his friends. The fourth was to make himself so strong before the death of his father as to be able to stand upon his own legs and repel the first violence that should be practised against him. Three of these four expedients he had tried before Alexander died, and he was in a fair way for the fourth; all the disseized lords that came into his clutches he put to death, leaving few remaining, he had made friends of the nobility of Rome, and got a great party in the College of Cardinals, and had designed to make himself master of Tuscany, had obtained possession of Perugia and Piombino, and had taken Pisa under his protection. And having no further regard for the French (who were driven out of the kingdom of Naples by the Spaniard, and both of them reduced to the necessity of seeking his amity), he leaped boldly into Pisa, after which Lucca and Siena submitted without much trouble, partly in hatred to the Florentines, and partly for fear; and the Florentines were grown desperate and without hope of relief, so that, had these things happened before, as they did the same year in which Alexander died, doubtless he would have gained so much strength and reputation that he would have stood firm on the basis of his own power and conduct, without depending upon fortune or any foreign supplies. But his father died five years after his son had taken up arms, and left him nothing secure except Romagna. The rest were *in nubi-*

*bus*, infested with two formidable armies, and he himself was mortally ill

This Duke was a man of such magnanimity and prudence, and understood so well which way men were to be wheedled, or destroyed, and such were the foundations that he had laid in a short time, that had he not had those two great armies upon his back, and a fierce distemper upon his body, he would have overcome all difficulties and brought his designs to perfection. That the foundations he had laid were plausible, appeared by the patience of his subjects in Romagna, who held out for him a whole month, though they knew he was at death's door, and unlikely ever to come out of Rome, to which place though the Baglioni, the Vitelli, and the Orsini returned, seeing there was no likelihood of his recovery, yet they could not gain any of his party. It is possible he was not able to put whom he pleased into the Pontifical chair, yet he had power enough to keep out of it any man whom he considered his enemy. Had it been his fortune to be well when his father Alexander died, all things would have succeeded to his mind. He told me himself, about the time that Julius XI was created, that he had considered well the accidents that might befall him upon the death of his father, and provided against them all, only he did not imagine that at his father's death he should be so near it himself.

On serious examination, therefore, of the whole conduct of Duke Valentine, I see nothing to be reprehended, it seems rather proper to me to present him, as I have done, as an example for the imitation of all such as by the favor of fortune, or the supplies of other princes,

have got into power, for, his mind being so large, and his intentions so high, he could not do otherwise, and nothing could have opposed the greatness and wisdom of his designs but his own infirmity and the death of his father. He, therefore, who thinks it necessary in the minority of his dominion to secure himself against his enemies, to gain himself friends; to overcome, whether by force or by fraud, to make himself beloved or feared by his people, to be followed and revered by his soldiers, to destroy and exterminate such as would do him injury, to repeal and suppress old laws, and introduce new; to be severe, grateful, magnanimous, liberal, cashier and disband such of his army as were unfaithful, and put new in their places, manage himself so in his alliances with kings and princes that all should be either obliged to requite him or afraid to offend him—he, I say, cannot find a fresher or better model than the actions of this prince

If in anything he is to be condemned, it is in suffering the election of Julius XI, which was much to his prejudice; for though, as I have said, he might be unable to make the Pope as he pleased, yet it was in his power to put any one by, and he ought never to have consented to the election of any of the cardinals whom he had formerly offended, or who, after their promotion, were likely to be jealous of him, for men are as mischievous from fear as from hatred. Those cardinals whom he had disobliged were, among others, the cardinals of St. Peter ad Vincula, Colonno St George, and Ascanius. The rest, if any of them were advanced to the Papacy, might well be afraid of him, except the Spanish car-



dinals and the Cardinal of Roanne, the Spaniards by reason of their obligations and alliance, and the other by reason of his interest in the kingdom of France. Wherefore, above all things, the Duke should have made a Spanish cardinal Pope, and if that could not be done, he should rather have consented to the election of Roanne than St Peter ad Vincula, for it is weakness to believe that among great persons new obligations can obliterate old injuries and disgusts. So that, in the election of this Julius XI, Duke Valentine committed an error that was the cause of his utter destruction.

## CHAPTER VIII

### OF SUCH AS HAVE ARRIVED AT DOMINION BY WICKED MEANS

**B**ECAUSE there are two ways from a private person to become a prince, which ways are not altogether to be attributed either to fortune or to management, I think it not convenient to pass over them, though of one of them I may speak more largely where occasion is offered to treat more particularly of republics. One of the ways is, when one is advanced to the sovereignty by any illegal, nefarious means, the other, when a citizen by the favor and partiality of his fellow-citizens is made prince of his country. I shall speak of the first in this chapter, and justify what I say by two examples—one ancient, the other modern—without entering further into the merits of the question, as judging them sufficient for any man who

is necessitated to follow them Agathocles, the Sicilian, not only from a private but from a vile and abject condition was made King of Syracuse, and being but the son of a potter, he continued the dissoluteness of his life through all the degrees of his fortune Nevertheless, his vices were accompanied with such courage and activity that he applied himself to the wars, by which, and his great industry, he came at length to be the Pretor of Syracuse Being settled in that dignity, and having determined to make himself prince, and hold by violence, without obligation to anybody, that which was conferred upon him by consent, he came to an understanding with Hamilcar the Carthaginian, who was then at the head of an army in Sicily, and, calling the people and the Senate of Syracuse together one morning, as if he intended to consult them on some matter of importance to the state, on a signal appointed he caused his soldiers to kill all the senators and the most wealthy of the people, after whose death he usurped the dominion of that city without any obstruction, and though afterward he lost two great battles to the Carthaginians, and at last was besieged, yet not only was he able to defend that city, but, leaving part of his forces for the security of that, the rest he transported into Africa, and ordered things so that in a short time he relieved Syracuse, and reduced the Carthaginians to such extreme necessity that they were glad to make peace with him, and, contenting themselves with Africa, leave Sicily to Agathocles.

He, then, who examines the exploits and conduct of Agathocles will find little or nothing that may be attributed to fortune, seeing that he rose not by the favor

of any man, but by the steps and gradations of war, under a thousand difficulties and dangers having obtained that government which he maintained with as many noble achievements. Nevertheless it cannot be called virtue in him to kill his fellow-citizens, betray his friends, and be without faith, pity, or religion, these are ways that may get a man empire, but no glory or reputation. Yet, if the wisdom of Agathocles be considered, his dexterity in encountering and overcoming of dangers, his courage in supporting and surmounting his misfortunes, I do not see why he should be held inferior to the best captains of his time. But his unbounded cruelty and barbarous inhumanity, added to numerous other vices, will not permit him to be numbered among the most excellent men. So, then, that which he performed cannot justly be attributed either to fortune or to virtue, for he did all himself, without either the one or the other.

In our days, under the Papacy of Alexander VI, Oliverotto da Fermo, being left young by his parents, was brought up by his uncle by the mother's side, called John Fogliani, and in his youth he enlisted as a soldier under Paulo Vitelli, that being improved by discipline, he might be capable of some eminent command. After Paulo's death, he served under Vitellezzo, his brother, and in a short time, by the acuteness of his intellect and the briskness of his courage, became one of the best officers in the army. But, thinking it beneath him to continue in any man's service, he conspired with some of his fellow-citizens of Fermo (to whom the servitude of their country was more agreeable than

its liberty), by the help of Vitellesca, to seize upon Fermo. In order to do this, he wrote a letter to his uncle, John Fogliani, importing that, having been absent many years, he had thoughts of visiting him and Fermo, and taking some little diversion in the place where he was born, and because the design of his service had been only the gaining of honor, that his fellow-citizens might see his time had not been ill-spent, he desired admission for a hundred horse of his friends and his equipage, and begged of his uncle that he would take care they might be honorably received, which would redound not only to his honor, but to his uncle's, who had brought him up. John caused his nephew to be nobly received, and lodged him in his own house, where he continued some days, preparing what was necessary to the execution of his wicked design. He made a great entertainment, to which he invited John Fogliani and the chief citizens in the town. About the end of the banquet, when they were entertaining one another, as is usual at such times, Oliverotto very subtly promoted certain grave discourses about the greatness of Pope Alexander and Cæsar his son, and their designs. John and the rest replying freely to what was said, Oliverotto smiled, and told them those were points to be argued more privately, and thereupon removed into a chamber, whither his uncle and the rest of his fellow-citizens followed. They had hardly sat down when soldiers (concealed about the room) came forth and killed them all, the uncle among the rest. After the murder was committed, Oliverotto mounted on horseback, rode about, and ransacked the whole town, having besieged the chief magis-

trate in his palace, so that for fear all people submitted, and he established a government of which he made himself head. Having put to death such as were discontented, and had any capacity for doing him hurt, he fortified himself with new laws, both military and civil, insomuch that in a year he had not only fixed himself in Fermo, but was become terrible to all that were about him; and he would have been as hard to be supplanted as Agathocles, had he not suffered himself to be circumvented by Cæsar Borgia, when at Sinigaglia he took the Orsini and Vitelli; where also he himself was taken a year after his parricide was committed, and strangled with his master Vitellozzo, from whom he had taken all his good and evil propensities.

It may seem wonderful to some that it should come to pass that Agathocles, and such as he, after so many treacheries and acts of inhumanity, should live quietly in their own country so long, defend themselves so well against foreign enemies, and none of their subjects conspire against them at home, since several others, by reason of their cruelty, have not been able, even in time of peace, to maintain their government. I conceive it fell out according as their cruelty was well or ill applied. I say well applied (if that word may be applied to an ill action), and it may be called so when committed but once, and that of necessity for one's own preservation, but never repeated, and even then converted as much as possible to the benefit of the subjects. Ill applied are such cruelties as are but few in the beginning, but in time do rather multiply than decrease. Those that are guilty of the first receive assistance some-

times both from God and man, and Agathocles is an instance. But the others cannot possibly subsist long. Whence it is to be observed that he who usurps the government of any State is to execute and put in practice all the cruelties that he thinks material at once, that he may have no occasion to renew them often, but that by his discontinuance he may mollify the people, and by benefits bring them over to his side. He who does otherwise, whether from fear or from ill counsel, is obliged to be always ready with his knife in his hand, for he never can repose any confidence in his subjects, while they, by reason of his fresh and continued inhumanities, cannot be secure against him.

So then injuries are to be committed all at once, that the last being the less, the distaste may be likewise the less, but benefits should be distilled by drops, that the relish may be the greater. Above all, a prince should so behave himself toward his subjects that neither good fortune nor bad should be able to alter him, for being once assailed with adversity, he has no time to do mischief, and the good that he does avails not, being looked upon as forced, and entitled to no thanks.

## CHAPTER IX

### OF CIVIL PRINCIPALITIES

**L**ET us now consider another point. A private individual may attain sovereignty by the favor of his fellow-citizens, and without either violence or treason. This is what I call a civil principality, and it is not to be acquired by merit or for-

tune alone, but by a lucky sort of craft The sovereign power is obtained by favor of the people or the nobility; for the different parties in a state are reduced to these two elements, one springing from the aversion of the people to the oppressive government of the nobles, the other from the desire of these latter to govern and oppress the people This diversity of views and interests produces a struggle, which must always end in establishing either a principality or a free government, or in downright lawlessness

A principality emanates either from the nobles or from the people, according as it operates to their respective advantage, for when the former are too weak to cope with the people, they have often no other means of subduing them than by advancing from their own class one whom they nominate prince, that, under the mask of an acknowledged authority, they may indulge their desire of domination The people, likewise, when they can no longer resist the oppression of the nobles, throw all their power into the hands of one person and appoint him prince to defend and protect them

A prince raised by the favor of the nobles will find much difficulty in supporting himself, because he is surrounded by men who, thinking themselves still his equals, submit reluctantly to his authority On the other hand, he who is raised to that dignity by the will of the people stands alone and has few around him who would dare resist his measures

Besides, the people can be contented without the exercise of injustice, but not so the nobles the latter seek to practise tyranny, the former merely to avoid it More-

over, a prince that is opposed by the nobles may, by reason of their small number, easily restrain them within the limits of duty, but how could he assure himself of the obedience and fidelity of the people if he separated his own interests from theirs?

The worst that he has to expect from the people in such circumstances is that they will desert him; but if the nobles are disaffected they may not only desert but conspire against him. For as they usually have more penetration than the common people, they are likely to secure themselves in time and go over to the more fortunate competitors.

In short, it is always necessary to live with the same people, but a prince has no occasion to continue the same set of nobles, whom he can at pleasure disgrace or honor, elevate or destroy. To explain the subject more fully, I purpose to examine the two points of view in which a prince ought to consider his nobles. First, whether they are entirely attached to his fortune or not. Those who give him proofs of their zeal and devotion deserve his honor and esteem, provided they are not rapacious. But those who do not, perhaps have no other motive for their coolness than a natural timidity and want of spirit. In this case he may employ them, and moreover with great advantage, particularly if they are able in counsel, for then they will honor him in prosperity, and in adversity they will do him no injury. But when they keep aloof, from ambition or some other latent cause, it is a proof that they more regard their own welfare than that of the prince. He, therefore, ought to consider them declared enemies, who, not con-



tent with abandoning his interests, would not hesitate, in adversity, to take up arms against him

Therefore, a prince that owes his exaltation to the favor of the people should exert himself to preserve their affection, an easy matter, since they desire nothing more than security from oppression. But one who is advanced by the favor of the nobles, and in opposition to the will of the people, should earnestly strive to gain their attachment, a task in which he will infallibly succeed if he protects them against those who seek to oppress them

And, as it is natural when we receive favors from whom we expected only evil, to feel more obliged to such benefactors, so the attachment of a people to a prince that treats them well will be more certain than if he had attained his rank by their instrumentality. The good will of the people may be secured in various ways, unnecessary here to specify, as it is always difficult to lay down a general rule adapted to a variety of circumstances

The only resource upon which a prince can rely in adversity is the affection of his people. When Nabis, Prince of Sparta, was attacked by the victorious army of the Romans, and by the other states of Greece, he defended himself by means of a small number of citizens, if the whole people had been his enemy, he never could have succeeded by such means

Let no one quote the old proverb against me, that "he who relies on the people builds on a sandy foundation." It may be true in the case of a single citizen opposed to powerful enemies, or oppressed by the magistrates,

as happened to the Gracchi at Rome, and to George Scali at Florence, but a prince that is not deficient in courage, and is able to command—who, not dejected by ill fortune nor wanting in necessary preparations, knows how to preserve order in his states by his own valor and conduct—need never repent of having laid the foundation of his security on his people's affection

But a prince that seeks to change a civil principality to an absolute rule incurs great risk, because he must govern entirely or by the assistance of the magistracy. In the latter case, his government necessarily becomes weak and precarious, as he must depend on those to whom he has confided his authority, and they, on the first disturbance, will immediately rebel, or refuse to execute his commands, in which juncture he can no longer think of exercising absolute authority, for subjects accustomed to obey the magistrates in times of trouble will not acknowledge any other authority, nor can the prince then find many persons in whom he may confide. He can no longer regulate his conduct by the experience of ordinary times, when his authority is readily acknowledged, for at these periods every one presses around him, and as long as there is no prospect of death, seems resolved to die in his defense, but when storms arise, and he needs their assistance, not a man of them is to be seen, and the prince unhappily finds too late how little sincerity there was in their ardor. This experiment of absolute power is the more dangerous as it is impossible to try it more than once.

A wise prince should therefore at all times conduct himself in such a manner, that, under every change of

circumstance, his subjects may feel the want of a correcting hand, and then he may rely on their unshaken fidelity.

## CHAPTER X

### HOW WE SHOULD ESTIMATE THE STRENGTH OF GOVERNMENTS

**I**T is also important in the study of governments to examine whether the prince, in time of need, be powerful enough to defend himself by his own forces, without having recourse to the assistance of his allies. To place this point in the clearest view, I may observe that those only can so defend themselves who have men and money enough to bring an army into the field, and give battle to whoever shall attack them. But wretched indeed is the situation of that prince who is reduced to the necessity of shutting himself up in his native city, there to await the enemy's approach. I have already discussed the first point, and shall have occasion to return to it again.

As to the second, I cannot but warn princes of the necessity they are under to fortify and provision the place of their residence, without troubling themselves about the rest of the country, for if, as I have already observed, and shall again have occasion in the sequel to repeat, they have in addition to this precaution learned the art of gaining their people's affection, they will be secure from all danger. Men are naturally cautious of engaging in difficult enterprises without some appear-

ance of success, and it is never prudent to attack a prince whose capital is in a good state of defense and who is on good terms with his subjects

The cities of Germany enjoy a very extensive liberty, they possess a territory of inconsiderable extent, and obey the Emperor when they please, under no apprehension of being attacked either by him or by others, for the towns are defended by strong walls and deep ditches, and are provided with artillery and provisions for a year, so that the siege of these cities would be both long and painful. Added to this, they are always provided with the means of employing the people during the same space of time, so as to support them without the assistance of the public purse. Moreover, their troops are regularly exercised in military evolutions, and their regulations in that respect are wise and well observed.

A prince, therefore, who possesses a well fortified city, and is respected by his people, can hardly be attacked with advantage, because the affairs of this world are so liable to change that it would be almost impossible for an enemy to keep the field for a year before a place so defended.

It may perhaps be objected that the people who possess property in the country, and who see their lands ravaged, will lose their patience, and that their attachment to their prince will not long continue against the inconveniences of a long siege, and the desire of preserving their property. I answer, that a prudent and spirited prince will easily surmount these obstacles, by inspiring the people either with hopes that their sufferings will soon be over, or with a dread of the resentment

and cruelty of the conqueror, or by taking other proper means to appease those that are clamorous

To this may be added, that the enemy begins his ravage of the country as soon as he enters it, and at that time the besieged are most animated and disposed to defend themselves, in which case the prince has still less to apprehend, because, before their ardor has cooled, the inhabitants, perceiving that all the mischief has been accomplished, and the loss is irretrievable, will evince the more attachment to their prince in proportion as their sacrifices are greater. For such is the nature of mankind that they become as strongly attached to others by the benefits they render as by the favors they receive

All these considerations persuade me that a wise and provident prince may, without difficulty, succeed in sustaining the courage of his people under the distress of a siege, if he take care that they are well provided with the means necessary for their sustenance and defense.

## CHAPTER XI

### ECCLESIASTICAL PRINCIPALITIES

**I**T now only remains to treat of ecclesiastical principalities, which are more easy to preserve than to acquire, the reason of which consists in this, that while on the one hand they can be attained only by means of personal merit, or some fortunate event, on the other hand this species of government is

founded on ancient religious institutions, which operates so powerfully that a prince may preserve possession of them with but little trouble, let his mode of government be what it may Ecclesiastical princes are the only ones that can possess states and subjects without governing or defending them, the only ones whose territories, nevertheless, continue respected, and whose subjects never possess either the inclination or the means of shaking off their dominion In one word, they are the happiest and most secure princes in the world As they are under the superintendence and direction of an Almighty Being, whose dispensations are beyond our weak understandings, it would be presumptuous in me to discuss these matters

But if anyone should inquire by what means the Church has attained so great a degree of temporal power since the pontificate of Alexander VI as not only to make France tremble but to drive her armies out of Italy and overwhelm the Venetians, though before that time the princes of Italy, and even the poorest barons and most insignificant nobles, regarded the Bishop of Rome with indifference in relation to his temporal power, it may seem proper to give a brief account of the matter, and to recapitulate the facts that are already generally known

Before Charles VIII, King of France, entered Italy, the sovereignty was divided between the King of Naples, the Pope, the Venetians, the Duke of Milan, and the Florentines The political system of those princes was confined to these points, to prevent any foreign power from obtaining a footing in the country, and to

render it impossible that any one of their own states should encroach on another

Those who created the most discontent were the Pope and the Venetians, and, to restrain the excesses of the latter, nothing less was necessary than a league between all the rest, as we observed in the measures adopted for the defense of Ferrara. As to the Pope, his forces consisted of the Roman barons, who, being divided into two factions, the Orsini and the Colonna, were always in arms to settle their own quarrels, even under the eye of the Pope, whose authority was unavailing, and who was compelled to suffer these intestine feuds

From time to time popes arose, such as Sixtus V, who repressed these abuses, but the short duration of the pontificate was insufficient to destroy the cause. The efforts of these pontiffs were confined to the humiliation of one of the rival factions, which triumphed in its turn under his successor. And thus the military strength of the popes became exhausted in Italy

Things were in this condition when Alexander VI was raised to the pontifical chair, none of his predecessors had ever proved to the world what a pope was capable of doing by means of men and money. I have mentioned elsewhere his conduct on the entry of the French into Italy by the Duke Valentino. Undoubtedly his intention was not so much to aggrandize the Church as the Duke; yet, on the death of that nobleman, and of the holy Pontiff, the Church reaped all the advantage of his interference

Julius II, the successor of Alexander, found the dominions of the Church increased by the addition of

Romagna, and the factions of the Roman barons extinguished by the acute wisdom and courage of his predecessor, who also taught him political economy Julius improved upon all the plans of Alexander, he added Bologna to the states of the Holy See, rendered the Venetians unable to disturb his repose, and drove the French out of Italy—a success the more glorious as this Pope labored more for the good of the Church than for his own private interest

Julius left the Orsini and the Colonna as he found them when he ascended the papal throne, and though the seeds of ancient divisions still subsisted, they could not shoot forth under so powerful a government, and even if they had been inclined to raise fresh disturbances, two circumstances prevented it, first, the Church was grown so powerful that it inspired a general dread, and, secondly, there were no cardinals in either of the rival families; for the cardinals were sure to avail themselves of the credit and the influence which their dignity gave them to foment, both within and without, those disturbances in which the nobles of both factions were obliged to take part So that we may safely aver that the discord between the barons always originated in the ambition of the prelates

The reigning Pontiff therefore found the Church at the meridian of power, but if Alexander and Julius gave it stability by their courage everything promises us that Leo X will crown the work by his goodness, and by his many other estimable qualities



## CHAPTER XII

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENTS AND MERCENARY  
TROOPS

HAVING examined in detail the different kinds of political states that I purposed to investigate, and inquired into the causes of their decline as well as their prosperity, and also the means by which many of them have been acquired or preserved, it remains now to advert to the different kinds of military forces, whether for purposes of attack or of defense

I have already said that princes, who wish their power to be durable, should fix it on a solid foundation. The principal foundations of all states, whether ancient, modern, or mixed, are good laws and a proper military force to support them, but as good laws can never be of any effect without good troops, and as these two elements of political power cannot be separated, it will be sufficient if I confine my view, for the present, to one of them

Troops that serve for the defense of a state are either national, foreign, or mixed. Those of the second class, whether they serve as auxiliaries or as mercenaries, are useless and dangerous, and the prince that relies on such soldiers will never be secure, because they are always ambitious, disunited, unfaithful, and undisciplined. Brave amongst friends, but cowardly in the face of an enemy, they neither fear God nor keep faith with man, so that the prince that employs them can only retard

his fall by delaying to put their valor to the proof, and, in short, they plunder the state in time of peace as much as the enemy plunders it in time of war. How, indeed, should it be otherwise? A military force of this description never can serve a state but for the sake of pay, which is never so high as to induce them to purchase it by the sacrifice of their lives. They are willing enough to serve in time of peace, but the moment war is declared it is impossible to keep them to their colors.

This is a matter easily proved, for Italy would not now be ruined had she not trusted so many years to mercenary troops, who at first rendered some service to the state, but who showed the extent of their valor on the appearance of an enemy. Thus Charles VIII, King of France, conquered Italy, as it were, by a piece of chalk,\* and those who attribute our misfortunes to our own errors, seem to do so with reason. Our own errors doubtless produced these misfortunes; and as they were committed chiefly by princes, they have themselves paid the severest penalty.

To place this matter in clearer view, I may observe that the commanders of these troops are either men of conduct or abilities, or they are not. If they are, they cannot be trusted, because their own elevation can be obtained only by oppressing the prince that employs them, or others against his will, if they are not, they must hasten the ruin of the state they serve so ill.

I may be told that every other commander will act in the same manner. To this I answer, that every war

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\*A proverbial expression, signifying that he needed only a piece of chalk to mark out his cantonments.

is carried on either by a prince or by a republic. A prince ought to put himself at the head of his armies. A republic ought to confer the command on one of her own citizens, who may be superseded if he prove unequal to the task, or continued in his post if he behave well, but under such restrictions that he cannot exceed his orders.

Experience has shown that either princes or republics can effect great achievements of themselves, and that mercenary soldiers must inevitably injure both, and as to republics, I may observe that they are more secure against the oppression of him who commands their armies when they employ national troops instead of foreign mercenaries. Rome and Sparta by these means maintained their liberties for several ages, and the Swiss would not at this moment be so free but from the consciousness of being well armed.

The Carthaginians and the Thebans are striking examples of the truth of what I have advanced as to the danger of employing foreign troops. The first, though their generals were chosen from their own citizens, had nearly fallen a prey to the tyranny of foreign mercenaries at the conclusion of their first war against the Romans, and as to the Thebans, it is well known that Philip of Macedon, having on the death of Epaminondas obtained the command of their troops, had no sooner conquered their enemies than he deprived them of their liberties.

Sforza, who had been employed by Jane II, Queen of Naples, as commander-in-chief of her forces, suddenly deserted her service, and left her completely disarmed and her distress obliged her to seek the aid of the King

of Aragon in order to save her kingdom And Francesco Sforza, son of the former, after defeating the Venetians at Caravaggio, united with them for the purpose of oppressing the Milanese, who, on the death of their Duke Philip had placed him in command of their troops

If it be objected that the Florentines and the Venetians have never failed to increase their states by the assistance of foreign soldiers, and that their generals have always served them well, without any one of them having raised himself to the sovereignty, to this I answer that the Florentines have been extremely fortunate, for some of their best generals, whose ambition they might have had reason to dread, either were not victorious, or else they met many obstacles in their way, while others turned their ambition upon other objects Amongst these was John Acuto, whose fidelity was for this reason never put to the proof But every one must admit that if he had conquered, the Florentines would have been at his mercy

If Braccio and Sforza made no attempt against the state they served, their moderation arose from their being rivals, and on this account they always acted as a check upon each other It is well known that the son of the latter turned his ambition against Lombardy, and Braccio against the ecclesiastical state and the kingdom of Naples But let us advert to occurrences of our own day

The Florentines conferred the command of their troops on Paolo Vitelli, a very prudent man, who, from a private station, had been raised to this post in consequence of his great reputation If he had succeeded in

reducing Pisa, the liberties of the Florentines, or their political existence, would have been brought to a close; had he gone over to the enemy, he would have completed their destruction.

As to the Venetians, they never have been indebted for their success to any but their own arms, at least, in maritime warfare, for the decline of their power may be dated from the time when they became ambitious of conquests by land, and of adopting the manners and customs of the other states of Italy. But they had little to fear from the ambition of their generals while their possessions by land were inconsiderable, because they were still sustained by the splendor of their ancient power; yet they perceived their error in extending them when, by the superior conduct of Carmagnola, they had defeated the Duke of Milan, for, perceiving that though he was an able commander he yet endeavored to prolong the war, they judged with reason that they never could expect to conquer in opposition to the will of this general; and, therefore, not being able to dismiss him from his command without losing what they had gained by his valor, they determined to assassinate him.

The Venetians subsequently had for their general Bartolomeo da Bergamo, Roberto di St. Severino, and the Count of Pitigliano, from whose conduct they had reason to expect rather loss than advantage, as, indeed, was the case afterward, in the affair of Vaila, when they lost in one day the fruit of eight hundred years of labor and difficulty. The successes they had obtained by their military forces were slow and feeble, and their defeats were sudden and almost miraculous.



NICCOIÒ MACHIAVELLI

*From a Statue by Lorenzo Bartolini*







Since these examples have led me to speak of Italy, and the melancholy experience she has acquired of the danger resulting from employing foreign troops, I shall trace the subject to its source, in order that the knowledge of the origin and progress of this kind of soldiery may prevent the most disastrous effects of which they are frequently the cause. In the first place, we should recollect, that when the empire had lost the power and consideration it had ever enjoyed in Italy, and when the authority of the Pope had become permanent, that country was divided into several states.

The greater part of the large cities took up arms against the nobles, who, supported by the Emperor, made them groan under the most cruel oppression. The Pope seconded their enterprises, and thereby increased his temporal power. Many others fell under the domination of their citizens, so that Italy became subject to the Church and to a few republics. The ecclesiastical princes, strangers to the art of war, began to employ mercenary soldiers. Alberigo da Como, born in Romagna, was the first that brought this kind of military force into high credit. In his school Sforza and Braccio, who were then the arbiters of Italy, were educated. To them succeeded many others, who, till the present time, have commanded armies in this country.

To their brilliant exploits it is due that Italy was invaded by Charles VIII, ravaged and plundered by Louis XII, oppressed by Ferdinand, and insulted by the Swiss. The chiefs of these military forces began by dispensing with the infantry to enhance the reputation of their own forces, for they had no dominions of their own, and be-

ing mere soldiers of fortune, could undertake nothing with a small body of infantry, nor could they support a more considerable force. They found therefore that cavalry was more advantageous, a small body of which enabled them to support their reputation, so that not more than two thousand foot soldiers were considered necessary in an army of twenty thousand men. In addition to this, in order to secure themselves against all apprehension of danger, they introduced the custom of not killing anyone in a battle, but contented themselves with making prisoners, whom they afterward liberated without ransom. They never made any assault by night, at which time the besieged equally abstained from making a sortie, they never encamped but in the spring, nor did they even intrench their camp. The discipline invented by these commanders to avoid danger and trouble has reduced Italy to a state of slavery and lost her the high consideration she had till then enjoyed.

### CHAPTER XIII

#### AUXILIARY, MIXED, AND NATIONAL TROOPS

**A**UXILIARY troops are those which a prince borrows of his allies to assist and defend him. Pope Julius II, having in the enterprise against Ferrara made a lamentable experiment of the danger of employing mercenaries, had recourse to Ferdinand, King of Spain, who entered into a treaty to send troops to his assistance.

This kind of military force may be useful to the state

by which it is provided, but is always injurious to the prince by whom it is employed. For the prince, when defeated, suffers the consequences, and when victorious, he lies at the mercy of such an army. Ancient history is replete with facts in support of this doctrine. To confine myself to a recent example Julius II, being desirous to possess himself of Ferrara, was advised to confide the execution of this expedition to a foreigner. Fortunately for him, however, an incident prevented the consequences of such an imprudence, for, when his auxiliaries were defeated at Ravenna, the conqueror was unexpectedly attacked by the Swiss, who put him to flight, so that this pontiff escaped both from his enemy, who in his turn was defeated, and from his auxiliaries, who had but a small share in obtaining the victory

The Florentines wishing to besiege Pisa, and being entirely destitute of national troops, took into their service ten thousand French, an error that brought them into greater danger than they had ever encountered The Emperor of Constantinople, being threatened by his neighbors, caused ten thousand Turks to enter Greece, who, at the end of the war, refused to quit the country, and that province accordingly became subjected to the infidels

The prince, therefore, who wishes to impair his own power, has only to make use of this kind of military force, which is even worse than mercenary troops, because the former are united, and under a commander of their own Mercenaries, on the contrary, being raised by the prince that takes them into his pay, and not forming a separate body, do not so easily become dangerous

to him who employs them, after they have succeeded in vanquishing his enemies. Their general, appointed by the prince himself, cannot immediately acquire such authority over his troops as to turn their arms against his employer. Finally, there seems to me to be far greater danger from the valor of auxiliary troops than from the cowardice of mercenaries, and a wise prince will prefer being defeated at the head of his own troops to conquering with auxiliaries, as that deserves not the name of victory which is gained by foreign aid.

In proof of this assertion, I must continue to quote the example of Cæsar Borgia. He made himself master of Forlì and Imola with auxiliaries, wholly French, but perceiving that he could not rely on their fidelity, he had recourse to mercenaries, those who commanded the Orsini and the Vitelli, from whom he thought he had less to fear. But finding afterward that these were as dangerous as the others, he resolved to get rid of them all, and from that time he never employed any other than his own national troops.

From this we may see the immense difference between these two descriptions of troops, if we only compare the Duke's campaigns when he was dependent on the forces of the Orsini and the Vitelli with those in which he employed none but his own troops, for he never displayed the whole extent of his abilities till he was absolute master of his soldiers.

I wish to confine myself to examples drawn from the modern history of Italy, but that of Hiero of Syracuse is so strongly in point, that it should not be omitted. That city had confided to him the command of its troops,

which were composed of foreigners in its pay But the general soon found how very little he could depend upon these mercenaries, the conduct of whose generals was nearly similar to that of our present Italians And seeing that he could not without danger either employ or disband them, he determined to have them all massacred, and afterward carried on the war with his own troops only.

I may also advert to a trait of history drawn from the Old Testament David having offered to fight Goliath, the formidable Philistine, Saul, in order to inspire him with greater ardor, armed him with his sword, his helmet, and his cuirass, but David replied that they would prove an incumbrance rather than a service to him, and declared that he would fight the enemy only with his sling For the arms of one man will never perfectly suit another, they are either too unwieldy, or too wide, or too straight, or in some other way troublesome or inconvenient

Charles VII, the father of Louis XI, when by his valor he had delivered France from the English, convinced of the necessity of fighting with his own troops, established throughout France companies of artillery, cavalry, and infantry His son, Louis XI, afterward disbanded the infantry, for whom he substituted the Swiss This fault, which was continued by his successors, is the source of all the evils experienced by the state at this moment. These kings, by giving a preference to the Swiss soldiery, have discredited their own, and the latter, from being always accustomed to fight in the company of the Swiss, have come to the conclusion that they can-

not conquer without them. So that the French are afraid either to attack the Swiss or to go to war without them.

The armies of France are therefore partly mercenary and partly national. This admixture renders them better than troops that are either all mercenary or all auxiliaries, but far inferior to those that are raised in their own country, and all this affords sufficient proof that France would have been rendered invincible by adhering to the military regulations established by Charles VII. But such is the imprudence of mankind in general that they eagerly embrace expedients that seem to promise a little present advantage, blind to the danger concealed under a flattering appearance.

The prince, therefore, who does not apprehend evils till it is too late to prevent them, cannot be truly called wise, yet this is a blessing that is bestowed on few.

The first cause of the decline of the Roman empire arose from taking the Goths into its pay, which brought these barbarians into repute at the expense of the Roman soldiery.

A prince, therefore, who cannot defend his dominions without the assistance of foreign troops, continues ever at the mercy of fortune, and is without resource in adversity. It is a generally received maxim, that there is nothing so weak as a power that is not supported by itself, that is to say, that is not defended by its own citizens or subjects, but by foreigners, whether allies or mercenaries. It would be easy to establish a national force by employing the means that Philip, father of Alexander the Great, adopted which several other states both monarchical and republican, employed.

## CHAPTER XIV

## THE DUTIES OF A PRINCE RELATIVE TO HIS MILITARY FORCE

**P**RINCES ought, therefore, to make the art of war their sole study and occupation, for it is peculiarly the science of those that govern. War and the several sorts of discipline and institutions relative to it should be his only study, the only profession he should follow, and the object he ought always to have in view. By this means princes can maintain possession of their dominions, and private individuals are sometimes raised thereby to supreme authority, while, on the other hand, we frequently see princes shamefully reduced to nothing by suffering themselves to be enfeebled by slothful inactivity. I repeat, therefore, that by a neglect of this art states are lost, and by cultivating it they are acquired.

Francesco Sforza, from a lower station, gained the rank of Duke of Milan, by having an army always at his disposal, and by a deviation from this rule his children, who succeeded to the dukedom, were reduced to the station of private individuals. And this is not surprising, for nothing is so likely to impair our esteem for the character of a prince as to see him destitute of a military force, and, as I shall endeavor to prove hereafter, a prince should most particularly beware of falling into general contempt.

We cannot establish a comparison between men that



are armed and those that are not, and it would be equally absurd to suppose that the unarmed should command and the others obey. A prince that is ignorant of the art of war never can enjoy repose or safety amongst armed subjects, he will always be to them an object of contempt, as they to him will justly be subjects of suspicion; how is it possible then that they should act in concert? In short, a prince that does not understand the art of war can never be esteemed by his troops, nor can he ever confide in them.

It is necessary therefore that princes should pay their whole attention to the art of war, which includes mental labor and study as well as the military exercise. To begin with the latter, the prince should take the utmost care that his troops be well disciplined and regularly exercised. The chase is well adapted to inure the body to fatigue, and to all the extremes of weather. This exercise will also teach one to observe the sources and situations, as well as the nature, of rivers and marshes, to measure the extent of plains and the declivity of mountains. By these means he will acquire a knowledge of the topography of a country that he has to defend, and will easily habituate himself to select the places where war may be best carried on. For the plains and valleys of Tuscany resemble those of other countries, so that a perfect knowledge of one will enable him to form a tolerably accurate judgment of the other.

This study is particularly useful to commanders. A general that neglects it will never know where to look for an enemy, nor how to conduct his troops, nor to encamp, nor the proper time to attack. The Greek and

Roman historians deservedly praised Philopomenes, Prince of Achaia, for his application to the study of war in time of peace. He was accustomed in his travels to stop and ask his friends which of two armies would have the advantage if one posted on such or such a hill and the other in such a particular place?—in what manner this, if commanded by himself, should join and give battle to the other? What steps ought he to take in order to secure a retreat, or pursue the enemy, in case he should retire? He thus proposed to them every case that might happen in war, listened attentively to their opinion, and then gave his own, together with the reasons on which it was founded. By these means he was always prepared to meet unforeseen events.

As to that part of military science which is learned in the closet, a prince ought to read history, and to pay particular attention to the achievements of great generals and the causes of their victories and defeats, but above all he should follow the example of those great men who, when they select a model, resolve to follow in his steps. It was thus that Alexander the Great immortalized himself by following the example of Achilles, Cæsar by imitating Alexander, and Scipio by copying Cyrus. If we take the trouble to compare the life of the latter Roman with that of Cyrus, we shall see how nearly Scipio copied the modesty, affability, humanity, liberality, and other virtues with which Xenophon adorns his hero.

Thus should a wise prince conduct himself, and so employ his time in peace that if fortune should change he may be prepared equally for her frowns or her favors.

## CHAPTER XV

WHAT DESERVES PRAISE OR BLAME IN MEN,  
AND ABOVE ALL IN PRINCES

**I**T now remains to show in what manner a prince should behave to his subjects and friends. This matter having been already discussed by others, it may seem arrogant in me to pursue it farther, especially if I should differ in opinion from them, but as I write only for those who possess sound judgment, I thought it better to treat this subject as it really is, in fact, than to amuse the imagination with visionary models of republics and governments that never have existed. For the manner in which men now live is so different from the manner in which they ought to live, that he who deviates from the common course of practice, and endeavors to act as duty dictates, necessarily ensures his own destruction. Thus, a good man, and one that wishes to prove himself so in all respects, must be undone in a contest with so many that are evilly disposed. A prince that wishes to maintain his power ought to learn that he should not be always good.

Laying aside, then, the false ideas that have been formed as to princes, and adhering only to those that are true, I say that all men, and especially princes, are marked and distinguished by some quality or other that entails either reputation or dishonor. For instance, men are liberal or parsimonious, honorable or dishonorable, effeminate and cowardly or courageous and enterprising,

humane or cruel, affable or haughty, wise or debauched, honest or dishonest, good tempered or surly, sedate or inconsiderate, religious or impious, and so forth

It would, doubtless, be happy for a prince to unite in himself every species of good quality, but as our nature does not allow so great a perfection, a prince should have prudence enough to avoid those defects and vices that may occasion his ruin, and he ought, if possible, to guard against those who can only compromise his safety and the possession of his dominions, but if he cannot succeed in this, he need not embarrass himself in escaping the scandal of those vices, but should devote his whole energies to avoid those that may cause his ruin. He should not shrink from encountering some blame on account of vices that are important to the support of his states, for, everything well considered, there are some things, having the appearance of virtues, that would prove the ruin of a prince should he put them in practice, and others upon which, though they are seemingly bad and vicious, his actual welfare and security depend

## CHAPTER XVI

### LIBERALITY AND ECONOMY

**T**O begin with the first qualities of the above-mentioned, I must observe that it is for the interest of a prince to be accounted liberal, but dangerous so to exercise his liberality that he is thereby neither feared nor respected. I will explain myself

If a prince be liberal only as far as it suits his purposes, that is to say, within certain bounds, he will please but few and will be called selfish. A prince that wishes to gain the reputation of being liberal should be regardless of expense, but then, to support this reputation, he will often be reduced to the necessity of levying taxes on his subjects and adopting every species of fiscal resource, which cannot fail to make him odious. Besides exhausting the public treasure by his prodigality, his credit will be destroyed, and he will incur the risk of losing his dominions on the first reverse of fortune, his liberality, as always happens, having ensured him more enemies than friends. And, which is worse, he cannot retrace his steps and replenish his finances without being charged with avarice.

A prince, therefore, that cannot be liberal without prejudicing his state, should not trouble himself much about the imputation of being covetous, for he will be esteemed liberal in time, when people see that by parsimony he has improved his revenue, and become able to defend his dominions and even to undertake useful enterprises without the aid of new taxes, then the many from whom he takes nothing will deem him sufficiently liberal, and only the few whose expectations he has failed to realize will accuse him of avarice. In our own times we have seen no great exploits performed except by those that have been accounted avaricious, all the others have failed. Julius II attained the pontifical chair by means of his bounty; but he judged rightly in supposing that, in order to enable him to prosecute the war against France, it would do him injury to preserve his reputa-

tion for liberality. By his parsimony he was able to support the expense of all his wars without the imposition of new taxes. The present King of Spain never could have accomplished all his great enterprises if he had felt any ambition to be thought liberal.

A prince, then, that would avoid poverty and always be in a condition to defend his dominions without imposing new taxes on his subjects, should care little for being charged with avarice, since the imputed vice may be the very means of securing the prosperity and stability of his government. But it may be alleged that Cæsar never would have attained the empire but by his liberality, and that many others have arrived at the highest honors by the same means. I answer, you are either in possession of dominion already, or you are not. In the first place, liberality would be prejudicial, in the second, the reputation of it is serviceable and necessary. Cæsar endeavored to appear liberal while he aspired to the empire of Rome. But if he had lived longer he would have lost that reputation for liberality which had paved his way to empire, or he would have lost himself in the attempt to preserve it.

There have been, however, some princes that have performed splendid actions, and have distinguished themselves by their liberality, but then their prodigality did not come from the public purse. Such were Cyrus, Alexander, and Cæsar. A prince should be very sparing of his own and his subjects' property, but he should be equally lavish of that which he takes from the enemy, if he desires to be popular with his troops, for that will not diminish his reputation, but rather add to it. He

that is too liberal cannot long continue so, he will become poor and contemptible unless he grinds his subjects with new taxes, which cannot fail to render him odious to them. There is nothing a prince should dread so much as his subjects' hatred—unless, indeed, it be their contempt. And both these evils may be occasioned by over-liberality. If he must choose between extremes, it is better to submit to the imputation of parsimony than to make a show of liberality, since the first, though it may not be productive of honor, never gives birth to hatred and contempt.

## CHAPTER XVII

### CRUELTY AND CLEMENCY, WHETHER IT IS BETTER TO BE LOVED THAN FEARED

**T**O proceed to other qualities that are requisite in those who govern. A prince ought unquestionably to be merciful, but should take care how he executes his clemency. Cæsar Borgia was accounted cruel, but to that cruelty he was indebted for the advantage of uniting Romagna to his other dominions, and of establishing in that province peace and tranquillity, of which it had been so long deprived. And, everything well considered, it must be admitted that this prince showed greater clemency than the people of Florence, who, to avoid the reproach of cruelty, suffered Pistoia to be destroyed. When it is necessary for a prince to restrain his subjects within the bounds of duty, he should not regard the imputation of cruelty, because,

by making a few examples he will find that he really showed more humanity in the end than he who, by too great indulgence, suffers disorders to arise, which commonly terminate in rapine and murder. For such disorders disturb a whole community, while punishments inflicted by the prince affect only a few individuals.

This is particularly true with respect to a new prince, who can scarcely avoid the reproach of cruelty, every new government being replete with dangers. Thus Virgil makes Dido excuse her severity by the necessity to which she was reduced of maintaining the interests of a throne that she did not inherit from her ancestors —

*Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt  
Moliri, et late fines custode tueri—Æn. lib. 4*

A prince, however, should not be afraid of phantoms of his own raising, neither should he lend too ready an ear to terrifying tales that may be told him, but should temper his mercy with prudence in such a manner that too much confidence may not put him off his guard, nor causeless jealousies make him insupportable. There is a medium between a foolish security and an unreasonable distrust.

It has been sometimes asked whether it is better to be loved than feared, to which I answer that one should wish to be both. But as that is a hard matter to accomplish, I think, if it is necessary to make a selection, that it is safer to be feared than to be loved. For it may be truly affirmed of mankind in general that they are ungrateful, fickle, timid, dissembling, and self-interested, so long as you can serve them, they are entirely de-



voted to you, their wealth, their blood, their lives, and even their offspring are at your disposal, when you have no occasion for them, but in your day of need they turn their back upon you. The prince that relies on professions courts his own destruction, because the friends whom he acquires by means of money alone, and whose attachment does not spring from a regard for personal merit, are seldom proof against reverse of fortune, but abandon their benefactor when he most requires their services. Men are usually more inclined to submit to him who makes himself dreaded than to one who merely strives to be beloved, and the reason is obvious, for friendship of this kind, being a mere moral tie, a species of duty resulting from a benefit, cannot endure against the calculations of interest, whereas fear carries with it the dread of punishment, which never loses its influence. A prince, however, ought to make himself feared in such a manner that if he cannot gain the love of his subjects he may at least avoid their hatred, and he may attain this object by respecting his subjects' property and the honor of their wives. If he finds it absolutely necessary to inflict the punishment of death, he should avow the reason for it, and, above all things, he should abstain from touching the property of the condemned person. For certain it is that men sooner forget the death of their relatives than the loss of their patrimony. Besides, when he once begins to live by means of rapine, many occasions offer for seizing the wealth of his subjects, but there will be little or no necessity for shedding blood.

But when a prince is at the head of his army, and has under his command a multitude of soldiers, he should

make little account of being esteemed cruel, such a character will be useful to him by keeping his troops in obedience and preventing every species of faction

Hannibal, among many other admirable talents, possessed in a high degree that of making himself feared by his troops, insomuch that, having led a very large army, composed of all kinds of men, into a foreign country, he never had occasion, either in prosperity or in adversity, to punish the least disorder or the slightest want of discipline and this can be attributed only to his extreme severity and such other qualities as caused him to be feared and respected by his soldiers, without which his extraordinary talents and courage would have been unavailing

There have been writers, notwithstanding—but, in my opinion, very injudicious ones—who, while they render every degree of justice to his talents and his splendid achievements, still condemn the principle on which he acted But nothing can in this respect more fully justify him than the example of Scipio, one of the greatest generals mentioned in history His extreme indulgence toward the troops he commanded in Spain occasioned disorders, and at length a revolt, which drew on him from Fabius Maximus, in full senate, the reproach of having destroyed the Roman soldiery When this general suffered the barbarous conduct of one of his lieutenants toward the Locrians to go unpunished, a senator, in his justification, observed that there were some men who knew better how to avoid doing ill themselves than how to punish it in others This excess of indulgence would in time have tarnished the glory and reputation

of Scipio, if he had been a prince, but as he lived under a republican government, it was not only connived at but redounded to his glory

I conclude, then, with regard to the question whether it is better to be loved than feared, that it depends on the inclinations of the subjects themselves whether they will love their prince or not; but the prince has it in his own power to make them fear him, and if he is wise he will rather rely on his own resources than on the caprice of others, remembering that he should at the same time so conduct himself as to avoid being hated.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### WHETHER PRINCES OUGHT TO BE FAITHFUL TO THEIR ENGAGEMENTS

**I**T is unquestionably very praiseworthy in princes to be faithful to their engagements, but among those of the present day that have been distinguished for great exploits, few indeed have been remarkable for this virtue, or have scrupled to deceive others who may have relied on their good faith

It should, therefore, be known that there are two ways of deciding any contest the one by laws, the other by force. The first is peculiar to men, the second to beasts, but when laws are not sufficiently powerful, it is necessary to recur to force. A prince ought, therefore, to understand how to use both these means. This doctrine is admirably illustrated to us by the ancient poets in the

allegorical history of the education of Achilles and many other princes of antiquity, by the centaur Chiron, who, under the double form of man and beast, taught those that were destined to govern, that it was their duty to use by turns the arms adapted to both these natures, seeing that one without the other cannot be of any durable advantage. As a prince must learn how to act the part of a beast sometimes, he should make the fox and the lion his patterns. The first can but feebly defend himself against the wolf, and the latter readily falls into such snares as are laid for him. From the fox, therefore, a prince will learn dexterity in avoiding snares, and from the lion, how to employ his strength to keep the wolves in awe. But they that entirely rely upon the lion's strength, will not always meet with success. In other words, a prudent prince cannot and ought not to keep his word, except when he can do it without injury to himself, or when the circumstances under which he contracted the engagement still exist.

I should be cautious in inculcating such a precept if all men were good, but as the generality of mankind are wicked, and ever ready to break their word, a prince should not pique himself on keeping his more scrupulously, especially as it is always easy to justify a breach of faith on his part. I could give numerous proofs of this, and show numberless engagements and treaties that have been violated by the treachery of princes, and that those who enacted the part of the fox have always succeeded best in their affairs. But it is necessary to disguise the appearance of craft, and thoroughly to understand the art of feigning and dissembling; for men gen-

erally are so simple and so weak that he who wishes to deceive easily finds dupes

One example, taken from the history of our own times, will be sufficient. Pope Alexander VI played during his whole life a game of deception, and though his faithless conduct was extremely well known, his artifices always proved successful. Oaths and protestations cost him nothing, never did a prince so often break his word or pay less regard to his engagements. This was because he so well understood this chapter in the art of government

It is not necessary, however, for a prince to possess all the good qualities I have enumerated, but it is indispensable that he should appear to have them. I will even venture to affirm, that it is sometimes dangerous to use them, though it is always useful to appear to possess them. A prince should earnestly endeavor to gain the reputation of kindness, clemency, piety, justice, and fidelity to his engagements. He should possess all these good qualities, but still retain such power over himself as to display their opposites whenever it may be expedient. I maintain that a prince, and especially a new prince, cannot with impunity exercise all the virtues, because his own self-preservation will often compel him to violate the laws of charity, religion and humanity. He should habituate himself to bend easily to the various circumstances that may from time to time surround him. In a word, it will be as useful to him to persevere in the path of rectitude, while he feels no inconvenience in doing so, as to know how to deviate from it when circumstances dictate such a course. He should

make it a rule, above all things, never to utter anything that does not breathe of kindness, justice, good faith and piety. This last quality it is most important for him to appear to possess, as men in general judge more from appearances than from reality. All men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration. Everyone sees your exterior, but few can discern what you have in your heart, and those few dare not oppose the voice of the multitude, who have the majesty of their prince on their side. In forming a judgment of the minds of men, and more especially of princes, as we cannot recur to any tribunal, we must attend only to results. Let it then be the prince's chief care to maintain his authority, the means he employs, be they what they may, will, for this purpose, always appear honorable and meet applause, for the vulgar are ever caught by appearances, and judge only by the event. And as the world is chiefly composed of such as are called the vulgar, the voice of the few is seldom if ever heard or regarded.

There is a prince now living (whose name it may not be proper to mention) who ever preaches the doctrines of peace and good faith, but if he had observed either the one or the other, he would long ago have lost both his reputation and his dominions \*

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\*Ferdinand V, King of Aragon and Castile, who thus acquired the kingdoms of Naples and Navarre.

## CHAPTER XIX

THAT IT IS NECESSARY TO AVOID BEING HATED  
AND DESPISED

**H**AVING distinctly considered the principal qualities with which a prince should be endowed, I shall briefly discuss the rest in a general discourse under the following heads. A prince ought sedulously to avoid everything that may make him odious or despicable. If he succeed in this, he may fill his part with reasonable success, and need not fear danger from the infamy of other vices.

Nothing, in my opinion, renders a prince so odious as violation of the right of property and a disregard to the honor of married women. Subjects will live contentedly enough under a prince that invades neither their property nor their honor, and then he will only have to contend against the pretensions of a few ambitious persons, whom he can easily find means to restrain.

A prince whose conduct is light, inconstant, pusillanimous, irresolute and effeminate, is sure to be despised. These defects he ought to shun as he would shun so many rocks, and endeavor to display a character for courage, gravity, energy, and magnificence in all his actions. His decisions in matters between individuals should be irrevocable, so that none may dare to think of abusing or deceiving him. By these means he will obtain the esteem of his subjects and prevent any attempt to subvert his authority. He will then have less

to apprehend from external enemies, who will be cautious in their attacks upon a prince that has secured the affection of his subjects. A prince has two things to guard against, the machinations of his own subjects and the attempts of powerful foreigners. The latter he will be able to repel by means of good friends and good troops, and these he will be sure to have as long as his arms are respectable. Besides, internal peace can be interrupted only by conspiracies, which are dangerous only when they are encouraged and supported by foreign powers. The latter, however, dare not stir, if the prince but conform to the rules I have laid down and follow the example of Nabis, the tyrant of Sparta.

With regard to his subjects, if all be at peace without his dominions, a prince has nothing to dread but secret conspiracies, from which he may always secure himself by avoiding whatever can render him odious or contemptible. Conspiracies are seldom formed, except against princes whose ruin and death would be acceptable to the people, otherwise, men would not expose themselves to the dangers inseparable from such machinations.

History is filled with conspiracies, but how few have been crowned with success? No one can carry on such a design alone, nor trust any accomplices but malcontents. These frequently denounce their confederates and frustrate their designs, in the hope of obtaining a large remuneration from him against whom they are leagued; so that those with whom you are necessarily associated in a conspiracy are placed between the temptation of a considerable reward and the dread of a great danger, and to keep the secret it must either be entrusted to a very ex-



traordinary friend or an irreconcilable enemy of the prince.

In short, conspirators live in continual fear, jealousy, and suspicion, while the prince is supported by all the splendor and majesty of the government, the laws, the customs, and the assistance of his friends, not to mention the affection that subjects naturally entertain toward those who govern them. Conspirators have reason to fear both before and after the execution of their designs, for when the people have been once exasperated, there is no resource left to which they may fly. Of this I might give many examples, but I shall content myself with one only, which occurred in the last century.

Hannibal Bentivoglio, grandfather of the reigning prince of Bologna, had been murdered by the Canneschi, and the only member of the family that survived was John Bentivoglio, then an infant in the cradle. The people rose against the conspirators, and massacred the whole family of the murderers, and in order still more strongly to show their attachment to the house of Bentivoglio, as none of the family was left who was capable of governing the state, the Bolognese, having received information that a natural son of that prince then lived at Florence, sent deputies thither to demand him, though he lived in that city under the name of an artisan who passed for his father, and to him they confided the direction of the state till John Bentivoglio should be of age to govern.

A prince has therefore little to fear from conspiracies when he possesses the affections of the people, but he has no resource left if this support should fail him. Con-

tent the people and manage the nobles, and you have the maxim of wise governors.

France holds the first rank among well governed states. One of the wisest of its institutions is unquestionably that of the parliaments, whose object is to watch over the security of the government and the liberties of the people. The founders of this institution were aware, on the one hand, of the insolence and ambition of the nobles, and, on the other, of the excess to which the people are liable to be transported against them, and they endeavored to restrain both without the intervention of the king, who never could have taken part with the people, as he must thereby render the nobles discontented, nor could he favor the latter, without exciting the hatred of the people. On this account they have instituted an authority which, without the interference of the king, may favor the people and repress the insolence of the nobles. It must be confessed that nothing is more likely to give consistency to the government and ensure the tranquillity of the people. And we may learn from this that princes should reserve to themselves distribution of favors and employments, and leave to the magistrates the care of pronouncing punishments, and, indeed, the general disposal of all things likely to excite discontent.

I repeat that a prince ought to cherish and support the nobility, but without attracting the hatred of the people. It may perhaps be objected that several Roman emperors were deposed and murdered by conspirators, though their conduct was replete with wisdom, talents, and courage. In answer to this objection, let us examine the character of some of these emperors, such as Marcus the

philosopher, Commodus his son, Pertinax, Julian, Severus, Antonius, Caracalla his son, Macrinus, Heliogabalus, Alexander, and Maximinus This examination will naturally lead me to unfold the causes of their downfall, and to justify what I have before said in this chapter, respecting the conduct that princes ought to adopt

I must first observe that the Roman emperors had not only to restrain the ambition of the nobles and the insolence of the people, but they had also to contend with the cruelty and avarice of the soldiery, which was the ruin of several of those princes, it being almost impossible to please the soldiery without discontenting the people, who wished for peace as much as the former panted for war The people sighed for a pacific prince, and the soldiers for one that delighted in war—ambitious, cruel, and insolent, not certainly to themselves, but opposed to the people—as from such a one they might hope for double pay, and an opportunity of satiating their avarice and cruelty at the expense of their fellow subjects Hence it happened that those emperors whose nature was averse to harsh measures were unable to retain either soldiery or people in subjection, and their own inevitable ruin was the result Most of them, indeed, particularly those who were advanced to the throne from a private condition, despairing to reconcile interests totally opposite, determined to take part with the troops, and troubled themselves but little about the discontents of the people, and this conduct was the safest, for in the alternative of exciting the hatred of the greater or lesser number, it is better to take part with the stronger side Those emperors, therefore, who raised themselves

to empire and stood in need of extraordinary support to maintain their power, chose rather to adhere to the soldiery than to the people, which turned to their profit a disadvantage according to the degree of reputation they had with the military

Marcus, the philosopher, Pertinax, and Alexander, princes as remarkable for their clemency as for their love of justice and the simplicity of their manners, all came to unfortunate ends, except the first, and he indeed lived and died in peace and honor, because he succeeded to the empire by hereditary right, and was under no obligation either to the troops or to the people, and this circumstance, joined to his own excellent qualities, rendered him dear to all, and enabled him to restrain the soldiery within the bounds of duty. But Pertinax, being desirous to subject the military (against whose inclination, moreover, he had been elected emperor) to a very different and more severe discipline than had been observed by his predecessor Commodus, a few months after his elevation fell a victim to their hatred, increased, perhaps, by the contempt that his great age inspired. Hatred is as easily incurred by good actions as by evil, and hence, as I have said before, a prince is often compelled to be wicked in order to maintain his power. For when the strongest party is corrupt (whether it be the people, the nobles, or the troops) he must comply with their disposition and content them, and from that moment he must renounce doing good, or it will prove his ruin.

As to Alexander, his clemency has been much praised by historians, but he was nevertheless an object of contempt, on account of his effeminacy, and because he suf-

ferred himself to be governed by his mother. The army conspired against this prince, who was so good and so humane that in a reign of fourteen years not one person was put to death without a trial, and he was sacrificed by his soldiers. On the other hand, Commodus, Severus, Caracalla, and Maximinus, having indulged themselves in all kinds of excess to satisfy the avarice and cruelty of the troops, experienced no happier fate; with the exception of Severus, who reigned peaceably, though in order to satisfy the cupidity of the troops he oppressed the people, but he had excellent qualities, which gained him at once the affection of the soldiers and the admiration of his subjects. As he raised himself to empire from a private station, and may for that reason serve as a model for those who may hereafter be in the same situation, I think it necessary to show briefly in what manner he assumed, by turns, the qualities of the fox and the lion, the two animals that, as I have said before, ought to serve as models to princes.

Severus, knowing the cowardice of the Emperor Julian, persuaded the army under his command, in Illyria, to march to Rome, in order to avenge the death of Pertinax, who had been massacred by the pretorian guard. Under this pretence, and without exciting any suspicion that he aimed at empire, this general arrived in Italy, before any one had intelligence of his departure from Illyria. He entered Rome, and the intimidated senate named him emperor, and put Julian to death. But he had still two obstacles to surmount before he could become master of the whole empire. Pescennius Niger, and Albinus, one of whom commanded in Asia, and the other

in the western part of the empire, were his competitors. The first of these had even been proclaimed emperor by his own legions. Severus, perceiving that he could not without danger attack them both at the same time, determined to march against Niger, and to deceive Albinus by a proposal to share the government with him, and this offer was accepted by Albinus without hesitation. But Severus had no sooner vanquished and put Pescennius Niger to death, and pacified the eastern district, than, returning to Rome, he complained bitterly of Albinus's ingratitude, whom he did not hesitate to accuse of an attempt upon his life, on which account he said he was obliged to pass the Alps, in order to punish him for his ingratitude. Severus arrived in Gaul, and Albinus lost at once the empire and his life.

If we attentively examine the conduct of this Emperor, we shall find him as fierce as a lion and as cunning as a fox, feared and respected by his troops as well as by the people, but it will not seem strange that a private individual should maintain so difficult a post if we recollect that it was by commanding esteem and admiration that he disarmed the hatred his rapacity would otherwise have excited.

Antoninus Caracalla (his son) possessed also many excellent qualities, which made him dear to the legions and respected by the people, he was a warrior, an indefatigable enemy of effeminacy and high living, which rendered him the idol of the army, but then he carried his ferocity to such a pitch that not only the people but the soldiery, and even his own officers, bore him an irreconcilable hatred. He perished by the hand of a centurion,

a feeble vengeance for all the blood he had caused to be shed in Rome and in Alexandria, where none of the inhabitants escaped carnage.

From this we may observe that it is difficult for princes to escape such attempts at assassination as proceed from an obstinate and determined resolution. Their lives are at the mercy of everyone that despises death, but as these attempts are but rare, princes should not be very uneasy about them. Yet they should avoid giving any grievous offense to those who are constantly about their persons. This was peculiarly the error of Antoninus, who retained among his bodyguard a centurion whose brother he had put to an ignominious death, and whom he was continually terrifying with menaces, an imprudence which cost him his life.

As to Commodus, he might easily have maintained his power had he but trod in the steps of his father, to whom alone he was indebted for the empire, but as he was cruel, brutal, and avaricious, the discipline that prevailed in the army soon gave way to the most unbridled licentiousness. He had also rendered himself contemptible to the army by his total disregard of his own dignity, of which he thought so little that he was not ashamed to descend into the arena and there combat with the common gladiators. He fell a sacrifice to a conspiracy provoked by the hatred and contempt he had excited by his meanness, his avarice, and his ferocity.

The legions having rid themselves of Alexander, whom they deemed too effeminate, made choice of Maximinus, a great warrior, but he, becoming odious and contemptible, soon lost both his life and the empire. The mean-

ness of his birth (he was known to have been a Thracian shepherd), his great delay in appearing at Rome to take possession of the empire, and, above all, the cruelties of his lieutenants, both in the capital and in the rest of the empire, rendered him so vile and odious that Africa, in the first place, and afterward the whole senate and people of Rome, and all Italy, conspired against him, and were supported by his own army, who, disgusted with his cruelties and fatigued with the length of the siege of Aquileia, put him to death, with the less apprehension as they saw how universally he was detested.

I shall say nothing of Heliogabalus, Macrinus, or Julian, all of whom died covered with ignominy. But I shall add, in conclusion, that princes of the present day are under no necessity of gratifying the soldiery in their governments, because they do not form, as at Rome, an independent body, nor do they continue for years in the same governments and provinces, and they are not therefore to be dreaded, provided they are treated with a suitable degree of respect. At Rome, the chief policy of the emperors was to content the soldiery, but in our modern states the people are the class whose affection it is most important to obtain, as being the strongest and most powerful. I except Turkey and Egypt. We know that the Grand Signior is obliged to keep a standing army of twelve thousand infantry and fifteen thousand cavalry, which constitute the strength and security of his government, and it is consequently of the highest importance to him to conciliate their affections. It is the same with respect to the Sultan of Egypt, whose troops have as we may say the power in their own hands, and he



is consequently obliged to treat them with great respect, and to humor them moreover at the expense of the people, from whom he has nothing to apprehend. This government resembles no other, unless perhaps the Roman pontificate. It cannot properly be called either hereditary or new, since, at the Sultan's death, his children do not succeed, but he who is chosen by particular persons vested with the power of election, nor is it subject to the inconveniences that are incident to a new state because the person of the prince is new, the government having been long established, he is received as if he enjoyed an hereditary right.

On attentive examination, it will be seen that the Roman emperors whose unfortunate fate has been alluded to, have perished chiefly by having made themselves odious and contemptible. This is the reason that several of them, whether their characters were good or bad, experienced a fate so different from those in whose steps they endeavored to tread. It was thus that Alexander and Pertinax, who had elevated themselves, were destroyed by attempting to tread in the steps of Marcus, who came to the empire by hereditary right, and who therefore owed no obligation either to the people or to the legions. Caracalla, Commodus, and Maximinus were severally sacrificed by an attempt to imitate the conduct of Severus, to whom they were far from equal in talent.

A new prince should therefore conduct himself differently from Marcus and Severus, but he may learn from the first how to elevate himself, and from the second by what means he may maintain himself in that elevation.

## CHAPTER XX

WHETHER FORTRESSES AND SOME OTHER THINGS  
ARE REALLY OF SERVICE TO A PRINCE

**S**OME princes, in order to maintain themselves effectually in possession of their dominions, disarm their subjects. Others encourage divisions in the provinces subjected to their rule. Some go so far as designedly to make themselves inimical to the people, while others strenuously endeavor to gain over those whom they had suspected at the beginning of their reign. One prince builds fortresses, and another razes them to the ground. It is not easy to determine what line of conduct is the best to adopt, without a thorough knowledge of the different states where the rules are to be applied. It will be sufficient therefore to treat this part of the subject in a general way.

A new prince never disarms his subjects, on the contrary, if he find them without the means of defense, he at once provides them with arms, and his subjects are thus converted into soldiers devoted to his service. The suspected become thenceforth attached to his cause, his friends continue firm in their attachment, and all his people become his partisans.

It is, of course, impossible to arm every one; but if the prince is kind and obliging to those whom he does arm, he can have little to fear from the rest. Those that are in his service will think themselves honored by the preference, and those that are not will readily ex-

cuse him from a persuasion that the greatest merit is due to those who run the greatest dangers. But a prince that disarms his subjects forfeits their affection by the distrust that he betrays, and nothing is more likely to excite their hatred. In addition, it becomes necessary, under such circumstances, to support an army of mercenaries, the dangers of which I have sufficiently explained. Besides, amongst other inconveniences, troops of this kind never can be efficient against a powerful enemy and disaffected subjects.

Thus it always has been a maxim with those that raise themselves to power, to arm their subjects. But when a prince acquires a new state, and annexes it as an appendage to his hereditary dominions, he should then disarm his subjects, excepting those who were favorable to his views antecedent to his new conquest; and even then it would still behoove him to soften and enervate, as occasion may require, in order that his whole military force may consist of his own subjects.

Some of our ancestors, who were deemed wise men, used to say that Pistoia should be restrained by domestic factions, and Pisa by fortresses. Upon which account they always fomented divisions and discord in the cities and towns where the people were suspected. This policy was well devised, considering the uncertain state of affairs in Italy at that time. But it could scarcely be adopted now, because a town divided against itself never could successfully withstand an enemy, for the latter would infallibly allure one of the two factions to its cause, and so become master of the place.

The Venetians, adopting this very policy, favored al-

ternately the Guelphs and the Ghibellines in the cities subjected to their sway, and although they never suffered them to come into actual collision, yet they incessantly fomented divisions, which prevented them from thinking of revolt, but Venice did not derive from such conduct the benefit that was anticipated, for when her armies were defeated at Vaila, one of these factions had the audacity to aspire to sovereign power, and was successful in the attempt

These expedients argue weakness in a prince, for no government of any power will ever permit such divisions. Although in time of peace they are unquestionably attended with less inconvenience because they divert the attention of the people from rebellion, yet in time of war they betray the impotence of a state that must employ so weak a policy

It is by conquering difficulties that princes raise themselves to power, and fortune cannot more successfully elevate a new prince than by raising enemies and confederacies against him, thus stimulating his genius, exercising his courage, and affording him an opportunity of climbing to the highest degree of power. Many persons are therefore of opinion that it is advantageous for a prince to have enemies which by preventing him from indulging in a dangerous repose, will enable him to win the esteem and admiration not only of his faithful subjects but of the rebellious also

Princes, and especially new ones, have often experienced more zeal and fidelity from those subjects whom they suspected at the beginning of their reign, than from others in whom they placed more confidence at

first Pandolfo Petrucci, Prince of Siena, governed by the assistance of those whom he once suspected Yet it is difficult to establish general rules upon a subject that must vary according to circumstances I shall only observe that if those who are disaffected to the prince at the beginning of his reign stand in actual need of his protection, he may easily gain their support, and afterward they will continue faithful to him, from a desire to efface by their services every unfavorable prejudice to which their former conduct may have given birth On the other hand, those that never have opposed the prince's interest, will serve him with that lukewarm zeal which is the invariable result of complete security

But since the nature of my subject seems to require it, I cannot refrain from advising a prince that may have attained supreme authority by means of popular favor, minutely to examine the cause and motives of this good will if it arise more from a hatred of the old government than from any interest inspired by the prince himself, he may find it no easy matter to preserve the people's affection, as it will be almost impossible ever to satisfy their wishes

If we examine history, ancient or modern, we shall find it easier for a prince to gain the friendship of those who lived quietly under the preceding government, and were consequently averse to his accession, than to make others his friends who sided with him at first and favored his enterprise merely from discontent

Princes have sometimes erected fortresses for the purpose of more easily defending their states from the attacks of internal enemies, and in order to be able effect-

ually to repel the first efforts at a revolt. This is an old and, in my opinion, a very good plan. Nevertheless, even in our own times, Nicholas Vitelli actually demolished the two fortresses of the city of Castello to effect the safety of that state, and Guy d'Ubaldo, Duke of Urbino, having recovered his duchy, from which he had been driven by Cæsar Borgia, razed all the fortresses, in order the more easily to maintain his conquest. The Bentivogliu acted in a similar manner at Bologna, when that state was restored to their dominion.

Fortresses are therefore useful or dangerous according to circumstances, and though in some cases they are serviceable, they are in others injurious. Thus a prince that is more in dread of his subjects than of foreign foes ought to fortify his cities, but if the reverse, he should abstain from such a course. The citadel Francesco Sforza built at Milan has caused more irreparable injury to his family than all the disturbances and disorders to which that duchy ever has been exposed.

There is no better fortress for a prince than the affection of the people. If he is hated by his subjects, all other fortresses will be in vain, for when they fly to arms, there will be no want of enemies without the walls to afford them assistance. Fortresses have been of little use to the princes of the present day, with the exception perhaps of the Countess of Forlì, who, after the death of her husband, Count Jerome, found herself enabled by such assistance to wait for succors from the state of Milan, whereby her authority was restored, yet even then she was greatly indebted to circumstances, which prevented her subjects from obtaining the assistance of

foreign aid. When she was afterward attacked by Cæsar Borgia, she must doubtless then, though perhaps too late, have become convinced that the best fortress for a prince is found in the people's affection.

After due reflection, therefore, I see no reason for blaming a prince either for building fortresses, or for abstaining from such a course, but he doubtless is deserving of the most decisive censure who is content to rely on their protection alone, regardless of the hatred of his subjects.

## CHAPTER XXI

### BY WHAT MEANS A PRINCE MAY BECOME ESTEEMED

**N**OTHING is more likely to make a prince esteemed than great enterprises and extraordinary actions. Ferdinand, the present King of Spain, may be considered as a new prince, because he has advanced himself from a petty state to be the most renowned monarch in Christendom. If we examine his actions, we find they all deserve to be accounted great, and some of them indeed are splendid.

Scarcely was this prince seated on the throne when he turned his arms against the kingdom of Grenada, and this war laid the foundation of his greatness, in which he met with no impediment, for the nobles of Castile were so intent on the invasion that they wholly disregarded his political innovations. In the mean time he insensibly established a dominion over them, by main-

taining armies at the expense of the Church and people, and by disciplining them in such a manner as made his power irresistible. Afterward, in order that he might undertake enterprises still more brilliant, he dextrously assumed the mask of religion, and by a cruel piety drove the Moors out of his dominions. The means he took for this enterprise were, without doubt, barbarous, yet the exploit was extraordinary and almost unexampled.

Ferdinand, under the same cloak of religion, afterward attacked Africa, Italy and France, always having some great design in view, the event of which kept his subjects in continual suspense and admiration. And those enterprises succeeded one another so speedily that his subjects had no leisure to think of other matters, much less to engage in conspiracies against him.

It is also of great service to a prince to afford rare examples of civil administration, especially when it is necessary to reward or punish in an exemplary manner, for the extraordinary good or evil that his subjects may have done. Barnabas, lord of Milan, was in that respect an example worthy of imitation. A prince should also invest his actions with a character of greatness, and, above all things, avoid weakness and indecision. He must be a firm friend or an open foe, otherwise he will with difficulty conciliate his subjects. Should two powerful neighbors go to war, he must declare for one of them, or he will inevitably become the prey of the conqueror; and the vanquished party will be gratified at his ruin, and thus he will lose all protection; for the conqueror will despise a doubtful friend, who may abandon him on the first reverse of fortune, and the van-



quished will never pardon him for remaining a tranquil spectator of his defeat

When Antiochus marched into Greece, on the invitation of the Etolians, to drive out the Romans, he sent ambassadors to the Achaians, friends of the latter, to secure their neutrality. The Romans, on the other hand, demanded their assistance. The affair being under consideration in the council of the Achaians, the Roman envoy spoke after the ambassador of Antiochus, and said, "You are advised to remain neutral, as the safest mode of conduct, and I assure you there can be none so bad, for you will inevitably remain at the mercy of the conqueror, whoever he may be, and will thus have two chances to one against you"

They can be no real friends who ask you to stand neutral. This consideration alone should open the eyes of a prince to the consequences of such conduct. Irresolute princes frequently embrace a neutrality to avoid some present inconvenience, but by such a course they meet their ruin. A bold adhesion to one party secures friendship by the tie of gratitude, and leaves but little to fear from the mercy of the conqueror, first, because men are seldom so wholly destitute of honor as to repay benefits by revolting ingratitude; secondly, because victory is rarely so very complete as to place the conqueror in a condition to violate all laws of propriety. If, on the other hand, he whose fortune the prince espouses should be vanquished, he may in time retrieve his losses and acknowledge this mark of preference and esteem.

A prince ought never, as I have already observed, unless under the pressure of circumstances, to espouse the

part of a neighboring state more powerful than himself, because he lies at the mercy of his neighbor should he be the conqueror. Thus the Venetians were ruined by unnecessarily allying themselves with France against the Duke of Milan. The Florentines, on the other hand, could not be blamed for embracing the cause of the Pope and the King of Spain, when they marched their forces against Lombardy, because, by adopting this step, they yielded to the dictates of necessity. After all, no party can be absolutely sure of success, and sometimes one danger is avoided only to encounter a greater, the utmost that human prudence can do in such extremities, is to choose the lesser evil.

Princes ought to honor talents and protect the arts, particularly commerce and agriculture. It is peculiarly important that those who follow such pursuits should be secure from all dread of being overcharged with taxes and despoiled of their lands after they have improved them by superior cultivation. Finally, they should not neglect to entertain the people at certain periods of the year with festivals and shows, and they should honor with their presence the trading companies and corporations, and display on such occasions the greatest affability and facility of access, always remembering to support their station with becoming dignity, which never should be lost sight of, under any circumstances.

## CHAPTER XXII

## MINISTERS

**A** PROPER choice of ministers is of no small importance to a prince, for the first opinion of his capacity arises from the persons by whom he is surrounded. When they are men of ability, he is deemed a wise prince for having discovered their worth and found means to attach them to him. But when they prove otherwise, a mean opinion is entertained of his judgment from the unfit selection he has made. All those that knew Antonio de Venafrò rendered justice to the judgment and wisdom of Pandolfo Petrucci, who chose so able a man for the administration of his affairs.

In the capacities of mankind there are three degrees: one man understands things by means of his own natural endowments, another understands things when they are explained to him, and a third can neither understand them of himself nor when they are explained by others. The first are rare and excellent, and the second have their merit, but the last are wholly worthless.

Pandolfo belonged at least to the second class, for when a prince can distinguish what is useful from what is injurious, he may, without being a man of genius, judge of the conduct of his ministers, and praise or blame it with such discretion that they, from a conviction that they cannot deceive him, serve him with zeal and fidelity.

But how are princes to know a minister? There is

one infallible rule, viz, to observe whether he attends more to his own interest than to that of the state. A minister should be entirely devoted to the public service, and never should address the prince on his private affairs. It is the part of the prince to attend to the interests of the minister, and to heap honors, riches, fortune, and other favors upon him, that so he may be satisfied in his station, and have no reason to desire a change, in fine, that he may dread, and endeavor with all his power to prevent, any fatal reverse that may threaten his master. And this is the only method of establishing between a prince and his ministers a confidence equally useful and honorable to both.

## CHAPTER XXIII

## HOW A PRINCE OUGHT TO AVOID FLATTERERS

**I** MUST not forget to mention one evil against which princes should ever be upon their guard, and which they cannot avoid except by the greatest prudence, and this evil is the flattery that reigns in every court. Men have so much self-love, and so good an opinion of themselves that it is very difficult to avoid such contagion, and, besides in endeavoring to avoid it they run the risk of being despised.

For princes have no other way of expelling flatterers than by showing that the truth will not offend. Yet if everyone had the privilege of uttering his sentiments with impunity, what would become of the respect due

to the majesty of the sovereign? A prudent prince should take a middle course, and make choice of some discreet men in his state, to whom alone he may give the liberty of telling him the truth on such subjects as he shall require information concerning. He ought undoubtedly to interrogate them, and hear their opinions upon every subject of importance, and determine afterward according to his own judgment, conducting himself at all times in such a manner as to convince everyone that the more freely he speaks the more acceptable he will be. After which he should listen to nobody else, but proceed firmly and steadily in the execution of what he has determined.

A prince that acts otherwise is either bewildered by the adulation of flatterers or loses all respect and consideration by the uncertain and wavering conduct he is obliged to pursue. This doctrine can be supported by an instance from the history of our own times. Father Luke said of the Emperor Maximilian, his new master, now on the throne, that "he never took counsel of any person, and notwithstanding he never acted from an opinion of his own," and in this he adopted a method diametrically opposite to that which I have proposed. For as this prince never entrusted his designs to any of his ministers, their suggestions were not made till the very moment when they should be executed, so that, pressed by the exigencies of the moment, and overwhelmed with obstacles and unforeseen difficulties, he was obliged to yield to whatever opinions his ministers might offer. Hence it happens, that what he does one day he is obliged to cancel the next, and thus nobody

can depend on his decisions, for it is impossible to know what will be his ultimate determination

A prince ought to take the opinions of others in everything, but only at such times as it pleases himself, and not whenever they are obtruded upon him, so that no one shall presume to give him advice when he does not request it. He ought to be inquisitive, and listen with attention, and when he perceives any one hesitate to tell him the full truth, he ought to evince the utmost displeasure at such conduct

They are much mistaken who imagine that a prince who listens to the counsel of others will be but little esteemed, and thought incapable of acting on his own judgment. It is an infallible rule that a prince that does not possess an intelligent mind of his own can never be well advised, unless he is entirely governed by the advice of an able minister, on whom he may repose the whole cares of government, but in this case he runs a great risk of being stripped of his authority by the very person to whom he has so indiscreetly confided his power. And if, instead of one counselor, he has several how can he, ignorant and uninformed as he is, conciliate the various and opposite opinions of ministers that are probably more intent on their own interests than on those of the state, and that without his suspecting it?

Besides, men, being naturally wicked incline to good only when they are compelled to it, whence we may conclude that good counsel, come from what quarter it may, is owing entirely to the wisdom of the prince, and the wisdom of the prince does not arise from the goodness of the counsel

## CHAPTER XXIV

THE REASON WHY THE PRINCES OF ITALY HAVE  
LOST THEIR STATES

**A** PRINCE of new creation may maintain himself as easily in his state as one who reigns by hereditary right, if he but follow the maxims I have laid down, and his situation will be, perhaps, in some respects, preferable, as we are apt to pay more attention to the conduct of a new prince, and therefore if he govern with wisdom, his merit will conciliate the esteem and affection of his subjects more than any legitimate right of dominion. It is, besides, well known that men think much more of the present than of the past, and never seek for change so long as they find themselves comfortable. A prince that performs his duties well need never fear the want of defenders. His recent elevation, so far from being a motive for esteeming him in a less degree, will, on the contrary, double his glory, on account of the obstacles he has had to conquer, which his merit alone has enabled him to surmount. He will acquire the renown not only of having founded a new principality, but of having established wise laws, a good army, firm alliances, and virtuous examples, whereas he who was born a prince, but loses his dominions by imprudent conduct, deserves eternal infamy.

If we examine the conduct of the King of Naples, the Duke of Milan, and others, who have lost their dominions in our own time, we shall find that they all com-

mitted, a grand fault in neglecting to institute a national militia. Nay, more, they appear to have given themselves no trouble to gain the affections of the people and the friendship of the nobles; for a prince that avoids such errors, and is strong enough to bring an army into the field, can not very well be stripped of his dominions. Philip of Macedon—I do not mean the father of Alexander the Great, but the monarch that was defeated by Titus Quintus—possessed only a petty state when compared with the territories of either Rome or Greece, whose combined efforts he had to withstand, yet he resisted those great powers, and in the several years that the war lasted he lost only a few towns, but he was a warrior, and knew the art of gaining the affections of his people and the esteem of the great. It is not, therefore, owing to the malevolence of fortune that the princes of Italy have lost possession of their dominions, but to their own cowardice and want of foresight. For they were so far from believing such a revolution in their fortunes possible (which is commonly the case with governments whose tranquillity has not been disturbed for some time), that when they saw the enemy approach they fled instead of defending themselves, vainly fancying that the people would feel impatient under the insolence of a conqueror and instantly recall them. This course, indeed, must be taken, when all other resources fail, but surely he is much to be condemned who neglects all other remedies and confides in that alone, ignobly flying, in the hope that he may be recalled to the dominions he has shamefully deserted—a hope ridiculous and vain, but even were it well founded, he that



counts on foreign aid is sure to find a master in his defender. In himself and in his own courage alone a prince should seek refuge against the reverses of fortune.

## CHAPTER XXV

### HOW FAR FORTUNE INFLUENCES THE THINGS OF THIS WORLD, AND HOW FAR SHE MAY BE RESISTED

**I** KNOW that several have thought, and many still are of opinion, that all sublunary events are governed either by Divine Providence or by chance, in such a manner that human wisdom has no share in their direction, and hence they infer that man should abstain from interfering with their course, and leave everything to its natural tendency.

The revolutions that in our times are of such frequent recurrence, seem to support this doctrine, and I own that I myself am almost inclined to favor such opinions, particularly when I consider how far those events surpass all human conjecture; yet, as we confessedly possess a free will, it must, I think, be admitted that chance does not so far govern the world as to leave no province for the exercise of human prudence

For my own part, I cannot help comparing the blind power of chance to a rapid river, which, having overflowed its banks, inundates the plain, uproots trees, carries away houses and lands, and sweeps all before it in its destructive progress, everybody flies, possessing neither resolution nor power to oppose its fury. But this

should not discourage us, when the river has returned within its natural limits, from constructing dykes and banks to prevent a recurrence of similar disasters. It is the same with fortune, she exercises her power when we oppose no barrier to her progress.

If we cast our eyes on Italy, which has been the theater of revolutions, and consider the causes by which they have been provoked, we shall find it to be a defenseless country. If she had been properly fortified, like Germany, Spain, or France, such inundations of foreigners never would have happened, or at least their irruptions would have been attended with less devastation.

Let this suffice in general concerning the necessity of opposing fortune. But to descend to particulars. It is no uncommon thing to see a prince fall from prosperity to adversity, without our being able to attribute his fate to any change in conduct or character, for, as I have already shown at large, he who relies solely on Fortune must be ruined inevitably whenever she abandons him.

Those princes who adapt their conduct to circumstances are rarely unfortunate. Fortune is only changeable to those who cannot conform themselves to the varying exigencies of the times, for we see different men take different courses to obtain the end they have in view; for instance, in pursuit of riches or glory, one prosecutes his object at random, the other with caution and prudence: one employs art, the other force, one is impetuosity itself, the other all patience—means by which each may severally succeed. It also happens that of two who follow the same route, one may arrive at his destination,

and the other fail, and that if two other persons, whose dispositions are diametrically opposite, pursue the same object by wholly different means, yet both shall equally prosper, which is owing entirely to the temper of the times, which always prove favorable or adverse, according as men conform to them.

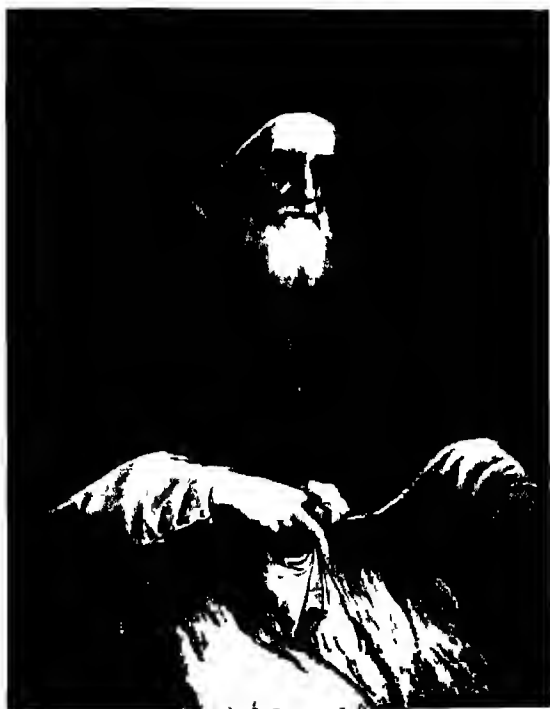
Circumstances frequently decide whether a prince conducts himself well or ill on any particular occasion. There are times when an extraordinary degree of prudence is necessary; there are others when the prince should know how to trust some things to chance; but nothing is more difficult than suddenly to change his conduct and character, sometimes from inability to resist his old habits and inclinations, at others, from want of resolution to quit a course in which he had always been successful.

Julius II, who was of a fiery and violent disposition, succeeded in all his enterprises; doubtless because a prince of such a character was best adapted to the circumstances under which the church was then governed by this pontiff. Witness his first invasion of the territory of Bologna, in the life of John Bentivoglio, which gave great umbrage to the Venetians and the kings of France and Spain, but none of them dared to interfere—the first, because they did not feel themselves strong enough to cope with a pontiff of his character; Spain, because she was engaged in the conquest of Naples, and France, besides having an interest in keeping fair with Julius, still wished to humble the Venetians, so that she, without hesitation, granted the Pope all the assistance he required.



***PORTRAIT OF POPE JULIUS II***

***From a Painting by Raphaël***





Julius II, therefore, by a precipitate mode of proceeding, succeeded in an enterprise that could not have been accomplished by cool and deliberate measures. He would unquestionably have failed had he given Spain and the Venetians time to reflect on his designs, and if he had allowed France the opportunity of amusing him by excuses and delays

Julius II displayed in all his enterprises the same character of violence, and his successes have in that respect fully justified him; but perhaps he did not live long enough to experience the inconstancy of fortune; for had an occasion unexpected occurred in which it would have been necessary to act with prudence and circumspection, he would infallibly have been ruined, in consequence of the impetuosity and inflexibility of character that wholly governed him

From all these circumstances we may conclude that those who cannot change their system when occasion requires it, will no doubt continue prosperous as long as they glide with the stream of fortune; but when that turns against them they are ruined from not being able to follow that blind goddess through all her variations

Besides, I think that it is better to be bold than too circumspect, because Fortune is of a sex that likes not a tardy wooer, and repels all that are not ardent; she declares also, more frequently, in favor of those that are young, because they are bold and enterprising



## CHAPTER XXVI

EXHORTATION TO DELIVER ITALY FROM FOREIGN  
POWERS

**W**HEN I take a review of the subject-matter treated of in this book, and examine whether the circumstances in which we are now placed would be favorable to the establishment of a new government, alike honorable to its founder and advantageous to Italy, it appears to me that there never was, nor ever will be, a period more appropriate for the execution of so glorious an undertaking

If it was necessary that the people of Israel should be slaves to Egypt, in order to elicit the rare talents of Moses, that the Persians should groan under the oppression of the Medes, in order to prove the courage and magnanimity of Cyrus, and that the Athenians should be scattered and dispersed, in order to make manifest the rare virtues of Theseus, it will be likewise necessary, for the glory of some Italian hero, that his country should be reduced to its present miserable condition, that the Italians should be greater slaves than the Israelites, more oppressed than the Persians, and still more dispersed than the Athenians, in a word, that they should be without laws and without chiefs, pillaged, torn to pieces, and enslaved by foreign powers

And though it has sometimes unquestionably happened that men have arisen who appeared to be sent by Heaven to achieve our deliverance, yet jealous for-

tune has ever abandoned them in the midst of their career, so that our unfortunate country still groans and pines away in the expectation of a deliverer that may put an end to the devastations in Lombardy, Tuscany, and the kingdom of Naples. She supplicates Heaven to raise up a prince that may free her from the odious and humiliating yoke of foreigners, may close the numberless wounds with which she has been so long afflicted, and under whose standard she may march against her cruel oppressors.

But on whom can Italy cast her eyes except upon your illustrious house, which, visibly favored by Heaven and the Church, the government of which is confided to its care, possesses also the wisdom and the power necessary to undertake so glorious an enterprise? And I cannot think that the execution of this project will seem difficult if you reflect on the actions and conduct of the heroes whose examples I have adduced. Though their exploits were indeed wonderful, they were still but men, and although their merit raised them above the others, yet none of them certainly were placed in a situation so favorable as that in which you now stand. You have justice on your side, their cause was not more lawful than yours, and the blessing of God will attend you no less than them. Every war that is necessary is just, and it is humanity to take up arms for the defense of a people to whom no other resource is left.

All circumstances concur to facilitate the execution of so noble a project, for the accomplishment of which it will be necessary only to tread in the steps of those great men whom I have mentioned in the course of this

work For though some of them, it is true, were conducted by the hand of God in a wonderful manner—though the sea divided to let them pass, a cloud directed their course, a rock streamed with water to assuage their thirst, and manna fell from heaven to appease their hunger—yet there is no occasion for such miracles at present, as you possess in yourself sufficient power to execute a plan you ought by no means to neglect God will not do everything for us, much is left to ourselves, and the free exercise of will, that so our own actions may not be wholly destitute of merit.

If none of our princes have hitherto been able to effect what is now expected from your illustrious house, and if Italy has continually been unfortunate in her wars, the evil has arisen from the defects in military discipline, which no person has been able to reform

Nothing reflects so much honor on a new prince as the new laws and institutions established under his direction, especially when they are good and bear the character of grandeur It must be acknowledged that Italy soon accommodates herself to new forms Her inhabitants are by no means deficient in courage, but they are destitute of proper chiefs, the proof of this is in the duels and other individual combats in which the Italians have always evinced consummate ability, while their valor in battle has appeared wellnigh extinguished This can be attributed only to the weakness of the officers, who are unable to ensure obedience from those who know, or think they know, the art of war Thus we have seen the greatest generals of the present day whose orders never were executed with exactness and celerity. These

are the reasons why, in the wars in which we have been engaged for the last twenty years, the armies raised in Italy have been almost always defeated. Witness Tarus, Alexandria, Capua, Genoa, Vaila, Bologna, and Mestri.

If, therefore, your illustrious house is willing to regulate its conduct by the example of our ancestors, who have delivered their country from the rule of foreigners, it is necessary, above all things, as the only true foundation of every enterprise, to raise a national army. You cannot have better or more faithful soldiers, and though every one of them may be a good man, yet they will become still better when they are all united, and see themselves rewarded by a prince of their own.

It is therefore absolutely necessary to have troops raised in our own country, if we wish to protect it from the invasion of foreign powers. The Swiss as well as the Spanish infantry are highly esteemed, but both have defects that may be avoided in the formation of our troops, which would render them superior to both of those powers. The Spaniards cannot withstand the shock of cavalry, and the Swiss cannot maintain their ground against infantry that is equally resolute.

Experience has fully shown that the Spanish battalions cannot resist the French cavalry, and that the Swiss have been defeated by the infantry of Spain. And though there has not been any thorough trial with regard to the Swiss on this point, yet there was a sort of specimen at the battle of Ravenna, where the Spanish infantry came in contact with the German troops, who fought in the same order as the Swiss. Upon that occasion, the Spanish having, with their accustomed im-

petuosity, and under the protection of their bucklers, thrown themselves across the pikes of the Germans, the latter were obliged to give way, and would have been decisively defeated, but for their cavalry.

It is necessary, therefore, to institute a military force possessing the defects of neither the Swiss nor the Spanish infantry, and that may be able to maintain its ground against the French cavalry, and this is to be effected, not by changing their arms, but by altering their discipline. Nothing is more likely to make a new prince esteemed and to render his reign illustrious.

Such an opportunity should be embraced eagerly that Italy, after her long sufferings, may at least behold her deliverer appear. With what demonstrations of joy and gratitude, with what affection, with what impatience for revenge, would he not be received by those unfortunate provinces that have so long groaned under such odious oppression? What city would shut her gates against him, and what people would be so blind as to refuse him obedience? What rivals would he have to dread? Is there one Italian that would not hasten to pay him homage? All are weary of the tyranny of these barbarians. May your illustrious house, strong in all the hopes that justice gives our cause, deign to undertake this noble enterprise, that so, under your banners, our nation may resume its ancient splendor, and behold the prophecy of Petrarch at last fulfilled.

When virtue takes the field,  
Short will the conflict be,  
Barbarian rage shall yield  
The palm to Italy  
For patriot blood still warms Italian veins;  
Though low the fire, a spark at least remains

**THE CITY OF THE SUN**

**BY**

**TOMMASO CAMPANELLA**

**TRANSLATED BY THOMAS W HALLIDAY**



## INTRODUCTION

**T**HE author of *The City of the Sun* was born in Stilo, Calabria, September 5, 1568. He became a student, a Dominican, and a philosopher, and at the age of twenty-three published a work entitled *Philosophy Demonstrated by the Senses*, which roused the ire of the schoolmen, who were blindly following the Aristotelian philosophy. In 1599 he was accused of heresy and of conspiracy against the Spanish Government, and was imprisoned in Naples, where he remained twenty-seven years. While he was an Italian patriot, and did set forth the new philosophy that is commonly associated with Bacon, he was condemned for books that he did not write and theories that he did not advocate. He was cross-questioned and tortured several times, and was finally released at the instance of Pope Urban VIII. He lived a few years in Rome, and then, when renewed persecution was threatened, fled to Paris, where Richelieu befriended him. The Sorbonne pronounced his works orthodox, and the King pensioned him. He died in a convent in Paris, May 21, 1639. *The City of the Sun* is one of the works that he wrote in prison. There is a biography of him by Baldacchini, and a later one by Amabile.





## THE CITY OF THE SUN

*A Dialogue between a Grand Master of the Knights Hospitallers and a Genoese Sea-captain, his guest*

**G**RAND MASTER    Prithce, now, tell me what happened to you during that voyage?

Captain    I have already told you how I wandered over the whole earth. In the course of my journeying I came to Taprobane, and was compelled to go ashore at a place where, through fear of the inhabitants, I remained in a wood. When I stepped out of this I found myself on a large plain immediately under the equator.

G. M.    And what befell you here?

Capt.    I came upon a large crowd of men and armed women, many of whom did not understand our language; and they conducted me forthwith to the City of the Sun.

G. M.    Tell me after what plan this city is built and how it is governed?

Capt.    The greater part of the city is built upon a high hill, which rises from an extensive plain, but several of its circles extend for some distance beyond the base of the hill. The diameter of the city is more than two miles, so that its circumference is about seven. On account of the humped shape of the mountain, however, the diameter of the city is really more than if it were built on a plain.

It is divided into seven rings or huge circles named for the seven planets, and the way from one to the other

of these is by four streets and through four gates, that look toward the four points of the compass. Furthermore, it is so built that if the first circle were stormed, it would of necessity entail a double amount of energy to storm the second, still more to storm the third, and in each succeeding case the strength and energy would have to be double, so that he who wishes to capture that city must, as it were, storm it seven times. For my own part, however, I think that not even the first wall could be occupied, so thick are the earthworks and so well fortified is it with breastworks, towers, guns and ditches.

When I had been taken through the northern gate (which is shut with an iron door so wrought that it can be raised and let down, and locked in easily and strongly, its projections running into the grooves of the thick posts by a marvelous device), I saw a level space seventy paces wide between the first and second walls. From this point can be seen large palaces all joined to the wall of the second circuit, in such a manner as to appear all one palace. Arches run on a level with the middle height of the palaces, and are continued round the whole ring. There are galleries for promenading upon these arches, which are supported from beneath by thick and well-shaped columns, enclosing arcades like peristyles, or cloisters of an abbey.

But the palaces have no entrances from below, except on the inner or concave partition, from which one enters directly to the lower parts of the building. The higher parts are reached by flights of marble steps, which lead to galleries for promenading on the inside similar to

those on the outside From these one enters the higher rooms, which are very beautiful, and have windows on the concave and convex partitions. These rooms are divided from one another by richly decorated walls The convex or outer wall of the ring is about eight spans thick; the concave, three; the intermediate walls are one, or perhaps one and a half. Leaving this circle one gets to the second plain, which is nearly three paces narrower than the first. Then the first wall of the second ring is adorned above and below with similar galleries for walking, and on the inside of it is another interior wall enclosing palaces It has also similar peristyles supported by columns in the lower part, but above are excellent pictures, round the ways into the upper houses And so on afterward through similar spaces and double walls, enclosing palaces, and adorned with galleries for walking, extending along their outer side, and supported by columns, till the last circuit is reached, the way being still over a level plain

But when the two gates, that is to say, those of the outermost and the innermost walls, have been passed, one mounts by means of steps so formed that an ascent is scarcely discernible, since it proceeds in a slanting direction, and the steps succeed one another at almost imperceptible heights On the top of the hill is a spacious plain, and in the midst of this rises a temple built with wondrous art

G M Tell on, I pray you! Tell on! I am dying to hear more

Capt The temple is built in the form of a circle; it is not girt with walls, but stands upon thick columns,

beautifully grouped. A very large dome, built with great care in the center or pole, contains another small vault as it were rising out of it, and in this is a spiracle, which is exactly over the altar. There is but one altar in the middle of the temple, and this is hedged round by columns. The temple itself is on a space of more than three hundred and fifty paces. Without it, arches measuring about eight paces extend from the heads of the columns outward, whence other columns rise about three paces from the thick, strong and erect wall. Between these and the former columns are galleries for walking, with beautiful pavements, and in the recess of the wall, which is adorned with numerous large doors, are immovable seats, between the inside columns, supporting the temple. Portable chairs, many and well adorned, are not wanting. Nothing is seen over the altar but a large globe, upon which the heavenly bodies are painted, and another globe upon which is a representation of the earth. Furthermore, in the vault of the dome can be discerned representations of all the stars of heaven from the first to the sixth magnitude with their proper names and power to influence terrestrial things marked in three little verses for each. There are the poles and greater and lesser circles according to the right latitude of the place, but these are not perfect, because there is no wall below. They seem, too, to be made in their relation to the globes on the altar. The pavement of the temple is bright with precious stones. Its seven golden lamps hang always burning, and these bear the names of the seven planets.

At the top of the building several small and beautiful cells surround the small dome, and behind the level

space above the bands or arches of the exterior and interior columns are many cells, small and large, where the priests and religious officers dwell to the number of forty-nine.

A revolving flag projects from the smaller dome, and this shows in what quarter the wind is. The flag is marked with figures up to thirty-six, and the priests know what sort of year the different kinds of winds bring and what will be the changes of weather on land and sea. Furthermore, under the flag a book is always kept, written with letters of gold.

G M I pray you, worthy hero, explain to me their whole system of government.

Capt The great ruler among them is a priest whom they call by the name Hoh, though we should call him Metaphysic. He is head over all, in temporal and spiritual matters, and all business and lawsuits are settled by him, as the supreme authority. Three princes of equal power—viz., Pon, Sin and Mor—assist him, and these in our tongue we should call Power, Wisdom and Love. To Power belongs the care of all matters relating to war and peace. He attends to the military arts, and, next to Hoh, he is ruler in every affair of a warlike nature. He governs the military magistrates and the soldiers, and has the management of the munitions, the fortifications, the storming of places, the implements of war, the armories, the smiths and workmen connected with matters of this sort.

But Wisdom is the ruler of the liberal arts, of mechanics, of all sciences with their magistrates and doctors, and of the discipline of the schools. As many doctors

as there are, are under his control There is one doctor who is called *Astrologus*, a second, *Cosmographus*, a third, *Arithmeticus*, a fourth, *Geomatra*, a fifth, *Historiographus*, a sixth, *Poeta*, a seventh, *Logicus*, an eighth, *Rhetor*, a ninth, *Grammaticus*, a tenth, *Medicus*; an eleventh, *Physiologus*, a twelfth, *Politicus*, a thirteenth, *Moralis* They have but one book, which they call *Wisdom*, and in it all the sciences are written with conciseness and marvelous fluency of expression This they read to the people after the custom of the *Pythagoreans*. It is *Wisdom* who causes the exterior and interior, the higher and lower walls of the city to be adorned with the finest pictures, and to have all the sciences painted upon them in an admirable manner On the walls of the temple and on the dome, which is let down when the priest gives an address, lest the sounds of his voice, being scattered, should fly away from his audience, are pictures of stars in their different magnitudes, with the powers and motions of each, expressed in three verses

On the interior wall of the first circuit all the mathematical figures are conspicuously painted—more figures than *Archimedes* or *Euclid* discovered marked symmetrically, and with the explanations of them neatly written and contained each in a little verse There are definitions and propositions On the exterior convex wall is first an immense drawing of the whole earth, given at one view Following upon this, are tablets setting forth for every separate country the customs both public and private, the laws, and the origins and the power of the inhabitants, and the alphabets the different people use can be seen above that of the *City of the Sun*.

On the inside of the second circuit, that is to say of the second ring of buildings, paintings of all kinds of precious and common stones, of minerals and metals, are seen, and a little piece of the metal itself is also there with an apposite explanation in two small verses for each metal or stone. On the outside are marked all the seas, rivers, lakes and streams on the face of the earth, as are also the wines and the oils and the different liquids, with the sources from which the last are extracted, their qualities and strength. There are also vessels built into the wall above the arches, and these are full of liquids from one to three hundred years old, which cure all diseases. Hail and snow, storms and thunder, and whatever else takes place in the air, are represented with suitable figures and little verses. The inhabitants even have the art of representing in stone all the phenomena of the air, such as the wind, rain, thunder, and the rainbow.

On the interior of the third circuit all the families of trees and herbs are depicted, and there is a live specimen of each plant in an earthenware vessel placed upon the outer partition of the arches. With the specimens are explanations as to where they were first found, what are their powers and natures, and resemblances to celestial things and to metals, to parts of the human body and to things in the sea, and also as to their utility in medicine. On the exterior wall are all the kinds of fish, found in rivers, lakes and seas, and their habits and values, and ways of breeding, training and living, the purposes for which they exist in the world, and their uses to man. Further, their resemblances to celestial



and terrestrial things, produced both by nature and art, are so given that I was astonished when I saw a fish that was like a bishop, one like a chain, another like a garment, a fourth like a nail, a fifth like a star, and others like images of those things existing among us, the similarity in each case being manifest. There are sea-urchins to be seen, and the purple shell-fish and mussels, and whatever the watery world possesses worthy of being known is there fully shown in marvelous characters of painting and drawing

On the fourth interior wall all the different kinds of birds are painted, with their natures, sizes, customs, colors, manner of living, &c ; and the only real phœnix is possessed by the inhabitants of this city. On the exterior are shown all the kinds of creeping animals, serpents, dragons and worms, the insects, the flies, gnats, beetles, &c, in their different states, strength, venoms and uses, and much more than you or I can think of

On the fifth interior they have all the larger animals of the earth, as many as would astonish you. We indeed know not the thousandth part of them, for on the exterior wall also a great many of immense size are portrayed. Of horses alone, how great a number of breeds there is, and how beautiful are the forms there cleverly displayed!

On the sixth interior are painted all the mechanical arts, with the several instruments for each and their manner of use among different nations. Alongside the dignity of such is placed, and their several inventors are named. But on the exterior all the inventors in science, in warfare, and in law are represented. There I saw

Moses, Osiris, Jupiter, Mercury, Lycurgus, Pompilius, Pythagoras, Zamolxis, Solon, Charondas, Phoroneus, and very many others. They even have Mahomet, whom nevertheless they hate as a false and sordid legislator. In the most dignified position I saw a representation of Jesus Christ and the twelve Apostles, whom they consider very worthy and hold to be great. Of the representations of men, I perceived Cæsar, Alexander, Pyrrhus and Hannibal in the highest place; and other renowned heroes in peace and war, especially Roman heroes, were painted in lower positions, under the galleries. And when I asked with astonishment whence they had obtained our history, they told me that among them there was a knowledge of all languages, and that by perseverance they continually send explorers and ambassadors over the whole earth, who learn thoroughly the customs, forces, rule and histories of the nations, bad and good alike. These they apply all to their own republic, and with this they are well pleased. I learned that cannon and typography were invented by the Chinese before we knew of them. There are magistrates, who announce the meaning of the pictures, and boys are accustomed to learn all the sciences, without toil and as if for pleasure, but in the way of history only, until they are ten years old.

Love is foremost in attending to the charge of the race. He sees that men and women are so paired that they bring forth the best offspring. Indeed, they laugh at us who exhibit a studious care for our breed of horses and dogs, but neglect the breeding of human beings. Thus the education of the children is under his rule. So

also is the medicine that is sold, the sowing and collecting of fruits of the earth and of trees, agriculture, pasturage, the preparations for the months, the cooking arrangements, and whatever has any reference to food, clothing, and the intercourse of the sexes. Love himself is ruler, but there are many male and female magistrates dedicated to these arts.

Metaphysics then with these three rulers manages all the above-named matters, and even by himself alone nothing is done, all business is discharged by the four together, but in whatever Metaphysics inclines to the rest are sure to agree

G M Tell me, please, of the magistrates, their services and duties, of the education and mode of living, whether the government is a monarchy, a republic, or an aristocracy

Capt This race of men came there from India, flying from the sword of the Magi, a race of plunderers and tyrants who laid waste their country, and they determined to lead a philosophic life in fellowship with one another Although the community of wives is not instituted among the other inhabitants of their province, among them it is in use after this manner All things are common with them, and their dispensation is by the authority of the magistrates. Arts and honors and pleasures are common, and are held in such a manner that no one can appropriate anything to himself

'They say that all private property is acquired and improved for the reason that each of us by himself has his own home and wife and children From this springs self-love For when we raise a son to riches and dig-

nities, and leave an heir to much wealth, we become either ready to grasp at the property of the state, if in any case fear should be removed from the power that belongs to riches and rank, or avaricious, crafty, and hypocritical, if any one is of slender purse, little strength, and mean ancestry. But when we have taken away self-love only love for the state remains.

G. M. Under such circumstances no one will be willing to labor, while he expects others to work, on the fruit of whose labors he can live, as Aristotle argues against Plato.

Capt. I do not know how to deal with that argument, but I declare to you that they burn with so great a love for their fatherland as I could scarcely have believed possible, and indeed with much more than the histories tell us belonged to the Romans, who fell willingly for their country, inasmuch as they have to a greater extent surrendered their private property. I think truly that the friars and monks and clergy of our country, if they were not weakened by love for their kindred and friends, or by the ambition to rise to higher dignities, would be less fond of property, and more imbued with a spirit of charity toward all, as it was in the time of the Apostles and is now in a great many cases.

G. M. St. Augustine may say that, but I say that among this race of men, friendship is worth nothing, since they have not the chance of conferring benefits on one another.

Capt. Nay, indeed. For it is worth the trouble to see that no one can receive gifts from another. What-

ever is necessary they have, they receive it from the community, and the magistrate takes care that no one receives more than he deserves. Yet nothing necessary is denied to any one. Friendship is recognized among them in war, in infirmity, in the art contests, by which means they aid one another by teaching. Sometimes they improve themselves mutually with praises, with conversation, with actions, and out of the things they need. All those of the same age call one another brothers. They call all that are more than twenty-two years of age, fathers, those that are less than twenty-two are named sons. Moreover, the magistrates govern well, so that no one in the fraternity can do injury to another.

G M And how?

Capt As many names of virtues as there are amongst us, so many magistrates there are among them. There is a magistrate that is named Magnanimity, another Fortitude, a third Chastity, a fourth Liberality, a fifth Criminal and Civil Justice, a sixth Comfort, a seventh Truth, an eighth Kindness, a ninth Gratitude, a tenth Cheerfulness, an eleventh Exercise and a twelfth Sobriety. They are elected to duties of that kind, each one to that duty for excellence in which he is known from boyhood to be most suitable. Wherefore among them neither robbery, nor murders, nor lewdness, incest, adultery, or other crimes of which we accuse one another, can be found. They accuse themselves of ingratitude and malignity when any one denies a lawful satisfaction to another, of indolence, of sadness, of anger, of scurrility, of slander, and of lying, which curseful thing they thoroughly hate. Accused persons undergoing punishment

are deprived of the common table and other honors, until the judge thinks that they agree with their correction.

G. M Tell me the manner in which the magistrates are chosen

Capt You would not rightly understand this, unless you first learned their manner of living That you may know then, men and women wear the same kind of garment, suited for war The women wear the toga below the knee, but the men above And both sexes are instructed in all the arts together When this has been done as a start, and before their third year, the boys learn the language and the alphabet on the walls by walking round them They have four leaders, and four elders, the first to direct them, the second to teach them, and these are men approved beyond all others After some time they exercise themselves with gymnastics, running, quoits, and other games, by means of which all their muscles are strengthened alike Their feet are always bare, and so are their heads as far as the seventh ring Afterward they lead them to the offices of the trades, such as shoemaking, cooking, metal-working, carpentry, and painting In order to find out the bent of the genius of each one, after their seventh year, when they have already gone through the mathematics on the walls, they take them to the readings of all the sciences, there are four lectures at each reading, and in the course of four hours the four in their order explain everything

For some take physical exercise, or busy themselves with public services or functions, others apply themselves to reading Leaving these studies, all are devoted

to the more abstruse subjects, to mathematics, to medicine, and to other sciences. There is continual debate and studied argument among them, and after a time they become magistrates of those sciences or mechanical arts in which they are the most proficient; for every one follows the opinion of his leader and judge, and goes out to the plains, to the works of the field, and for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the pasturage of the dumb animals. And they consider him the more noble and renowned who has dedicated himself to the study of the most arts and knows how to practise them wisely. Wherefore they laugh at us in that we consider our workmen ignoble and hold those to be noble who have mastered no pursuit, but live in ease and are so many slaves given over to their own pleasure, and thus as it were from a school of vices so many idle and wicked fellows go forth for the ruin of the state.

The rest of the officials, however, are chosen by the four chiefs, Hoh, Pon, Sin and Mor, and by the teachers of that art over which they are fit to preside. And these teachers know well who is most suited for rule. Certain men are proposed by the magistrates in counsel, they themselves not seeking to become candidates, and he opposes who knows anything against those brought forward for selection, or if not, speaks in favor of them. But no one attains to the dignity of Hoh except him who knows the histories of the nations, and their customs and sacrifices and laws, and their form of government, whether a republic or a monarchy. He must also know the names of the lawgivers and the inventors in science, and the laws and the history of the earth and

the heavenly bodies They think it also necessary that he should understand all the mechanical arts, the physical sciences, astrology and mathematics. (Usually every two days they teach our mechanical arts. They are not allowed to overwork themselves, but frequent practice and the paintings render learning easy to them Not too much care is given to the cultivation of languages, as they have in the state a goodly number of interpreters, who are grammarians) But beyond everything else it is necessary that Hoh should understand metaphysics and theology, that he should know thoroughly the derivations, foundations and demonstrations of all the arts and sciences, the likeness and difference of things; necessity, fate, and the harmonies of the universe, power, wisdom, and the love of things and of God, the stages of life and its symbols, everything relating to the heavens, the earth and the sea, and the ideas of God, as much as mortal man can know of Him He must also be well read in the Prophets and in astrology And thus they know long beforehand who will be Hoh He is not chosen to so great a dignity unless he has attained his thirty-fifth year And this office is perpetual, because it is not known who may be too wise for it or who too skilled in ruling

G M Who indeed can be so wise? If even any one has a knowledge of the sciences it seems that he must be unskilled in ruling

Capt This very question I asked them and they replied thus "We, indeed, are more certain that such a very learned man has the knowledge of governing, than you who place ignorant persons in authority, and con-



sider them suitable merely because they have sprung from rulers or have been chosen by a powerful faction. But our Hoh, a man really the most capable to rule, is for all that never cruel nor wicked, nor a tyrant, inasmuch as he possesses so much wisdom. This, moreover, is not unknown to you, that the same argument cannot apply among you, when you consider that man the most learned who knows most of grammar, or logic, or of Aristotle or any other author. For such knowledge as this of yours much servile labor and memory work is required, so that a man is rendered unskilful, since he has contemplated nothing but the words of books and has given his mind with useless result to the consideration of the dead signs of things. Hence he knows not in what way God rules the universe, nor the ways and customs of Nature and the nations. Wherefore he is not equal to our Hoh. For that one cannot know so many arts and sciences thoroughly, who is not esteemed for skilled ingenuity, very apt at all things, and therefore at ruling especially. This also is plain to us that he who knows only one science, does not really know either that or the others, and he who is suited for only one science and has gathered his knowledge from books, is unlearned and unskilled. But this is not the case with intellects prompt and expert in every branch of knowledge and suitable for the consideration of natural objects, as it is necessary that our Hoh should be. Besides, in our state the sciences are taught with a facility (as you have seen) by which more scholars are turned out by us in one year than by you in ten, or even fifteen. Make trial, I pray you, of these boys." In this matter I was

struck with astonishment at their truthful discourse and at the trial of their boys, who did not understand my language well. Indeed, it is necessary that three of them should be skilled in our tongue, three in Arabic, three in Polish, and three in each of the other languages, and no recreation is allowed them unless they become more learned. For that they go out to the plain for the sake of running about and hurling arrows and lances, and of firing harquebuses, and for the sake of hunting the wild animals and getting a knowledge of plants and stones, and agriculture and pasturage, sometimes the band of boys does one thing, sometimes another.

They do not consider it necessary that the three rulers assisting Hoh should know other than the arts having reference to their rule, and so they have only a historical knowledge of the arts that are common to all. But their own they know well, to which certainly one is dedicated more than another. Thus Power is the most learned in the equestrian art, in marshaling the army, in marking out of camps, in the manufacture of every kind of weapon and of warlike machines, in planning stratagems, and in every affair of a military nature. And for these reasons, they consider it necessary that these chiefs should have been philosophers, historians, politicians, and physicists. Concerning the other two triumvirs, understand remarks similar to those I have made about Power.

G. M. I really wish that you would recount all their public duties, and would distinguish between them, and also that you would tell clearly how they are all taught in common.

Capt. They have dwellings in common and dormitories, and couches and other necessities. But at the end of every six months they are separated by the masters. Some shall sleep in this ring, some in another, some in the first apartment, and some in the second, and these apartments are marked by means of the alphabet on the lintel. There are occupations, mechanical and theoretical, common to both men and women, with this difference, that the occupations that require more hard work, and walking a long distance, are practised by men, such as ploughing, sowing, gathering the fruits, working at the threshing-floor, and perchance at the vintage. But it is customary to choose women for milking the cows, and for making cheese. In like manner, they go to the gardens near the outskirts of the city both for collecting the plants and for cultivating them. In fact, all sedentary and stationary pursuits are practised by the women, such as weaving, spinning, sewing, cutting the hair, shaving, dispensing medicines, and making all kinds of garments. They are, however, excluded from working in wood and the manufacture of arms. If a woman is fit to paint, she is not prevented from doing so, nevertheless, music is given over to the women, because they please the more, and of a truth to boys also. But the women have not the practice of the drum and the horn.

And they prepare their feasts and arrange the tables in the following manner. It is the peculiar work of the boys and girls under twenty to wait at the tables. In every ring are the suitable kitchens, barns, and stores of utensils for eating and drinking, and over every department an old man and an old woman preside. These

two have at once the command of those who serve, and the power of chastising, or causing to be chastised, those who are negligent or disobedient, and they also examine and mark each one, both male and female, who excels in his duties

All the young people wait upon the older ones that have passed the age of forty, and in the evening when they go to sleep the master and mistress command that those upon whom in succession the duty falls, should be sent to work in the morning, one or two to separate apartments. The young people, however, wait upon one another, and that, alas! with some unwillingness. They have first and second tables, and on both sides are seats. On one side sit the women, on the other the men, and as in the refectories of the monks, there is no noise. While they are eating a young man reads a book from a platform, intoning distinctly and sonorously, and often the magistrates question them upon the more important parts of the reading. And truly it is pleasant to observe in what manner these young people, so beautiful and clothed in garments so suitable, attend to them, and to see at the same time so many friends, brothers, sons, fathers and mothers all in their turn living together with so much honesty, propriety and love. So each one has a napkin, a plate, fish, and a dish of food. It is the duty of the medical officers to tell the cooks what repasts shall be prepared each day, and what food for the old, what for the young, and what for the sick. The magistrates receive the full-grown and fatter portion, and they from their share always distribute something to the boys at the table who have shown themselves more studious in

the morning at the lectures and debates, concerning wisdom and arms. And this is held to be one of the most distinguished honors. For six days they ordain to sing with music at table. Only a few, however, sing, or there is one voice accompanying the lute and one for each other instrument. And when all alike in service join their hands, nothing is wanting. The old men at the head of the cooking business and of the refectories of the servants praise the cleanliness of the streets, the houses, the vessels, the garments, the workshop and the warehouses.

They wear white undergarments to which adheres a covering, which is at once coat and legging, without wrinkles. The borders of the fastenings are furnished with globular buttons, extended round and caught up here and there by chains. The coverings of the legs descend to the shoes and are continued even to the heels. Then they cover the feet with large socks, or as it were half-buskins fastened by buckles, over which they wear a half-boot, and besides, as I have already said, they are clothed with a toga. And so aptly fitting are the garments, that when the toga is removed, the different parts of the whole body are straightway discerned, no part being concealed. They change their clothes for different ones four times in the year, that is when the sun enters respectively the constellations Aries, Cancer, Libra and Capricorn, and according to the circumstances and necessity as decided by the officer of health. The keepers of clothes for the different rings are wont to distribute them, and it is marvelous that they have at the same time as many garments as there is need for, some

heavy and some light, according to the weather. They all use white clothing, and this is washed each month with lye or soap, as are also the workshops of the lower trades, the kitchens, the pantries, the barns, the store houses, the armories, the refectories and the baths. Moreover the clothes are washed at the pillars of the peristyles, and the water is brought down by means of canals, which are continued as sewers. In every street of the different rings there are suitable fountains, which send forth their water by means of canals, the water being drawn up from nearly the bottom of the fountain by the sole movement of a cleverly contrived handle. There is water in fountains and in cisterns, whether the rain-water collected from the roofs of the houses is brought through pipes full of sand. They wash their bodies often, according as the doctor and master command. All the mechanical arts are practised under the peristyles, but the speculative are carried on above in the walking-galleries and ramparts where are the more splendid paintings, but the more sacred ones are taught in the temple. In the halls and wings of the rings are solar time-pieces and bells, and hands by which the hours and seasons are marked off.

G. M. Tell me about their children.

Capt. When their women have brought forth children, they suckle and rear them in temples set apart for all. They give milk for two years or more, as the physician orders. After that time the weaned child is given into the charge of the mistresses, if it is a female, and to the masters, if it is a male. And then with other young children they are pleasantly instructed in the alphabet,

and in the knowledge of the pictures, and in running, walking and wrestling, also in the historical drawings, and in languages, and they are adorned with a suitable garment of different colors. After their sixth year they are taught natural science, and then the mechanical sciences. The men that are weak in intellect are sent to farms, and when they have become more proficient some of them are received into the state. And those of the same age and born under the same constellation are especially like one another in strength and in appearance, and hence arises much lasting concord in the state, these men honoring one another with mutual love and help. Names are given to them by Metaphysicus, and that not by chance but designedly, and according to each one's peculiarity, as was the custom among the ancient Romans. Wherefore one is called the Beautiful, another the Big-nosed, another the Fat-legged, another the Crooked, another the Lean, and so on. But when they have become very skilled in their professions and done any great deed in war or in time of peace, a cognomen from art is given to them, such as the great painter, the golden one, the excellent one, or the strong one, or from their deeds, such as the brave, or the cunning, or the great, or very great conqueror, or from the enemy any one has overcome. All these cognomens are added by the higher magistrates, and very often with a crown suitable to the deed or art, and with a flourish of music. For gold and silver are reckoned of little value among them, except as material for their vessels and ornaments, which are common to all.

G. M. Tell me, I pray you, is there no jealousy among

them or disappointment to that one who has not been elected to a magistracy, or to any other dignity to which he aspires?

Capt. Certainly not For no one wants either necessities or luxuries. Moreover, the race is managed for the good of the commonwealth and not of private individuals, and the magistrates must be obeyed They deny what we hold—viz, that it is natural to a man to recognize his offspring and to educate them, and to use his wife and house and children as his own For they say that children are bred for the preservation of the species, and not for individual pleasure, as St Thomas also asserts Therefore the breeding of children has reference to the commonwealth and not to individuals, except in so far as they are constituents of the commonwealth And since individuals for the most part bring forth children wrongly and educate them wrongly, they consider that they remove destruction from the state, and therefore, for this reason, with most sacred fear, they commit the education of the children, who as it were are the substance of the republic, to the care of magistrates, for the safety of the community is not that of a few And thus they distribute male and female breeders of the best natures according to philosophical rules Plato thinks that this distribution should be made by lot, lest some men, seeing that they are kept away from the beautiful women, should rise up with anger and hatred against the magistrates, and he thinks further that those who do not deserve cohabitation with the more beautiful women should be deceived while the lots are being led out of the city by the magistrates, so that at all times



the women that are suitable should fall to their lot, not those whom they desire

This shrewdness, however, is not necessary among the inhabitants of the City of the Sun. For with them deformity is unknown. When the women are exercised they get a clear complexion, and become strong of limb, tall and agile, and with them beauty consists in tallness and strength. Therefore, if any woman dyes her face, so that it may become beautiful, or uses high-heeled boots so that she may appear tall, or garments with trains to cover her wooden shoes, she is condemned to capital punishment. But if the women should even desire them, they have no facility for doing these things. For who indeed would give them this facility? Further, they assert that among us abuses of this kind arise from the leisure and sloth of women. By these means they lose their color and have pale complexions, and become feeble and small. For this reason they are without proper complexions, use high sandals, and become beautiful not from strength, but from slothful tenderness. And thus they ruin their own tempers and natures, and consequently those of their offspring. Furthermore, if at any time a man is taken captive with ardent love for a certain woman, the two are allowed to converse and joke together, and to give one another garlands of flowers or leaves, and to make verses. But if the race is endangered, by no means is further union between them permitted. Moreover, the love born of eager desire is not known among them, only that born of friendship.

Domestic affairs and partnerships are of little account, because, excepting the sign of honor, each one receives

what he is in need of To the heroes and heroines of the republic, it is customary to give the pleasing gifts of honor—beautiful wreaths, sweet food or splendid clothes—while they are feasting. In the daytime all use white garments within the city, but at night or outside the city they use red garments either of wool or of silk. They hate black, and therefore they dislike the Japanese, who are fond of black. Pride they consider the most execrable vice, and one that acts proudly is chastised with the most ruthless correction. Wherefore no one thinks it lowering to wait at table or to work in the kitchen or fields. All work they call discipline, and thus they say it is honorable to go on foot, to do any act of nature, to see with the eye, and to speak with the tongue, and when there is need, they distinguish philosophically between tears and spittle.

Every man who, when he is told off to work, does his duty, is considered very honorable. It is not the custom to keep slaves. For they are enough, and more than enough, for themselves. But with us, alas! it is not so. In Naples are seventy thousand souls, and out of these hardly fifteen thousand do any work, and they are always lean from overwork and are becoming weaker every day. The rest are a prey to idleness, avarice, ill-health, lasciviousness, usury and other vices, and contaminate and corrupt very many families by holding them in servitude for their own use, by keeping them in poverty and slavishness and by imparting to them their own vices. Therefore public slavery ruins them, useful works, in the field, in military service and in arts except those that are debasing, are not cultivated, the few

who do practise them doing so with much aversion. But in the City of the Sun, while duty and work are distributed among all, it falls to each one to work for about four hours only every day. The remaining hours are spent in learning joyously, in debating, in reading, in reciting, in writing, in walking, in exercising the mind and body, and with play. They allow no game that is played while sitting, neither the single die nor dice, nor chess, nor others like these. But they play with the ball, with the sack, with the hoop, with wrestling, with hurling at the stake. They say, moreover, that grinding poverty renders men worthless, cunning, sulky, thievish, insidious, vagabonds, liars, and false witnesses, and that wealth makes them insolent, proud, ignorant, traitors, assumers of what they know not, deceivers, boasters, wanting in true affection, and slanderers. But with them all the rich and poor together make up the community. They are rich because they want nothing, poor because they possess nothing, and consequently they are not slaves to circumstances, but circumstances serve them. And on this point they strongly recommend the religion of the Christians, and especially the life of the Apostles.

G M This seems excellent and sacred, but the community of women is a thing too difficult to attain. The holy Roman Clement says that wives ought to be common in accordance with the apostolic institution, and praises Plato and Socrates, who thus teach, but the Glossary interprets this community with regard to obedience. And Tertullian agrees with the Glossary, that the first Christians had everything in common except wives.

Capt These things I know little of. But this I saw

among the inhabitants of the City of the Sun that they did not make this exception. And they defend themselves by the opinion of Socrates, of Cato, of Plato, and of St Clement, but, as you say, they misunderstand the opinions of these thinkers. And the inhabitants of the solar city ascribe this to their want of education, since they are by no means learned in philosophy. Nevertheless, they send abroad to discover the customs of nations, and the best of these they always adopt. Practice makes the woman suitable for war and other duties. Thus they agree with Plato, in whom I have read these same things. The reasoning of our Cajetan does not convince me, and least of all that of Aristotle. This thing, however, existing among them is excellent and worthy of imitation—viz, that no physical defect renders a man incapable of being serviceable except the decrepitude of old age, since even the deformed are useful for consultation. The lame serve as guards, watching with the eyes they possess. The blind card wool with their hands, separating the down from the hairs, with which latter they stuff the couches and sofas. Those that are without the use of eyes and hands give the use of their ears or their voice for the convenience of the state, and if one has only one sense, he uses it in the farms. And these cripples are well treated, and some become spies, telling the officers of the state what they have heard.

G. M. Tell me now, I pray you, of their military affairs. Then you may explain their arts, ways of life, and sciences, and lastly their religion.

Capt. The triumvir, Power, has under him all the

magistrates of arms, of artillery, of cavalry, of foot-soldiers, of architects, and of strategists; and the masters and many of the most excellent workmen obey the magistrates, the men of each art paying allegiance to their respective chiefs. Moreover, Power is at the head of all the professors of gymnastics, who teach military exercise, and who are prudent generals, advanced in age. By these the boys are trained after their twelfth year. Before this age, however, they have been accustomed to wrestling, running, throwing the weight and other minor exercises, under inferior masters. But at twelve they are taught how to strike at the enemy, at horses and elephants, to handle the spear, the sword, the arrow and the sling, to manage the horse, to advance and to retreat, to remain in order of battle; to help a comrade in arms; to anticipate the enemy by cunning; and to conquer.

The women also are taught these arts under their own magistrates and mistresses, so that they may be able if need be to render assistance to the men in battles near the city. They are taught to watch the fortifications, lest at some time a hasty attack should suddenly be made. In this respect they praise the Spartans and the Amazons. The women know well also how to let fly fiery balls, and how to make them from lead, how to throw stones from pinnacles, and to go in the wake of an attack. They are accustomed also to give up wine unmixed altogether, and that one is punished most severely who shows any fear.

The inhabitants of the City of the Sun do not fear death, because they all believe that the soul is immortal,

and that when it has left the body it is associated with other spirits, wicked or good, according to the merits of this present life. Although they are partly followers of Brahma and Pythagoras, they do not believe in the transmigration of souls, except in some cases by a distinct decree of God. They do not abstain from injuring an enemy of the republic and of religion, who is unworthy of pity. During the second month the army is reviewed, and every day there is practice of arms, either in the cavalry plain or within the walls. Nor are they ever without lectures on the science of war. They take care that the accounts of Moses, of Joshua, of David, of Judas Maccabeus, of Cæsar, of Alexander, of Scipio, of Hannibal, and other great soldiers, should be read. And then each one gives his own opinion whether these generals acted well or ill, usefully or honorably, and then the teacher answers and says who are right.

G. M. With whom do they wage war, and for what reasons, since they are so prosperous?

Capt. Wars might never occur, nevertheless they are exercised in military tactics and in hunting, lest perchance they should become effeminate and unprepared for any emergency. Besides, there are four kingdoms in the island, which are very envious of their prosperity, for this reason, that the people desire to live after the manner of the inhabitants of the City of the Sun, and to be under their rule rather than that of their own kings. Wherefore the state often makes war upon these because, being neighbors, they are usurpers and live impiously since they have not an object of worship and do not observe the religion of other nations or of the Brahmins.

And other nations of India, to which formerly they were subject, rise up as it were in rebellion, as also do the Taprobanese, whom they wanted to join them at first. The warriors of the City of the Sun, however, are always the victors. As soon as they suffer from insult or disgrace or plunder, or when their allies have been harassed, or a people have been oppressed by a tyrant of the state (for they are always the advocates of liberty), they go to the council for deliberation. After they have knelt in the presence of God and asked that He might inspire their consultation, they proceed to examine the merits of the business, and thus war is decided on. Immediately afterward a priest, whom they call Forensic, is sent away. He demands from the enemy the restitution of the plunder, asks that the allies should be freed from oppression, or that the tyrant should be deposed. If they deny these things war is declared by invoking the vengeance of God—the God of Sabaoth—for the destruction of those who maintain an unjust cause. If the enemy refuses to reply, the priest gives him one hour for his answer, if he is a king, and three if it is a republic, so that they cannot escape giving a response. And in this manner is war undertaken against the insolent enemies of natural rights and of religion. When war has been declared, the deputy of Power performs everything, but Power, like the Roman dictator, plans and wills everything, so that hurtful tardiness may be avoided. And when anything of great moment arises he consults Hoh and Wisdom and Love.

Before this, however, the occasion of war and the justice of making an expedition are declared by a herald

in the great council All from twenty years upward are admitted to this council, and thus the necessities are agreed upon. All kinds of weapons stand in the armories, and these they use often in sham fights The exterior walls of each ring are full of guns prepared by their labors, and they have other engines for hurling, which are called cannons, and which they take into battle upon mules and asses and carriages When they have arrived in an open plain they enclose in the middle the provisions, engines of war, chariots, ladders and machines, and all fight courageously Then each one returns to the standards, and the enemy, thinking they are giving and preparing to flee, are deceived and relax their order. Then the warriors of the City of the Sun, wheeling into wings and columns on each side, regain their breath and strength, and ordering the artillery to discharge their bullets they resume the fight against a disorganized host And they observe many ruses of this kind They overcome all mortals with their stratagems and engines Their camp is fortified after the manner of the Romans They pitch their tents and fortify with wall and ditch with wonderful quickness The masters of works, of engines and hurling machines, stand ready, and the soldiers understand the use of the spade and the ax

Five, eight, or ten leaders all learned in the order of battle and in strategy consult concerning the business of war, and command their bands after consultation It is their wont to take out with them a body of boys, armed and on horses, so that they may learn to fight, just as the whelps of lions and wolves are accustomed to blood And these in time of danger betake themselves to a place



of safety, along with many armed women After the battle the women and boys soothe and relieve the pain of the warriors, and wait upon them and encourage them with embraces and pleasant words How wonderful a help is this! For the soldiers, in order that they may acquit themselves as sturdy men in the eyes of their wives and offspring, endure hardships, and so love makes them conquerors He who in the fight first scales the enemy's wall receives after the battle a crown of grass, as a token of honor, and at the presentation the women and boys applaud loudly, that one who affords aid to an ally gets a civic crown of oak-leaves, he who kills a tyrant dedicates his arms in the temple and receives from Hoh the cognomen of his deed, and other warriors obtain other kinds of crowns Every horse-soldier carries a spear and two strongly tempered pistols, narrow at the mouth, hanging from his saddle And to get the barrels of their pistols narrow they pierce the metal which they intend to convert into arms Further, every cavalry soldier has a sword and a dagger But the rest, who form the light-armed troops, carry a metal cudgel For if the foe cannot pierce their metal for pistols and cannot make swords, they attack him with clubs, shatter and overthrow him Two chains of six spans' length hang from the club and at the end of these are iron balls and when these are aimed at the enemy they surround his neck and drag him to the ground, and in order that they may be able to use the club more easily, they do not hold the reins with their hands, but use them by means of the feet If perchance the reins are interchanged above the trappings of the saddle the ends

are fastened to the stirrups with buckles and not to the feet. And the stirrups have an arrangement for swift movement of the bridle, so that they draw in or let out the rein with marvelous celerity. With the right foot they turn the horse to the left and with the left to the right. This secret, moreover, is not known to the Tartars. For, although they govern the reins with their feet, they are ignorant nevertheless of turning them and drawing them in and letting them out by means of the block of the stirrups. The light-armed cavalry with them are the first to engage in battle, then the men forming the phalanx with their spears, then the archers, for whose services a great price is paid, and who are accustomed to fight in lines crossing one another as the threads of cloth, some rushing forward in their turn and others receding. They have a band of lancers strengthening the line of battle, but they make trial of the swords only at the end.

After the battle they celebrate the military triumphs after the manner of the Romans, and even in a more magnificent way. Prayers by way of thank-offerings are made to God, and then the general presents himself in the temple, and the deeds good and bad, are related by the poet or historian, who according to custom was with the expedition. And the greatest chief, Hoh, crowns the general with laurel and distributes little gifts and honors to all the valorous soldiers, who are for some days free from public duties. But this exemption from work is by no means pleasing to them, since they know not what it is to be at leisure and so they help their companions. On the other hand, they who have been

conquered through their own fault, or have lost the victory, are blamed, and they who were the first to take to flight are in no way worthy to escape death, unless when the whole army asks their lives, and each one takes upon himself a part of their punishment. But this indulgence is rarely granted, except when there are good reasons favoring it. But he who did not bear help to an ally or friend is beaten with rods. That one who did not obey orders is given to the beasts, in an enclosure, to be devoured, and a staff is put in his hand, and if he should conquer the lions and the bears that are there, which is almost impossible, he is received into favor again. The conquered states or those willingly delivered up to them, forthwith have all things in common, and receive a garrison and magistrates from the City of the Sun, and by degrees they are accustomed to the ways of the city, the mistress of all, to which they even send their sons to be taught without contributing anything for expense.

It would be too great trouble to tell you about the spies and their master, and about the guards and laws and ceremonies, both within and without the state, which you can of yourself imagine. Since from childhood they are chosen according to their inclination and the star under which they were born, therefore each one working according to his natural propensity does his duty well and pleasantly, because naturally. The same things I may say concerning strategy and the other functions.

There are guards in the city by day and by night, and they are placed at the four gates, and outside the walls of the seventh ring, above the breastworks and towers and inside mounds. These places are guarded in

the day by women, in the night by men And lest the guard should become weary of watching, and in case of a surprise, they change them every three hours as is the custom with our soldiers At sunset, when the drum and symphonia sound, the armed guards are distributed Cavalry and infantry make use of hunting as the symbol of war, and practise games and hold festivities in the plains Then the music strikes up, and freely they pardon the offences and faults of the enemy, and after the victories they are kind to them If it has been decreed that they should destroy the walls of the enemy's city and take their lives, all these things are done on the day of the victory, and afterward they never cease to load the conquered with favors, for they say there ought to be no fighting, except when the conquerors give up the conquered, not when they kill them. If there is a dispute among them concerning injury or any other matter (for they themselves hardly ever contend except in matters of honor), the chief and his magistrates chastise the accused one secretly, if he has done harm in deeds after he has been first angry If they wait until the time of the battle for the verbal decision, they must give vent to their anger against the enemy, and he who in battle shows the most daring deeds is considered to have defended the better and truer cause in the struggle, and the other yields, and they are punished justly Nevertheless, they are not allowed to come to single combat, since right is maintained by the tribunal, and because the unjust cause is often apparent when the more just succumbs, and he who professes to be the better man shows this in public fight

G. M. This is worth while, so that factions should not be cherished to the harm of the fatherland, and so that civil wars might not occur, for by means of these a tyrant often arises, as the examples of Rome and Athens show Now, I pray you, tell me of their works and matter connected therewith

Capt I believe you have already heard about their military affairs and about their agricultural and pastoral life, and in what way these are common to them, and how they honor with the first grade of nobility whoever is considered to have a knowledge of these They who are skilful in more arts than these they consider still nobler, and they set that one apart for teaching the art in which he is most skilful The occupations that require the most labor such as working in metals and buildings, are the most praiseworthy among them No one declines to go to these occupations, for the reason that from the beginning their propensities are well known, and among them, on account of the distribution of labor, no one does work harmful to him, but only that which is necessary for him The occupations entailing less labor belong to the women All are expected to know how to swim, and for this reason ponds are dug outside the walls of the city, and within them near to the fountains

Commerce is of little use to them, but they know the value of money, and they count for the use of their ambassadors and explorers, so that with it they may have the means of living They receive merchants into their states from the different countries of the world, and these buy the superfluous goods of the city The people of

the City of the Sun refuse to take money, but in importing they accept in exchange those things of which they are in need, and sometimes they buy with money, and the young people in the City of the Sun are much amused when they see that for a small price they receive so many things in exchange. The old men, however, do not laugh. They are unwilling that the state should be corrupted by the vicious customs of slaves and foreigners. Therefore they do business at the gates, and sell those whom they have taken in war or keep them for digging ditches and other hard work without the city, and for this reason they always send four bands of soldiers to take care of the fields, and with them are the laborers. They go out of the four gates from which roads with walls on both sides of them lead to the sea, so that goods might easily be carried over them, and foreigners might not meet with difficulty on their way.

To strangers they are kind and polite, they keep them three days at the public expense after they have first washed their feet, they show them their city and its customs, and they honor them with a seat at the council and public table, and there are men whose duty it is to take care of and guard the guests. But if strangers should wish to become citizens of their state they try them first for a month on a farm, and for another month in the city, then they decide concerning them, and admit them with certain ceremonies and oaths.

Agriculture is much followed among them, there is not a span of earth without cultivation, and they observe the winds and propitious stars. With the ex-

ception of a few left in the city all go out armed, and with flags and drums and trumpets sounding, to the fields, for the purposes of ploughing, sowing, digging, hoeing, reaping, gathering fruit and grapes, and they set in order everything, and do their work in a very few hours and with much care. They use wagons fitted with sails, which are borne along by the wind even when it is contrary, by the marvelous contrivance of wheels within wheels. And when there is no wind a beast draws a huge cart, which is a grand sight.

The guardians of the land move about in the mean time, armed and always in their proper turn. They do not use dung and filth for manuring the fields, thinking that the fruit contracts something of their rottenness, and when eaten gives a short and poor subsistence, as women who are beautiful with rouge and from want of exercise bring forth feeble offspring. Wherefore they do not as it were paint the earth, but dig it up well and use secret remedies, so that fruit is borne quickly and multiplies, and is not destroyed. They have a book for this work, which they call the *Georgics*. As much of the land as is necessary is cultivated, and the rest is used for pasturage.

The excellent occupation of breeding and rearing horses, oxen, sheep, dogs and all kinds of domestic and tame animals, is in the highest esteem among them as it was in the time of Abraham. And the animals are led so to pair that they may be able to breed well.

Fine pictures of oxen, horses, sheep, and other animals are placed before them. They do not turn out horses with mares to feed, but at the proper time they bring

them together in an enclosure of the stables in their fields. And this is done when they observe that the constellation Archer is in favorable conjunction with Mars and Jupiter. For the oxen they observe the Bull, for the sheep the Ram, and so on in accordance with art. Under the Pleiades they keep a drove of hens and ducks and geese, which are driven out by the women to feed near the city. The women do this only when it is a pleasure to them. There are also places enclosed, where they make cheese, butter, and milk-food. They also keep capons, fruit and other things, and for all these matters there is a book which they call the *Bucolics*. They have an abundance of all things since every one likes to be industrious, their labors being slight and profitable. They are docile, and that one among them who is head of the rest in duties of this kind they call king. For they say that this is the proper name of the leaders, and it does not belong to ignorant persons. It is wonderful to see how men and women march together collectively, and always in obedience to the voice of the king. Nor do they regard him with loathing as we do, for they know that although he is greater than themselves, he is for all that their father and brother. They keep groves and woods for wild animals, and they often hunt.

The science of navigation is considered very dignified by them, and they possess rafts and triremes, which go over the waters without rowers or the force of the wind, but by a marvelous contrivance. And other vessels they have which are moved by the winds. They have a correct knowledge of the stars, and of the ebb and flow of the tide. They navigate for the sake of becoming ac-



quainted with nations and different countries and things. They injure nobody, and they do not put up with injury, and they never go to battle unless when provoked. They assert that the whole earth will in time come to live in accordance with their customs, and consequently they always find out whether there be a nation whose manner of living is better and more approved than the rest. They admire the Christian institutions, and look for a realization of the apostolic life in vogue among themselves and in us. There are treaties between them and the Chinese, and many other nations, both insular and continental, such as Siam and Calicut, which they are only just able to explore. Furthermore, they have artificial fires, battles on sea and land, and many strategic secrets. Therefore they are nearly always victorious.

G M Now it would be very pleasant to learn with what foods and drinks they are nourished, and in what way and for how long they live.

Capt Their food consists of flesh, butter, honey, cheese, garden herbs, and vegetables of various kinds. They were unwilling at first to slay animals, because it seemed cruel, but thinking afterward that it was also cruel to destroy herbs which have a share of sensitive feeling, they say that they would perish from hunger unless they did an unjustifiable action for the sake of justifiable ones, and so now they all eat meat. Nevertheless, they do not kill willingly useful animals, such as oxen and horses. They observe the difference between useful and harmful foods, and for this they employ the science of medicine. They always change their food. First they eat flesh, then fish, then afterward they go

back to flesh, and nature is never incommoded or weakened. The old people use the more digestible kind of food, and take three meals a day, eating only a little. But the general community eat twice, and the boys four times, that they may satisfy nature. The length of their lives is usually one hundred years, and often they reach two hundred.

As regards drinking, they are extremely moderate. Wine is never given to young people until they are ten years old, unless the state of their health demands it. After their tenth year they take it diluted with water, and so do the women, but the old men of fifty and upward use little or no water. They eat the most wholesome things, according to the time of the year.

They think nothing harmful that is brought forth by God, except when there has been abuse by taking too much. And therefore in summer they feed on fruits, because they are moist and juicy and cool, and counteract the heat and dryness. In winter they feed on dry articles, and in autumn they eat grapes, since they are given by God to remove melancholy and sadness, and they also make use of scents to a great degree. In the morning, when they have all risen they comb their hair and wash their faces and hands with cold water. Then they chew thyme or rock parsley or fennel, or rub their hands with these plants. The old men make incense, and with their faces to the east repeat the short prayer that Jesus Christ taught us. After this they go to wait upon the old men, some go to the dance, and others to the duties of the state. Later they meet at the early lectures, then in the temple, then for bodily exercise. Then

for a little while they sit down to rest, and at last they go to dinner

Among them there is never gout in the hands or feet, no catarrh, nor sciatica, nor grievous colics, nor hard breathing For these diseases are caused by indigestion and flatulency, and by frugality and exercise they remove every humor and spasm. Wherefore it is unseemly in the extreme to be seen vomiting or spitting, since they say that this is a sign either of little exercise or of ignoble sloth, or of drunkenness or gluttony They suffer rather from swellings or from the dry spasm, which they relieve with plenty of good and juicy food They heal fevers with pleasant baths and with milk-food, and with a pleasant habitation in the country and by gradual exercise Unclean diseases cannot be prevalent with them, because they often clean their bodies by bathing in wine, and soothe them with aromatic oil, and by the sweat of exercise they diffuse the poisonous vapor that corrupts the blood and the marrow They do suffer a little from consumption, because they cannot perspire at the breast, but they never have asthma, for the humid nature of which a heavy man is required They cure hot fevers with cold potations of water, but slight ones with sweet smells, with cheese-bread or sleep, with music or dancing Tertiary fevers are cured by bleeding, by rhubarb or by a similar drawing remedy, or by water soaked in the roots of plants, with purgative and sharp-tasting qualities But they rarely take purgative medicines Fevers occurring every fourth day are cured easily by suddenly startling the unprepared patients, and by means of herbs producing effects opposite to the hum-

ors of this fever. All their secrets they told me in opposition to their own wishes. They take more diligent pains to cure the lasting fevers, which they fear more, and they strive to counteract these by the observation of stars and of plants, and by prayers. Fevers recurring every fifth, sixth, eighth or more days, you never find when heavy humors are wanting.

They use baths, and moreover they have warm ones according to the Roman custom, and they make use also of olive oil. They have found out, too, a great many secrets for the preservation of cleanliness and health. And in other ways they labor to cure epilepsy, with which they are often troubled.

G M A sign this disease is of wonderful cleverness, for from it Hercules, Scotus, Socrates, Callimachus, and Mahomet suffered.

Capt They cure by means of prayers, by strengthening the head, by acids, by planned gymnastics, and with fat cheese-bread sprinkled with the flour of wheat. They are very skilled in making dishes, and in them they put spice, honey, butter and many highly strengthening spices, and they temper their richness with acids, so that they never vomit. They do not use ice-cold drinks, nor artificial hot drinks, as the Chinese do, for they are not without aid against the humors of the body, on account of the help they get from the natural heat of the water; but they strengthen it with crushed garlic, with vinegar, with wild thyme, with mint, and with basil, in the summer or in time of special heaviness. They know also a secret for renovating life after about the seventieth year, and for ridding it of affliction.

G M Thus far you have said nothing concerning their sciences and magistrates

Capt Undoubtedly I have But since you are so curious I will add more Both when it is new moon and full moon they call a council after a sacrifice To this all from twenty years upward are admitted, and each one is asked separately to say what is wanting in the state, and which of the magistrates have discharged their duties rightly and which wrongly Then after eight days all the magistrates assemble, to wit, Hoh first, and with him Power, Wisdom and Love Each of the three last has three magistrates under him, making in all thirteen, and they consider the affairs of the arts pertaining to each one of them, Power, of war, Wisdom, of the sciences, Love, of food, clothing, education and breeding The masters of all the bands, who are captains of tens, of fifties, of hundreds, also assemble, the women first and then the men They argue about those things that are for the welfare of the state, and they choose the magistrates from among those that have already been named in the great council In this manner they assemble daily, Hoh and his three princes, and they correct, confirm and execute the matters passing to them, as decisions in the elections, other necessary questions they suggest of themselves They do not use lots unless when they are altogether doubtful how to decide The eight magistrates under Hoh, Power, Wisdom and Love are changed according to the wish of the people, but the first four are never changed, unless they, taking counsel with themselves, give up the dignity of one to another, whom among them they know to be wiser, more

renowned, and more nearly perfect And then they are obedient and honorable, since they yield willingly to the wiser man and are taught by him This, however, rarely happens. The principals of the sciences—except Metaphysics, who is Hoh himself, and is as it were the architect of all science, having rule over all—are attached to Wisdom Hoh is ashamed to be ignorant of any possible thing Under Wisdom therefore are Grammar, Logic, Physics, Medicine, Astrology, Astronomy, Geometry, Cosmography, Music, Perspective, Arithmetic, Poetry, Rhetoric, Painting, Sculpture Under the triumvir Love are Breeding, Agriculture, Education, Medicine, Clothing, Pasturage, Coining.

G. M. What about their judges?

Capt This is the point I was just thinking of explaining. Every one is judged by the first master of his trade, and thus all the head artificers are judges They punish with exile, with flogging, with blame, with deprivation of the common table, with exclusion from the church and from the company of women When there is a case in which great injury has been done, it is punished with death, and they repay an eye with an eye, a nose for a nose, a tooth for a tooth, and so on, according to the law of retaliation If the offence is wilful, the council decides When there is strife and it takes place undesignedly, the sentence is mitigated, nevertheless, not by the judge but by the triumvirate, from whom even it may be referred to Hoh, not on account of justice but of mercy, for Hoh is able to pardon They have no prisons, except one tower for shutting up rebellious enemies, and there is no written statement

of a case, which we commonly call a lawsuit. But the accusation and witnesses are produced in the presence of the judge and Power, the accused person makes his defense, and he is immediately acquitted or condemned by the judge, and if he appeals to the triumvirate, on the following day he is acquitted or condemned. On the third day he is dismissed through the mercy and clemency of Hoh, or receives the inviolable rigor of his sentence. An accused person is reconciled to his accuser and to his witnesses, as it were, with the medicine of his complaint, that is, with embracing and kissing. No one is killed or stoned unless by the hands of the people, the accuser and the witnesses beginning. For they have no executioners and lictors, lest the state should sink into ruin. The choice of death is given to the rest of the people, who enclose the lifeless remains in little bags and burn them, while exhorters are present for the purpose of advising concerning a good death. Nevertheless, the whole nation laments and beseeches God that His anger may be appeased, being in grief that it should as it were have to cut off a rotten member of the state. Certain officers talk to and convince the accused man by means of arguments until he himself acquiesces in the sentence of death passed upon him, or else he does not die. But if a crime has been committed against the liberty of the republic, or against God, or against the supreme magistrates, there is immediate censure without pity. These only are punished with death. He who is about to die is compelled to set forth in the presence of the people and with religious scrupulousness the reasons for which he does not deserve death, and also

the sins of the others who ought to die instead of him, and further the mistakes of the magistrates. If, moreover, it should seem right to the person thus asserting, he must say why the accused ones are deserving of less punishment than he. And if by his arguments he gains the victory he is sent into exile, and appeases the state by means of prayers and sacrifices and good life ensuing. They do not torture those named by the accused person, but they warn them. Sins of frailty and ignorance are punished only with blaming, and with compulsory continuation as learners under the law and discipline of those sciences or arts against which they have sinned. And all these things they have among themselves, since they seem to be in very truth members of the same body, and one of another.

This further I would have you know, that if a transgressor, without waiting to be accused, goes of his own accord before a magistrate, accusing himself and seeking to make amends, that one is liberated from the punishment of a secret crime, and since he has not been accused of such a crime, his punishment is changed into another. They take special care that no one should invent slander, and if this should happen they meet the offense with the punishment of retaliation. Since they always walk about and work in crowds, five witnesses are required for the conviction of a transgressor. If the case is otherwise, after they have threatened him, he is released after he has sworn an oath as the warrant of good conduct. Or if he is accused a second or third time, his increased punishment rests on the testimony of three or two witnesses.



They have but few laws, and these short and plain, and written upon a flat table, and hanging to the doors of the temple, that is between the columns. And on single columns may be seen the essences of things described in the very terse style of Metaphysics—viz, the essences of God, of the angels, of the world, of the stars, of man, of fate, of virtue, all done with great wisdom. The definitions of all the virtues are also delineated here, and here is the tribunal, where the judges of all the virtues have their seat. The definition of a certain virtue is written under that column where the judges for the aforesaid virtue sit, and when a judge gives judgment he sits and speaks thus. O son, thou hast sinned against this sacred definition of beneficence, or of magnanimity, or of another virtue, as the case may be. And after discussion the judge legally condemns him to the punishment for the crime of which he is accused—viz, for injury, for despondency, for pride, for ingratitude, and for sloth. But the sentences are certain and true correctives, savoring more of clemency than of actual punishment.

G M Now you ought to tell me about their priests, their sacrifices, their religion, and their belief.

Capt The chief priest is Hoh, and it is the duty of all the superior magistrates to pardon sins. Therefore the whole state by secret confession, which we also use, tell their sins to the magistrates, who at once purge their souls and teach those that are inimical to the people. Then the sacred magistrates themselves confess their own sinfulness to the three supreme chiefs, and together they confess the faults of one another, though

no special one is named, and they confess especially the heavier faults and those harmful to the state. At length the triumvirs confess their sinfulness to Hoh himself, who forthwith recognizes the kinds of sins that are harmful to the state, and succors with timely remedies. Then he offers sacrifices and prayers to God. And before this he confesses the sins of the whole people, in the presence of God, and publicly in the temple, above the altar, as often as it has been necessary that the fault should be corrected. Nevertheless, no transgressor is spoken of by name. In this manner he absolves the people by advising them that they should beware of sins of the aforesaid kind. Afterward he offers sacrifice to God, that He should pardon the state and absolve it of its sins, and teach and defend it. Once in every year the chief priests of each separate subordinate state confess their sins in the presence of Hoh. Thus he is not ignorant of the wrongdoings of the provinces, and forthwith he removes them with all human and heavenly remedies.

Sacrifice is conducted after the following manner. Hoh asks the people which one among them wishes to give himself as a sacrifice to God for the sake of his fellows. This one is then placed upon a square table, with ceremonies and the offering up of prayers. The table is hung up in a wonderful manner by means of four ropes passing through four cords attached to firm pulley-blocks in the small dome of the temple. This done they cry to the God of mercy, that He may accept the offering, not of a beast as among the heathen, but of a human being. Then Hoh orders the ropes to be

drawn and the sacrifice is pulled up to the center of the small dome, and there it dedicates itself with the most fervent supplications. Food is given to it through a window by the priests, who live around the dome, but it is allowed very little to eat, until it has atoned for the sins of the state. There with prayer and fasting he cries to the God of heaven that He might accept its willing offering. And after twenty or thirty days, the anger of God being appeased, the sacrifice becomes a priest, or sometimes, though rarely, returns below by means of the outer way for the priests. Ever after this man is treated with great benevolence and much honor, for the reason that he offered himself unto death for the sake of his country. But God does not require death. The priests more than twenty-four years of age offer praises from their places in the top of the temple. This they do in the middle of the night, at noon, in the morning and in the evening, to wit, four times a day they sing their chants in the presence of God. It is also their work to observe the stars and to note with the astrolabe their motions and influences upon human things, and to find out their powers. Thus they know in what part of the earth any change has been or will be, and at what time it has taken place, and they send to find out whether the matter be as they have it. They make a note of predictions, true and false, so that they may be able from experience to predict most correctly. The priests, moreover, determine the hours for breeding and the days for sowing, reaping, and gathering the vintage, and are as it were the ambassadors and intercessors and connection between God and man. And it is from among

them mostly that Hoh is elected They write very learned treatises, and search into the sciences Below they never descend, unless for their dinner and supper, so that the essence of their heads does not descend to the stomach and liver Only very seldom, and that as a cure for the ills of solitude, do they have converse with women On certain days Hoh goes up to them and deliberates with them concerning the matters he has lately investigated for the benefit of the state and all the nations of the world

In the temple one priest always stands near the altar, praying for the people, and at the end of every hour another succeeds him, just as we are accustomed in solemn prayer to change every fourth hour And this method of supplication they call perpetual prayer After a meal they return thanks to God Then they sing the deeds of the Christian, Jewish, and Gentile heroes, and of those of all other nations, and this is very delightful to them Forsooth, no one is envious of another They sing a hymn to Love, one to Wisdom, and one each to all the other virtues, and this they do under the direction of the ruler of each virtue Each one takes the woman he loves most, and they dance for exercise with propriety and stateliness under the peristyles The women wear their long hair all twisted together and collected into one knot on the crown of the head, but in rolling it they leave one curl The men, however, have one curl only and the rest of their hair around the head is shaven off Further, they wear a slight covering, and above this a round hat a little larger than their head In the fields they use caps, but at home each one wears a biretta

white, red, or another color, according to his trade or occupation. Moreover, the magistrates use grander and more imposing-looking coverings for the head

They hold great festivities when the sun enters the four cardinal points of the heavens, that is, when he enters Cancer, Libra, Capricorn, and Aries. On these occasions they have very learned, splendid, and as it were comic performances. They celebrate also every full and every new moon with a festival, as also the anniversaries of the founding of the city and of the days when they have won victories or done any other great achievement. The celebrations take place with the music of female voices, with the noise of trumpets and drums, and the firing of salutations. The poets sing the praises of the most renowned leaders and the victories. Nevertheless, if any of them should deceive even by disparaging a foreign hero, he is punished. No one can exercise the function of a poet who invents that which is not true, and a license like this they think to be a pest of our world, for the reason that it puts a premium upon virtue and often assigns it to unworthy persons, either from fear or flattery, or ambition or avarice. For the praise of no one is a statue erected until after his death; but while he is alive, who has found out new arts and very useful secrets, or who has rendered great service to the state either at home or on the battle-field, his name is written in the book of heroes. They do not bury dead bodies, but burn them, so that a plague may not arise from them, and so that they may be converted into fire a very noble and powerful thing, which has its coming from the sun and returns to it. And for

these reasons no chance is given for idolatry The statues and pictures of the heroes, however, are there, and the splendid women set apart to become mothers often look at them Prayers are made from the state to the four horizontal corners of the world In the morning to the rising sun, then to the setting sun, then to the south, and lastly to the north, and in the contrary order in the evening, first to the setting sun, to the rising sun, to the north, and at length to the south They repeat but one prayer, which asks for health of body and of mind, and happiness for themselves and all people, and they conclude it with the petition "As it seems best to God" The public prayer for all is long, and it is poured forth to heaven For this reason the altar is round and is divided crosswise by ways at right angles to one another By these ways Hoh enters after he has repeated the four prayers, and he prays looking up to heaven And then a great mystery is seen by them The priestly vestments are of a beauty and meaning like to those of Aaron They resemble Nature and they surpass Art

They divide the seasons according to the revolution of the sun, and not of the stars, and they observe yearly by how much time the one precedes the other They hold that the sun approaches nearer and nearer, and therefore by ever-lessening circles reaches the tropics and the equator every year a little sooner They measure months by the course of the moon, years by that of the sun. They praise Ptolemy, and admire Copernicus, but place Aristarchus and Philolaus before him They take great pains in endeavoring to understand the con-

struction of the world, and whether it will perish, and at what time They believe that the true oracle of Jesus Christ is by the signs in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars, which signs do not thus appear to many of us foolish ones Therefore they wait for the renewing of the age, and perchance for its end They say it is very doubtful whether the world was made from nothing, or from the ruins of other worlds, or from chaos, but they certainly think that it was made, and did not exist from eternity. Therefore they disbelieve in Aristotle, whom they consider a logician and not a philosopher. From analogies, they can draw many arguments against the eternity of the world The sun and the stars they, so to speak, regard as the living representatives and signs of God, as the temples and holy living altars, and they honor but do not worship them Beyond all other things they venerate the sun, but they consider no created thing worthy the adoration of worship This they give to God alone, and thus they serve Him, that they may not come into the power of a tyrant and fall into misery by undergoing punishment by creatures of revenge They contemplate and know God under the image of the Sun, and they call it the sign of God, His face and living image, by means of which light, heat, life, and the making of all things good and bad proceeds Therefore they have built an altar like to the Sun in shape, and the priests praise God in the sun and in the stars, as it were His altars, and in the heavens, His temple as it were, and they pray to good angels, who are, so to speak, the intercessors living in the stars, their strong abodes For God long since set

signs of their beauty in heaven, and of His glory in the Sun. They say there is but one heaven, and that the planets move and rise of themselves when they approach the sun or are in conjunction with it.

They assert two principles of the physics of things below, namely, that the Sun is the father, and the Earth the mother, the air is an impure part of the heavens, all fire is derived from the sun. The sea is the sweat of earth, or the fluid of earth combusted, and fused within its bowels, but is the bond of union between air and earth, as the blood is of the spirit and flesh of animals. The world is a great animal, and we live within it as worms live within us. Therefore we do not belong to the system of stars, sun, and earth, but to God only; for in respect to them which seek only to amplify themselves, we are born and live by chance, but in respect to God, whose instruments we are, we are formed by prescience and design, and for a high end. Therefore we are bound to no Father but God, and receive all things from Him. They hold as beyond question the immortality of souls, and that these associate with good angels after death, or with bad angels, according as they have likened themselves in this life to either. For all things seek their like. They differ little from us as to places of reward and punishment. They are in doubt whether there are other worlds beyond ours and account it madness to say there is nothing. Nonentity is incompatible with the infinite entity of God. They lay down two principles of metaphysics, entity which is the highest God, and nothingness which is the defect of entity. Evil and sin come of the propensity to nothingness;



the sin having its cause not efficient, but in deficiency. Deficiency is, they say, of power, wisdom or will. Sin they place in the last of these three, because he who knows and has the power to do good is bound also to have the will, for will arises out of them. They worship God in Trinity, saying God is the supreme Power, whence proceeds the highest Wisdom, which is the same with God, and from these comes Love, which is both Power and Wisdom, but they do not distinguish persons by name, as in our Christian law, which has not been revealed to them. This religion, when its abuses have been removed, will be the future mistress of the world, as great theologians teach and hope. Therefore Spain found the New World (though its first discoverer, Columbus, greatest of heroes, was a Genoese), that all nations should be gathered under one law. We know not what we do, but God knows, whose instruments we are. They sought new regions for lust of gold and riches, but God works to a higher end. The sun strives to burn up the earth, not to produce plants and men, but God guides the battle to great issues. His the praise, to Him the glory!

G M Oh, if you knew what our astrologers say of the coming age, and of our age, that has in it more history within a hundred years than all the world had in four thousand years before! Of the wonderful invention of printing and guns, and the use of the magnet, and how it all comes from Mercury, Mars, and the Scorpion!

Capt Ah, well! God gives all in His good time. They astrologize too much.

PETRARCH'S LOVE  
AND  
DANTE AND PETRARCH  
TWO ESSAYS  
BY  
UGO FOSCOLO  
TRANSLATED BY HIMSELF



## INTRODUCTION

**N**ICCOLÒ UGO FOSCOLO was the son of a Venetian, who at the time of his birth resided in the Greek Island of Zante. He was born January 26, 1777, and was educated at the University of Padua. At the age of twenty he produced a tragedy entitled *Tieste*, which was a failure, and the severest criticism on it is said to have been written by himself. He was living at this time in Venice, but when Austria acquired Venetia, he removed to Milan. Here he wrote a famous political romance, and a little later enlisted in the French army, and was present at the siege of Genoa. In 1808 he became Professor of Italian Eloquence in the University of Pavia, but because of the political complexion of his lectures, the authorities soon got rid of him by abolishing the professorship. He published poems, another tragedy, *Ajace*, and a translation into Italian of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, in 1815 went to Switzerland, and the next year to England, where he spent the remainder of his life, and died near London, September 14, 1827. He had mastered the English language, into which he translated much of his own work, and he edited Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and wrote numerous essays and reviews. His remains were carried to Italy and received an honored place in Santa Croce, Florence.

tion of the Celestial Venus also, by propagating the belief that they had only one lover, and that the sentiments with which they inspired all others were virtuous, and it was the political interest of their admirers themselves to spread this opinion among the people. Plato puts into the mouth of Socrates every refinement of reasoning, to prove that it is possible to be devoted to a gallant woman without desiring her favors.

We may, however, probably consider all that Plato makes his master say as apocryphal, except when the same things are repeated by Xenophon. These two great writers, whose rivalry amounts almost to enmity, have each of them composed a treatise, under the title of "The Banquet," in which they make Socrates discourse on Love. It is certain, therefore, that the new application to the ancient distinction between the two goddesses was originally of Socrates. But, in the Banquet of Xenophon, the object is not to deceive the Athenians, regarding the nature of those conversations which their great men held with the Aspasiæ of their time. Socrates' discourse aims at calling back to a sense of shame those of his fellow-citizens who were too passionate admirers of beauty in both sexes. "Beauty," he says, "is illuminated by a light that directs and invites me to contemplate the soul that inhabits such a form, and, if the soul be as beautiful as the body, it is impossible not to love it. But there can be no beauty of soul without purity, and the purity of those whom I love the most tenderly makes me also a good man. Thus, in proportion as the object of your attachment becomes dear to you, as you discover new qualities in it, and as you find pleasure in

making others admire it, it is your interest to preserve it pure from stain. By corrupting the morals, you deform and debase the soul, the perfection of which you would exalt, and this deformity extends to the countenance also. I will not assert that there are two Venuses, but, since I see that there are temples consecrated to the Celestial, and others to the Terrestrial Venus, and that they sacrifice in the first with ceremonies more scrupulous and with victims more pure, I presume that the two goddesses do exist at least in their effects. The vulgar Venus inflames the passions toward the body, the heavenly Venus inspires a love toward the soul, and incites to honest connections and to virtuous actions."

The imagination of Plato has apparently seized upon these exhortations to exalt and support an ingenious theory of Love, of which it will be sufficient to notice here that portion which constitutes the machinery of Petrarch's poetry. "Our souls emanate from God, and unto him they return again. They are pre-existent to our bodies in other worlds. The most tender and the most beautiful inhabit Venus, the brightest and the purest of the planets, called the third heaven. They are more or less perfect, and the most perfect love those which are most perfect also. They are connected in pairs by a predestined and immutable sympathy. without partaking of the sensual perturbations of the body, they are necessitated to follow it blindly, led by fatality or chance, for the procreation of the species. Each soul burns with the desire to find its companion, and, when they do meet together in their pilgrimage on earth, their love becomes so much the more ardent, because the matter by which

they are enclosed prevents their re-union On these occasions their pleasures, their sufferings, their ecstasies, are inexpressible each endeavors to make itself known to the other, a celestial light burns in the eyes, an immortal beauty beams in the countenance, the heart feels less tendency to earth, and they incite each other to the exaltation and purification of their virtue In proportion as they love each other, they are lifted toward God, who is their common origin, and, in proportion as they feel the pains of their exile upon earth, and their captivity in matter, they desire to be freed, in order that they may unite eternally in heaven" Since the whole system is founded on the hypothesis, "that each soul has a predestined sympathy toward one other soul only," and since each person imagines, "that the being to whom he is attached is the most perfect," it follows "that every platonic lover ought to strive always to attain to the highest degree of moral perfection"

These opinions were brought into Italy through the means of the ancient Fathers of the Church, and some of the theologians, among others, Giovanni da Fabriano, who died the same year that Laura died, have written treatises to reconcile the doctrines of Plato with the Bible. The friars turned them to good account, and, in citing the example of celebrated poets, preached that the souls of deceased ladies would be more readily received into heaven, if it were appeased by the charities and prayers of their lovers "Francesco Petrarch, who is still living," says a Dominican preacher, "had a spiritual mistress, to whom he owes all his glory, and since her death he has spent so much in charities to the church

for masses that, if she had lived as a profligate woman, they would have redeemed her from the hands of the devil, but it is said that she died devout " Thus philosophy and religion conspired with the chivalrous manners of the times to flatter and embellish the most irresistible of all human propensities. Facility in yielding to love was the least equivocal mark of a benevolent mind. Constancy, disinterestedness, and submission to the sex, were the most certain pledge of military valor and of heroism. Beautiful poetry was proof, not of the genius of the poet, but of the force of the passion by which he was inspired. Beauty, rank, the domestic virtues, had no merit, except as they were celebrated by the adoration of a lover and the passion of a poet. In the time of Petrarch, Agnese de Navarre, Comtesse de Foix, wrote some love-verses to Guillaume de Machaut, a French poet. He became jealous, and she sent her own confessor to him, to complain of the injustice of his suspicions, and to swear that she was still faithful to him. She also required her lover to write and publish in verse the history of their love, and she preserved at the same time, in the eyes of her husband and of the world, the character of a virtuous princess. The reputation, and perhaps the virtue, of the fair sex were protected by the Courts of Love, which were held for two ages throughout France. They were at once the schools and the tribunals, where the prizes were decreed to the best poets and the most faithful lovers, where problems of gallantry were solved, where proceedings were instituted and individuals condemned. There the ladies officiated as judges, and from them there was no appeal. In spite



of the ridicule that attaches to such an institution, vanity and fashion made these tribunals (over which princesses sometimes presided, and in which husbands were not permitted to complain of the indifference of their wives) to be sought after and feared. The Comtesse de Champagne, daughter of Louis le Jeune, decided in her tribunal "In love, all is done through tenderness, in marriage, through necessity, consequently love cannot exist between married persons." The Queen to whom an appeal was made against such decisions, replied, "Heaven forbid that we should be bold enough to contradict the Comtesse de Champagne."

It was in the midst of France, in the town where these customs and institutions were popular, and at the epoch when the Jeux Floreaux began to be celebrated in honor of the poets inspired by love—it was with a mind busied with the speculations that ancient philosophy had spread abroad, which the poetry of Italy had already adorned, and which religion had sanctified—it was with a disposition virtuous but restless, and impatient for renown, with an imagination wandering in quest of a happiness independent of the instability of fortune, that Petrarch, at the age of twenty-three years, became enamored of Laura, who had then hardly completed her nineteenth year. Having met her eyes for the first time in a church, he followed her in the street, still thinking of their uncommon radiance and beauty, and gazing at a distance at the grace of her carriage, and at her hair falling in a rich profusion of ringlets on her neck.

Poets, antiquaries, and travelers of all nations, among others the Archbishop Beccadelli, with Cardinal Sado-

leto, and Cardinal Pole, then the legate of the province, searched through the country without finding out who Laura was, or whether she had ever existed. Meanwhile, innumerable writers published each an account of Petrarch and Laura, which at once augmented the stock of fiction under the mask of history and carried away the generality of readers. The Abbé de Sade, about the year 1760, in examining his family archives at Avignon, brought to light some old testaments and contracts, which, strengthened by many allusions in the works of Petrarch, led to the conclusion admitted as undeniable even by his Italian opponents. "That Laura was the daughter of Audibert de Noves, and was married in her eighteenth year to Hugh de Sade; and that Petrarch became acquainted with her about two years after her marriage." Those who are still anxious to preserve the poet from the imputation of having sighed for the wife of another, reject the authority of documents; nay, a Scotch critic contends that an abbreviation, to be found in a Latin manuscript, in which Petrarch says of Laura, *Corpus ejus crebris PTBS exhaustum*, should be interpreted *perturbationibus*—and if so, we might imagine that the constitution of Laura had sunk under frequent afflictions. But the more direct interpretation of PTBS is *partibus*, and the words *crebris*, *corpus exhaustum*, combine more grammatically and more logically with it, to express that her constitution was exhausted by frequent child-bearing. The terms *Mulier* and *Femina*, by which her lover continually designates her in Latin, instead of *Virgo* and *Puella* and those of *Donna* and *Madonna* in Italian, signify more properly a married woman.

*Donna* is also a general term, and being derived from *Domina*, it is, in poetry, an appellation of respect. but when it is opposed to *Giovine*, or *Vergine*, or *Donzella*, it signifies strictly a married woman, and the poet says of Laura,

*La bella giovinetta ch' ora e donna*

It appears that in conversing with her lover she mentioned with candor and delicacy the beauties of her youth, and the curiosity and envy they excited. Her painters, however, owing perhaps to the infancy of their art, seem to have been little inspired with her beauty. To judge by Laura's early portraits, a polished forehead, with black eyes, contrasted with a fair complexion and golden hair, were the only rare ornaments she had received from nature. Besides the want of harmony in their proportions, her features betray the conceit and the archness of a French countenance, enlivened neither with the attractive warmth of the Italians nor the cheerful serenity of the English beauties. Her lover, having never exactly described her, affords to the admirers of his poetry the pleasure of imagining Laura according to their own taste, and of estimating her personal endowments more by their effects than by a distinct idea of their character. From some touches here and there in the different writings of Petrarch, it appears that her figure was less embellished with regularity and dignity than with a graceful elegance. Her more powerful charms were derived from her sighs and her smiles, from the melody of her voice, from the sweet eloquence of her eyes, and, above all, from the natural mobility of her countenance, on which the mystery of an habitual

thoughtfulness was increased by the sudden succession of animation and paleness

Petrarch's person, if we trust his biographers, "was so striking with beauties as to attract universal admiration" They represent him "with large and manly features, eyes full of fire, a blooming complexion, and a countenance that bespoke all the genius and fancy that shone forth in his works" Possibly Petrarch was not over-vain of his exterior endowments, though it does not appear that modesty had ever interfered with his self-appreciation. "Without being uncommonly handsome," says he, in the Letter to Posterity, "my person had something agreeable in it in my youth. My complexion was a clear and lively brown; my eyes were animated, my hair had grown gray before I was twenty-five, and I consoled myself for a defect that I shared in common with many of the great men of antiquity—for Cæsar and Virgil were gray-headed in youth, and I had a venerable air, which I was by no means very proud of" He then was miserable if a lock of his hair was out of order, he was studious of ornamenting his person with the nicest clothes, and to give a graceful form to his feet he pinched them in shoes that put his nerves and sinews to the rack

His youthful propensities to love were cherished by a too early belief that fortune, fame, and the world are unworthy friends, and that he could not find happiness but in the interchange of warm and generous feelings with a very few persons He was born in 1304, at Arezzo, while his family was in banishment from Florence, having forfeited its property by the violence of a victorious faction,

backed by the dark process of an inquisitorial tribunal. His parents sought refuge at Avignon, in the hope of providing for their children in the court of the Pope. Petrarch lost them both in his twenty-second year, and being no longer bound to study for their support, he abandoned all legal pursuits, and the trade of "selling words and lies." His soul revolted at the idea of acquiring a science that would have reduced him to the dilemma, "either of becoming a rich rogue, or of being laughed at by the world for an honest madman, who had conceived the vain project of reconciling law, fortune, and conscience." The young man, therefore, had recourse to the priestly habit, exposing, however, the profligacy of the ministers of God, despising preferment in a polluted church, lamenting and groaning that he had no country but the land of his exile. As he was at once very poor and high-minded, the distressing conviction of the sudden reverses, of the humiliating and often useless cares, and of the final vanity of human life, carried him away through ideal worlds, exclaiming at the same time "that this also was vanity and vexation of spirit." To muse and prey upon his illusions and feelings constituted his earliest, as well as his latest occupation—

The neighbors stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad  
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad  
For in his youth Petrarch mistrusted his own powers,  
and felt himself so dismayed by the immensity, the uncertainty, and the insufficiency of all human knowledge, that he was on the point of abandoning letters for ever, and implored the advice of a friend more advanced in years "Shall I quit study? shall I enter into another

course? Have pity on me, my father" A few months after the date of his letter began his acquaintance with Laura "Why wonder," says he, "at a sudden conflagration, when fuel needs only the spark?"

The collection of his verses, compared with his correspondence, and such of his writings as he did not intend should become public, affords the progressive interest of a narrative, in which we always identify the poet and the man, for he was careful in arranging his pieces according to the order of time, and often alludes to the occasion that gave them birth. Indeed, many of the circumstances are so trifling in themselves, and poetical ornaments are so skilfully employed to conceal domestic events, that they hardly arrest the attention of readers warmed by the ardor of the sentiments, dazzled by the brilliance of the images, astonished by the elevation of the conceptions, and led on by the variety and melody of the versification.

At first Petrarch saw in Laura only the most beautiful of women, one whom he was destined to love, and who inspired and ennobled his talents. He coveted glory only as it might secure her esteem and affection, and he hoped to have found happiness on earth.\* He next discovered in her the form and the virtue of an angel—that his love burned only to enlighten and purify his heart, to fix his mind, to harmonize those faculties that would otherwise have been a prey to perpetual perturbation,

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\*In his Dialogues with St. Augustine, a book in which he has poured out all his feelings, and which he entitled *The Secret Conflict of his Cares*, he confesses that he was more ardent in his desire of the Laurel Crown, on account of its affinity to the name of Laura.

to lift his desires and thoughts toward heaven, and, that he might raise her above every earthly idea, he never explicitly mentions that she was bound to partake the bed of another. At last, however, he felt and confessed "that she was a woman, that he doated upon her form; that she was the only one that ever had appeared a woman in his eyes," and he was burning "with envy, jealousy, and love." He envied Pygmalion, "who could animate with soul and love the statue made by his own hands." But at the same time he seems to be aware that the fairest portion of his life was wasted in the superstitious worship of a deity that possibly deserved to be cast down upon the earth whence his fatal fancy had raised it. He calls "the loftiness of Laura, pride, and her aversion to every sort of baseness, affectation and prudery." The illusions of a pure passion are succeeded by the desires of an impatient love, which escape in expressions and lines too plain to be quoted, and which are not ordinarily observed, because Petrarch is traditionally read with sentimental prepossession. He was admitted but rarely into the house of Laura, and not till several years after their first meeting. "I grow old," says he, "and she grows old. I begin to despond, and yet it appears to me that time wears away slowly, till we may be permitted to be together without the fear that we should be lost."

He now and then insinuates that he was justified in entertaining expectations which were often flattered and always disappointed. Yet even from these passages it is not easy to determine what were Laura's real feelings, and it would seem that his own ardent wishes induced

him to infer from some designed or tender expression of the eye, a promise which never escaped her lips

One of his sonnets might serve well for an artist to represent Petrarch and Laura at the moment that he is taking leave of her for a long time Her countenance is obscured by her usual veil, and modesty and elevation of mind, tenderness, melancholy, mystery, and coquetry, are so interwoven, as not to leave very discernible the real state of her heart, while upon the countenance of her lover predominate the ecstasy of passion and the intensity of the illusion by which he thinks he reads clearly in the eyes of Laura sentiments invisible to all around

A tender paleness stealing o'er her cheek  
Veil'd her sweet smile as 'twere a passing cloud,  
And such pure dignity of love avow'd  
That in my eyes my full soul strove to speak  
Then knew I how the spirits of the blest  
Communion hold in heaven, so beamed serene  
That pitying thought, by every eye unseen  
Save mine, wont ever on her charms to rest  
Each grace angelic, each meek glance humane,  
That love e'er to his fairest votaries lent,  
By this were deem'd ungentle cold disdain!  
Her lovely looks, with sadness downward bent,  
In silence to my fancy seemed to say,  
Who calls my faithful friend so far away?

The impatience of seeing Laura exaggerated to his fancy the distress in which he had abandoned her, but he had hardly returned, when he again met with the same cold reception, which compelled him to groan, to fret, to fear the contempt of the world, to depart once more, and to conceal the humiliation and agonies of his unrewarded love in the hermitage of Vaucluse



That it is possible to give rein to the imagination, without alluring the mind into a labyrinth of errors and sorrows, is a position frequently maintained from the example of Petrarch and Laura, by those who have not as yet made the experiment upon themselves, and by those who wish to drive others out of the asylum either of tranquillity or of innocence—intending perhaps to teach them that virtue ought to be acquired by the sacrifice of our dearest inclinations—or, which is oftener the case, with a tardy and everlasting repentance

The notion, however, that Laura had not always been inexorable is equally popular, especially with that portion which is at once the less courted and the more alarmed of the fair sex. It has its foundation upon those romantic traditions also which poets and travelers are eager to adopt. The inhabitants of the neighborhood of Vaucuse point out the height where Laura's château was situated, from which she could converse with her lover by signals. The Abbé Delille discovers the very grotto that afforded a secret retreat, and the tree that lent its shade to this happy couple.

Petrarch's own confession will never set this old question at rest. But as to meeting Laura at Vaucuse, he retired there, "in the hope," as he says, "to extinguish by solitude and study the flame that was consuming me. Unfortunate wretch! the remedy only served to aggravate the disease. My meditations were about her alone whom I wished to avoid." In another letter from Vaucuse he writes: "Here my eyes, which have dwelt too much on beauty at Avignon, can perceive nothing but the heavens, the rocks, and the waters. Here I am at

variance with all my senses Melodious words no longer delight my ears—I hear nothing but the lowing of cattle On one side are the birds warbling—on the other are the waters roaring or murmuring Nothing can be more agreeable—nothing more uncommon than my two gardens I am angry that there should be anything like them out of Italy But the vicinity of Avignon poisons all” “When I think of her—and when is it that I do not think of her?—I look around my solitude, my eyes bathed in tears I feel that I am one of those unfortunate beings whose passion can feed on memory alone, who has no consolation but his tears, but who still desires to weep alone ”

Petrarch's house has disappeared, nor can his frequent descriptions help antiquaries to discover the site of his gardens, but the valley of Vaucluse is one of those works of nature that five centuries have been unable to disturb On leaving Avignon the eye of the traveler reposes on an expanse of beautiful meadow till he arrives on a plain varied by numerous vineyards At a short distance the hills begin to ascend, covered with trees, which are reflected on the Sorga, the waters of which are so limpid, their course so rapid, and their sounds so soft, that the poet describes them truly when he says, they are liquid crystal, the murmurs of which mingle with the songs of birds to fill the air with harmony Its banks are covered with aquatic plants, and in those places where the falls or the rapidity of the current prevents their being distinguished, it seems to roll over a bed of green marble Nearer the source, the soil is sterile, and as the channel grows narrow, the

waves break against the rocks, and roll in a torrent of foam and spray, glittering with the reflection of the prismatic colors On advancing still farther up the river, the traveler finds himself inclosed in a semicircular recess, formed by rocks inaccessible on the right, and abrupt and precipitous on the left, rising into obelisks, pyramids, and every fantastic shape, and from the midst of them descend a thousand rivulets The valley is terminated by a mountain, perpendicularly scarped from the top to the bottom, and through a natural porch of concentric arches he enters a vast cavern, the silence and darkness of which are interrupted only by the murmuring and sparkling of the waters in a basin, which forms the principal source of the Sorga This basin, the depth of which never has been fathomed, overflows in spring and sends forth its waters with such impetuosity as to force them through a fissure in the top of the cavern, at an elevation of nearly a hundred feet on the mountain, whence they precipitate themselves from height to height in cascades, sometimes showing, and sometimes concealing, in their foam the huge masses of rock that they hurry along The roar of the torrents never ceases during the long rains, while it seems as if the rocks themselves were dissolved away, and the thunder re-echoed from cavern to cavern The awful solemnity of this spectacle is varied by the rays of the sun, which toward evening particularly displays its various tints on the cascades After the dog-days the rocks become arid and black, the basin resumes its level, and the valley returns to a profound stillness

Solitude, which leads impassioned minds to dream over

all the excesses of sorrow and joy, only increased the disturbed thoughts of Petrarch. The picturesque beauty of the scenery and the tranquillity of a heremitic life charmed his eyes, and elevated his mind toward heaven. The birds, the flowers, the fountains, and every object that he thought destined by nature to be happy, "conversed with him of love."

Whenever he endeavored to fix his thoughts on the contemplation of the real condition of his life, his sorrow became only more intense. "My imagination leads me from dream to dream, from mountain to mountain. I hate every spot that is inhabited by man, it is only by engraving on the rocks, and in exhausting myself by fatigue—it is only in the obscurity of the forest that I can find a moment of repose. At every step my thoughts fluctuate between hope and despair, and I should become a prey to uncertainty if ever I became happy—but how, and when?"

"I shall not be believed, yet what I relate has frequently happened. Often in retired spots, when I fancied myself alone, I have seen her appear from the trunk of a tree, from the mouth of a cavern, from a cloud, from I know not where—fear fixed me to the spot—I knew not what became of me, nor where to go." At other times the same illusion would delight him even to ecstasy, and he would fancy himself amidst the eternal joys of paradise, when in his imagination his eyes met the eyes of Laura, and he saw them brighten with a smile of love—

*Pace tranquilla, senza alcuna affanno  
Simile a quella ch' è nel cielo eterna,  
Move dal loro innamorata riso.*

In one of those moments of beatific entrancement, he sees Laura rise from the clear waters of the Sorga, repose on its banks, or walk on its waves "I see her everywhere and always lovely, so that, if I could perpetuate this sweet delusion, I should seek no other happiness on earth" But the night dissipated these visions.

When night has closed around,  
Yet has the wanderer found  
A short but deep forgetfulness at last  
Of every woe, and every labor past  
But ah! my grief, that with each moment grows,  
As fast and yet more fast  
Day urges on, is heaviest at its close

As soon as his imagination was surrounded by silence and darkness, the very object that it had delighted to decorate and adorn during the day, was clothed with terror, and he frequently saw Laura in the night, and his limbs were chilled with fear "I arose, trembling, with the earliest dawn to quit a house where everything inspired me with terror I climbed the heights, I trod the woods, looking on every side to see if the image that had disturbed my repose followed my steps I could feel myself nowhere in safety" This is a passage from one of his Latin works, and when he expresses the same in Italian, a single line is sufficient to touch the feelings of every reader that has experienced violent passions in solitude,

*Tal paura ho di ritrovarmi solo!*

The need of consolation forced him to seek refuge even among those persons whom he despised, and love carried him away to Avignon only that he might go

back again suddenly to Vacluse. He left France, and returned after a few months. He undertook distant journeys, and endeavored to forget Laura by long absence, and during these fits of indignation and shame he thought that a less Platonic attachment might put an end to the servitude in which his mind was held. "It was no more to be hoped that I could be delivered by mere chance." He had then a natural son, and, after some years, a daughter, but he protested that, in spite of these irregularities, he never loved any one but Laura. "I always felt," says he, "the unworthiness of my inclinations, and at my fortieth year retain them no more than if I had never seen any other woman, sane and robust, in the warmth and vigor of life, I have subdued so shameful a necessity." Even toward this period, which was near that of the death of Laura, neither the example of her virtue, nor his strong doubts of her being a heartless prude, were sufficient to heal his wound, and he opened his bleeding breast to his most intimate friends. "The day may perhaps come, when I shall have calmness enough to contemplate all the misery of my soul, to examine my passion, not however that I may continue to love her, but that I may love thee alone, O my God! But at this day, how many dangers have I yet to surmount, how many efforts have I yet to make, I no longer love as I did love, but still I love, I love in spite of myself, but I love in lamentations and in tears. I will not hate her, no, I must still love her." Seven years after the date of this letter the conflict had not ceased. "My love," he says, "is vehement, extreme, but exclusive and virtuous. No, this disquiet-

tude, these suspicions, these transports, this watchfulness, this delirium, this weariness of everything, are not the signs of a virtuous love."

Petrarch was in Italy when the plague, which in 1348 laid Europe waste, snatched away some of his dearest friends, and appalled him with the presage of a still greater calamity. "Formerly," says he, "when I quitted Laura, I saw her often in my dreams. It was a heavenly vision, which consoled me, but now it affrights me. I think I hear her say 'Dost thou remember the evening when, forced to quit thee, I left thee bathed in tears?' I then foresaw—but I could not—would not tell thee. I tell thee now, and thou mayest believe me—thou wilt see me no more on this earth'."

Two months afterward Laura died, in her fortieth year, and Petrarch wrote in a copy of Virgil this memorandum. "It was in the early days of my youth, on the 6th of April, in the morning, and in the year 1327, that Laura, distinguished by her own virtues, and celebrated in my verses, first blessed my eyes in the church of Santa Clara, at Avignon, and it was in the same city, on the 6th of the very same month of April, at the very same hour in the morning, in the year 1348, that this bright luminary was withdrawn from our sight, when I was at Verona, alas! ignorant of my calamity. The remains of her chaste and beautiful body were deposited in the church of the Cordeliers, on the evening of the same day. To preserve the afflicting remembrance, I have taken a bitter pleasure in recording it particularly in this book which is most frequently before my eyes, in order that nothing in this world may have any fur-

ther attraction for me, that this great attachment to life being dissolved, I may by frequent reflection, and a proper estimation of our transitory existence, be admonished that it is high time for me to think of quitting this earthly Babylon, which I trust it will not be difficult for me, with a strong and manly courage, to accomplish "

Laura, independently of the influence of love, had over Petrarch that ascendancy which every person that acts invariably with calmness, must acquire over impassioned characters Her religious sentiments were marked by more serenity and confidence than those of her lover In all her actions her self-possession appears rather natural than forced Her conversation is full of that sweetness, that discretion and that good sense which form a triumphant contrast with the enthusiasm of the poet. She always seems to think that modesty and her own esteem are the most beautiful ornaments of a woman Petrarch speaks often of her noble birth, and from the costliness and elegance of her dress it appears that she possessed a fortune equal to her rank But she did not wish to live too much noticed in the world Proud as she was of the affection she had deserved, and of the celebrity it had given her, she was more devoted to the cares of her family than to literature and poetry Her domestic situation, however, was not happy, for her husband, whom she made her heir, leaving to his care three sons and six daughters, married again in seven months, while he was still in mourning for her Although Petrarch occasionally fancied it so strongly as to make the readers of his poetry believe that she really loved him, he is by far more explicit when he tells that



it has ever been the only one impenetrable secret of the breast of Laura, and indeed it was buried with her. The soft and pensive character of her countenance expressed a mind capable of great suffering without complaining.

We are sensible of exaggeration when Petrarch describes Laura as "sent upon the earth to assure mankind of the existence of the angels in heaven," still if, as he often believed, a real passion preyed upon her heart, and she was making a daily sacrifice of herself and her lover to her duties, the persevering silence of Laura, and the alternate appearances of severity and fondness toward Petrarch, ought to be ascribed less to artifice than to her constant efforts to conceal feelings that she might apprehend were dangerous to disclose, but that it was not in her power to conquer. "Hence I console myself, and prefer sufferings for such a woman to the possession of any other."

But this is the supposition of a lover, for passion and reason, though they at first meet in our mind as friends, seldom reign together with equality of power, and in a short time the one must inevitably yield to the dictatorship of the other. That in twenty years, love should not have been subdued by resolute virtue, nor virtue overpowered by love, is a phenomenon that can be conceived only as among the ideal possibilities. It seems, however, very consistent with the frequent contradictions of human nature to suppose that Laura, without loving the man, cherished the passion she had inspired. There is a keen gratification in the consciousness of possessing charms that are fatal to their admirers, it tempts even

the best-natured persons, because it is softened with a kind feeling of pity for the sufferers Like Eve looking into the lake of Paradise,

I started back,  
It started back but pleased I soon returned,  
Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks  
Of sympathy and love,

her daughters frequently delight to search in the heart of their lover for the reflection of their own image only Enthusiasm for a distinguished man, need of sentimental diversions from the monotony of a lonely life, imperious necessity of being loved, which perhaps is the only pleasure constantly sought by men and women, and which is indispensable to the sex that stands naturally in need of the support of the stronger, and lastly, the habitual sense of religion and modesty, strengthened by the fear of public opinion, and exalted by an earnest wish of perfecting the moral habits of the lover, and of changing his passion to a lasting friendship—all these sensations, and perhaps many more, acting at the same time, tempting and flattering one another, are so blended as to keep women in a condition of mind which they frequently mistake for a pure and serious attachment Thus Laura's love

Was but a lambent flame which played about her breast  
For, showing constantly a generous kindness to Petrarch, she never exposed her virtue, while by the best calculated diplomacy of coquetry, without once committing her secret, she was ever successful in keeping alive and disappointing the hope of her lover, and she justified herself with the belief that, by the example of

her chastity, she guided him on the way to heaven. In deed, by checking his warm inclination to sensual indulgences, and by exalting his religious principles, her conduct proved beneficial to him. But he was also disposed to a morbid sensibility, a disease peculiar to men of genius, which, whenever it is embittered by protracted misfortunes or lingering passions, never fails to degenerate into a hopeless consumption of mind.

He endured for twenty-one years the misery of at once adoring and suspecting the human being that he believed to be the only one that was essential to his happiness—a perplexity that wears to death, and humbles before his own eyes every man who

Is of a constant, loving, noble nature

For these are the very characters that nature has doomed to raging passion, while very few, even among them, have received in compensation the fortitude of being so inexorable against their own deepest affections as at any rate to cut out by the root that ulcer which men in general only feed and foster by the temporizing remedies they apply. It appears that Petrarch was pleased with exerting his courage in sustaining a long war with his own hopes and fears, and that he never enjoyed the pleasure of a mind that, smiling at the allurements of hope, and scorning the commiseration of men, measures all the extent of its sorrow, and bears it unshaken by the fluctuation of doubts and illusions. Petrarch, on the contrary, felt always a kind of necessity of attracting by all means the sympathy of the world, and the wretchedness that is encouraged by such

a vanity is utterly incapable of self-consolation. A refined mind, agitated by a natural quickness of sensations habitually uncontrolled, made him dread and wish by turns the possession of Laura. His passion was protracted by that unmanly irresolution which was the real source of his misery and lamentations, and afforded to Laura the best means of preserving both her lover and her virtue. While he was aware "of the madness and humiliation of loving without being loved," he still entertained the conviction, "that there does not exist a breast so heartless that might not be moved by constant entreaties and tears."

With that declaration ends the poetry that he wrote during the life of Laura. Her beauty had long since yielded more to infirmity than to age. She was hardly thirty-five when Petrarch wrote in one of his most serious works, "If I had loved her person only, I should have changed long since." His friends wondered that a beauty so withered should continue to inspire so ardent an attachment. "What does it signify," answered Petrarch, "that the bow can no longer wound, since its mortal blow has been already inflicted?"

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?  
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear  
That which disfigures it

When she disappeared forever from his eyes, melancholy sensations had long become habitual to him

And roused to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe

In the ten following years he wrote the second part of his love-poetry, where he describes Laura as sometimes

appearing to him in the middle of the night, at other times he "dissolves into ecstasies," and brings "the third heaven before his eyes," to contemplate the celestial beauties of Laura. Frequently he complains of the fatality that condemned him still to nourish his desires upon the dust of a shadow.

Again—"What art thou doing? why art thou still musing, O my disconsolate soul? Why dost thou persevere in looking back to the time that cannot return? Thou only addest fuel to the fire in which thou consumest. Let us seek heaven, since nothing pleases us on earth from the day that we saw that beauty which, living and dead, was destined to disturb our repose." And the doubt whether he had ever been loved, or had been always deluded by Laura, still continued to corrode his heart. More than twenty years after he had lost her, when he was himself on the brink of the grave, and when he was able to think of her with more composure, he drew from his memory a picture more distinct, though not perhaps perfectly true, of the heart, the principles, and the conduct of the woman who had made all the happiness and all the misery of his life.

He describes Laura descending from heaven on the dew, the night after she had left forever the miseries of the world. She appeared before her lover, stretched forth her hand, and sighing, said to him "Recognize the woman who, from the first moment that thy young heart knew her, withdrew thee from the path of the crowd. While my tears testified the sorrow her loss had occasioned me, 'Thou wilt never be happy,' said she, 'while thou art the slave of the world. To a pure mind, death

is emancipation from a dreary prison. My loss would give thee pleasure if thou knewest but a small portion of my happiness.' In uttering these words, she turned her eyes with religious gratitude toward heaven. She ceased, and I said to her 'Do not the weight of infirmities and the tortures invented by tyrants, sometimes embitter the agonies of death?' 'I cannot deny,' said she, 'that death is preceded by acute suffering and by the dread of eternity, but if we place our trust in God, it is but as a sigh. In the flower of my youth, when thou lovedst me the most, life had its greatest charm for me, but when I quitted it I felt the gayety of one who leaves the place of his exile to return to his home. I felt no sorrow except pity for thee.'"

"'Ah' but tell me," said I, 'in the name of that fidelity which you formerly knew, and which you now know more certainly in the presence of that Being from whom nothing is hidden, tell me, was the pity which you felt for me inspired by love?'"

"I had hardly uttered these words when I perceived her countenance illumined by that heavenly smile which had ever shed serenity over my sorrows, and she sighed. 'Thou hast always possessed my affection,' said she, 'and thou always wilt possess it, but I have deemed it right to temper thy passion by the sternness of my looks. A mother never loves her child more dearly than when she seems to chide it. How often have I said to myself, "He is consumed by a raging fire, and I must not therefore let him know what is passing in my heart." Alas! we are little capable of such efforts when we ourselves love and yet fear. But it was by these means only that

we could preserve our honor and save our souls How often have I feigned anger while love was struggling in my heart When I saw thee sinking beneath despondency, I gave thee a look of consolation, I spoke to thee The grief and the dread that I felt must have altered the tone of my voice, and thou must have perceived it At other times thou wert carried away by rage, and I could control thee by severity only These are the expedients, these are the arts I have practised. It was by this alteration of kindness and of rigor that I conducted thee sometimes happy, sometimes unhappy, wearied in truth, but still I conducted thee till there is no more any danger I have saved us both, and my happiness is the greater that I have'

"My tears flowed fast while she spoke, and I answered her, trembling, that I should be rewarded if I might dare to believe her She interrupted me, and her face reddened as she said. 'O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt' My tongue shall never reveal whether thou hast been as dear to my eyes as to my heart. But in nothing have I delighted more than in thy love, and in the immortality thou hast given to my name All that I required of thee was to moderate thy excess In endeavoring to tell me the secret of thy soul, thou openedst it to all the world Thence arose my coldness The more thou calledst aloud for pity, the more was I constrained by modesty and fear to be silent There has been little difference in our sympathy, except that the one proclaimed, and the other concealed it But complaint does not embitter sufferings, nor does silence soften them'"

They continue this conversation, and Petrarch dwells with some complacency on the merit of his poetry, while Laura is unable to conceal that jealousy which, although it springs immediately out of selfishness and envy, is always mistaken for the inseparable effect of the deepest attachment "I would have desired," she said, "to have been born near thy beautiful country, however, that land in which I have been fortunate enough to please thee ought to seem fair in my eyes Haply that heart whose devotion to me alone is my unfailing delight, would have felt for others "

"O no!" I cried, "the rolling spheres above  
That kindled first the nascent spark to love,  
Whatever clime your heavenly presence owned,  
Had led me there by sacred instinct bound "

"Whate'er you think, the honor all was mine,"  
The vision answered with a smile divine,  
"But heedless how the blissful moments fly,  
You see not how Aurora climbs the sky!"

Her lover then asked her whether it would be long before he should rejoin her Laura departed, saying "As far as it is permitted me to know, thou wilt remain long upon earth without me " Petrarch survived Laura twenty-six years.





## DANTE AND PETRARCH

**T**HE excess of erudition in the age of Leo the Tenth carried the refinements of criticism so far as even to prefer elegance of taste to boldness of genius. The laws of the Italian language were thus deduced, and the models of poetry selected, exclusively from the works of Petrarch, who being then proclaimed superior to Dante, the sentence remained, until our times, unreversed. Petrarch himself mingles Dante indiscriminately with others eclipsed by his own fame.

Salute, I pray thee, in the sphere of love,  
Guitton, my master Cino, Dante too,  
Our Franceschin, all that blest band above  
Thus while my gazing eyes around me rove,  
I saw upon a slope of flowery green  
Many that held their sweet discourse of love  
Here Dante and his Beatrice, there were seen  
Selvaggia and Cino of Pistoia, there  
Guitton the Aretine, and the high-priz'd pair,  
The Guidi, and Onesto these among,  
And all the masters of Sicilian song

Boccaccio, discouraged by the reputation of these two great masters, determined to burn his own poetry. Petrarch diverted him from this purpose, writing in a tone of humility somewhat inconsistent with the character of a man who was not naturally a hypocrite. "You are a philosopher and a Christian," says he, "and yet you are discontented with yourself for not being an illustrious poet! Since another has occupied the first place, be sat-

isfied with the second, and I will take the third " Boccaccio, perceiving the irony and the allusion, sent Dante's poem to Petrarch, and entreated that "he would not disdain to read the work of a great man, from whom exile and death, while he was still in the vigor of life, had snatched the laurel " "Read it, I conjure you, your genius reaches to the heavens, and your glory extends beyond the earth but reflect that Dante is our fellow-citizen, that he has shown all the force of our language, that his life was unfortunate, that he undertook and suffered everything for glory, and that he is still pursued by calumny and by envy in the grave If you praise him, you will do honor to him, you will do honor to yourself, you will do honor to Italy. of which you are the greatest glory and the only hope "

Petrarch, in his answer, is angry that he can be considered jealous of the celebrity of a poet "whose language is coarse, though his conceptions are lofty " "You must hold him in veneration and in gratitude, as the first light of your education, while I never saw him but once, at a distance, or rather he was pointed out to me, while I was still in my childhood He was exiled on the same day with my father, who submitted to his misfortunes and devoted himself solely to the care of his children The other, on the contrary, resisted, followed the path he had chosen, thought only of glory, and neglected everything else If he were still alive, and his character were as congenial to mine as his genius is, he would not have a better friend than I " This letter, lengthened out by contradictions, ambiguities, and indirect apologies, points out the individual by circumlocutions, as if the

name were withheld through caution or through awe. Some maintain that Dante is not referred to, but the authentic list still existing, of the Florentines banished on the 27th of January 1302, contains the names of Dante and the father of Petrarch, and that of no other person to whom it is possible to apply any one of the circumstances mentioned in the letter, while each and all of them apply strictly to Dante.

These two founders of Italian literature were gifted with a very different genius, pursued different plans, established two different languages and schools of poetry, and have exercised till the present time a very different influence. Instead of selecting, as Petrarch does, the most elegant and melodious words and phrases, Dante often creates a new language, and summons all the various dialects of Italy to furnish him with combinations that might represent, not only the sublime and beautiful, but even the commonest scenes of nature, all the wild conceptions of his fancy, the most abstract theories of philosophy, and the most abstruse mysteries of religion. A simple idea, a vulgar idiom, takes a different color and a different spirit from their pen. The conflict of opposite purposes thrills in the heart of Petrarch, and battles in the brain of Dante. Tasso expressed it with that dignity from which he never departs.

*In gran tempesta di pensieri ondeggia*

Yet not only does this betray an imitation of the *magno curarum fluctuat aestu* of Virgil, but Tasso, by dreading the energy of the idiom *sì e no*, lost, as he too often loses, the graceful effect produced by ennobling a vulgar phrase—an artifice that in the pastoral of *Aminta* he

has most successfully employed His notion of epic style was so refined that, while he regarded Dante as "the greatest poet of Italy," he often asserted, "had he not sacrificed dignity and elegance, he would have been the first of the world " No doubt Dante sometimes sacrificed even decorum and perspicuity, but it was always to impart more fidelity to his pictures, or more depth to his reflections He says to himself

Speak, and be brief, be subtle in thy words

He says to his reader

Now rest thee, reader, on thy bench, and muse  
Anticipative of the feast to come,  
So shall delight make thee not feel thy toil  
Lo! I have set before thee, for thyself  
Feed now

As to their versification, Petrarch attained the main object of erotic poetry, which is, to produce a constant musical flow in strains inspired by the sweetest of human passions Dante's harmony is less melodious, but is frequently the result of more powerful art

Oh! had I rough hoarse thunder in my verse,  
To match this gulf of woe on all sides round  
O'erbrow'd by rocks then dreadfully should roar  
The mighty torrent of my song Such powers  
I boast not, but with shuddering awe attempt  
The solemn theme The world's extremest depth  
Requires no infant babbling, but the choir  
Of tuneful virgins to assist my strain,  
By whose symphonious aid Amphion raised  
The Theban walls, but truth shall guide my tongue

Here the poet evidently hints that to give color and strength to ideas by the sound of words is one of the necessary requisites of the art His first six lines are made rough by a succession of consonants But when

he describes a quite different subject, the words are more flowing with vowels

O wearied spirits! come, and hold discourse  
With us, if by none else restrained As doves  
By fond desire invited, on wide wings  
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,  
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along

This translator, Cary, frequently contravenes the position of his author, who, chiefly depending upon the effect of his versification, says, that "nothing harmonized by musical enchainment can be transmuted from one tongue into another without destroying all its sweetness and harmony" The plan of Dante's poem required that he should pass from picture to picture, from passion to passion He varies the tone in the different scenes of his journey as rapidly as the crowd of specters flitted before his eyes, and he adapts the syllables and the cadences of each line in such an artful manner as to give energy, by the change of his numbers, to the images that he intended to represent For in the most harmonious lines there is no poetry if they fail to excite that glow of rapture, that exquisite thrill of delight, which arises from the easy and simultaneous agitation of all our faculties This the poet achieves by powerful use of imagery

Images in poetry work upon the mind according to the process of nature herself, first, they gain upon our senses, then touch the heart, afterward strike our imagination, and ultimately imprint themselves upon our memory, and call forth the exertion of our reason, which consists mainly in the examination and comparison of our sensations This process, indeed, goes on so rapidly

as to be hardly perceived, yet all the gradations of it are visible to those who have the power of reflecting upon the operations of their own minds. Thoughts are in themselves only the raw material: they assume one form or another, they receive brilliance and warmth, novelty and richness, according to the genius of the writer. It is by compressing them in an assemblage of melodious sounds, of warm feelings, of luminous metaphors, and of deep reasoning, that poets transform into living and eloquent images many ideas that lie dark and dumb in our mind, and it is by the magic presence of poetical images that we are suddenly and at once taught to feel, to imagine, to reason, and to meditate, with all the gratification, and with none of the pain, that commonly attends every mental exertion. The notion that "memory and the art of writing preserve all human knowledge," the notion that "hope forsakes not man even on the brink of the grave, and the expectations of the dying man are still kept alive by the prospect of a life hereafter," are truths most easy of comprehension, for they are forced upon us by every day's experience. Still, the abstract terms in which every general maxim must inevitably be involved are incapable of creating the simultaneous excitement by which all our faculties aid one another, as when the poet addresses Memory:

Ages and climes remote to thee impart  
What charms in genius, and refines in art,  
Thee, in whose hands the keys of science dwell,  
The pensive portress of her holy cell,  
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp  
Oblivion steals upon her vestal lamp—

with the metaphysical expressions of Genius, Art, Sci-

ence, are interwoven objects proper to affect the senses, so that the reader sees the maxim set before him as in a picture. By means of images only, poets can claim the merit of originality, for by the multiplied combination of very few notions, they produce novelty and form groups, which, though differing in design and character, all exhibit the same truth. The following Italian passage on Memory has not the slightest resemblance to the English lines, yet the diversity lies only in the varied combination of images—"The Muses sit by the tomb, and when Time's icy wing sweeps away alike the marble and the dust of man, with their song they cheer the desert waste, and harmony overcomes the silence of a thousand generations."

And what could be said of our expectations of immortality, which is not all contained and unfolded in this invocation to Hope?

Thou undismayed, shalt o'er the ruin smile,  
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile

Petrarch's images seem to be exquisitely finished by a very delicate pencil: they delight the eye rather by their coloring than by their forms. Those of Dante are the bold and prominent figures of an *alto rilievo*, which it seems we might almost touch, and of which the imagination readily supplies those parts that are hidden from view. The commonplace thought of the vanity of human renown is thus expressed by Petrarch

O blind of intellect! of what avail  
Are your long toils in this sublunar vale?  
Tell, ye benighted souls! what gains accrue  
From the sad task, which ceaseless ye pursue?  
Ye soon must mingle with the dust ye tread,  
And scarce your name upon a stone be read



and by Dante,

Your mortal fame is like the grass whose hue  
Doth come and go, by the same sun decayed,  
From which it life and health and freshness drew

The lines of Petrarch have the great merit of being more spirited, and of conveying more readily the image of the earth swallowing up the bodies and names of all men, but those of Dante, in spite of their stern profundity, have the greater merit of leading us on to ideas to which we should not ourselves have reached. While he reminds us that time, which is necessary for the consummation of all human glory, ultimately destroys it, the changing color of grass presents the revolutions of ages as the natural occurrence of a few moments. By mentioning "the great periods of time" an old English poet has lessened this very idea which he intended to magnify

I know that all beneath the moon decays,  
And what by mortals in this world is brought,  
In time's great periods shall return to nought  
I know that all the muse's heavenly lays,  
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,  
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,  
That there is nothing lighter than mere praise

Again, instead of the agency of time, Dante employs the agency of the sun, because, conveying to us a less metaphysical idea, and being an object more palpable to the senses, it abounds with more glorious and evident images, and fills us with greater wonder and admiration. Its application is more logical also, since every notion we have of time consists in the measure of it, which is afforded by the periodical revolutions of the sun

With respect to the different kinds of pleasure these two poets afford, it has been already remarked that Petrarch calls forth the sweetest sympathies and awakens the deepest emotions of the heart, and whether they be of a sad, or of a lively cast, we eagerly wish for them, because, the more they agitate us, the more strongly they quicken our consciousness of existence. Still, as we are perpetually striving against pain, and hurried on in the constant pursuit of pleasure, our hearts would sink under their own agitations, were they abandoned by the dreams of imagination with which we are providentially gifted to enlarge our stock of happiness and to gild with bright illusions the sad realities of life. Great writers alone can so control the imagination as to make it incapable of distinguishing these illusions from the reality. If, in a poem, the ideal and fanciful predominate, we may indeed be surprised for a moment, but can never be brought to feel for objects that either have no existence or are too far removed from our common nature, and on the other hand, if poetry dwell too much on realities, we soon grow weary, for we see them wherever we turn, they sadden each minute of our existence, they disgust us ever, because we know them even to satiety. Again, if reality and fiction be not intimately blended into one whole, they oppose and destroy each other. Petrarch does not afford many instances of so happy a combination of truth with fiction as when he describes Laura's features immediately after death

No earthy hue her pallid cheek displayed,  
But the pure snow—  
Like one recumbent from her toils she lay,  
Losing in sleep the labors of the day—

And from her parting soul a heavenly trace  
Seemed still to play upon her lifeless face,  
Where death enamored sat and smiled with angel grace

Had the translator kept closer in the last line to the original words, "Death seemed beautiful on the lovely features of Laura," he would have conveyed a higher and more credible notion of her beauty, and insensibly changed into an agreeable sensation the horror with which we regard a corpse. But "Death sitting enamored in Laura's face," exhibits no distinct image, unless it be that of the allegorical form of Death transmuted into an angel sitting upon the face of a woman—which affords a striking exemplification of the absurdities arising from the unskilful mixture of truth with fiction.

Petrarch often surrounds the reality with ideal decorations so luxuriantly that while we gaze at his images they disappear—

Obscured and lost in flood of golden light

And the poet by whom this line is suggested, justly remarks that "True taste is an excellent economist, and delights in producing great effects by small means." Dante selects the beauties that lie scattered throughout created Nature, and embodies them in one single subject. The artists who combined in the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de' Medici the various beauties observed in different individuals, produced forms that though strictly human, have an air of perfection not to be met with upon the earth. However, when contemplating them, we are led insensibly to indulge in the illusion that mankind may possess such heavenly beauty.

Here stand we, Love, our glory to behold—  
How, passing nature, lovely, high, and rare!  
Behold, what showers of sweetness falling there!  
What floods of light by heaven to earth unrolled!  
How shine her robes in purple, pearls, and gold  
So richly wrought, with skill beyond compare!  
How glance her feet! her beaming eyes how fair  
Through the dark cloister that these hills enfold!  
The verdant turf, and flowers of thousand hues  
Beneath yon oaks old canopy of state,  
Spring round her feet to pay their amorous duty  
The heavens, in joyful reverence, cannot choose  
But light up all their fires, to celebrate  
Her praise, whose presence charms their awful beauty

This description makes us long to find such a woman in the world, but while we admire the poet, and envy him the bliss of his amorous transports, we cannot but perceive that flowers "courting the tread of her foot," the sky that "grew more beautiful in her presence," the atmosphere that "borrowed new splendor from her eyes," are mere visions, which tempt us to embark with him in the pursuit of an unattainable chimæra. We are induced to think that Laura must have been endowed with more than human loveliness, since she was able to kindle her lover's imagination to such a degree of enthusiasm as to cause him to adopt such fantastic illusions, and we conceive the extremity of his passion, but cannot share his amorous ecstasies for a beauty we never beheld and never shall behold.

On the contrary, the beautiful maiden seen afar off by Dante, in a landscape of the terrestrial paradise, instead of appearing an imaginary being, seems to unite in herself all the attractions that are found in those lovely creatures we sometimes meet, whom we grieve

to lose sight of, and to whom fancy is perpetually recurring. The poet's picture recalls the original more distinctly to our memory, and enshrines it in our imagination.

I beheld

A lady all alone, who, singing, went,  
And culling flower from flower, wherewith her way  
Was all o'er painted "Lady beautiful!  
Thou, who (if looks, that used to speak the heart,  
Are worthy of our trust) with love's own beam  
Dost warm thee," thus to her my speech I framed,  
"Ah! please thee hither toward the streamlet bend  
Thy steps so near, that I may list thy song."  
As when a lady, turning in the dance,  
Doth foot it fealty, and advances scarce  
One step before the other to the ground,  
Over the yellow and vermilion flowers  
Thus turned she at my suit, most maiden-like,  
Veiling her sober eyes and came so near  
That I distinctly caught the dulcet sound

Such is the amazing power with which Dante mingles the realities of nature with ideal accessories, that he creates an illusion which no subsequent reflection is able to dissipate. All that grace and beauty, that warmth and light of love, that vivacity and cheerfulness of youth, that hallowed modesty of a virgin, which we observe, though separately and intermixed with defects, in different persons, are here concentrated into one alone, while her song, her dance, and her gathering of flowers, give life, and charm, and motion to the picture. To judge fairly between these two poets, it appears that Petrarch excels in awakening the heart to a deep feeling of its existence, Dante, in leading the imagination to add to the interest and novelty of nature. Probably a

genius never existed that enjoyed these two powers at once in a preeminent degree

As both these poets worked on plans suited to their respective talents, the result is two kinds of poetry, productive of opposite moral effects Petrarch makes us see everything through the medium of one predominant passion, habituates us to indulge in those propensities which, by keeping the heart in perpetual disquietude, paralyze intellectual exertion—entice us into a morbid indulgence of our feelings, and withdraw us from active life Dante, like all primitive poets, is the historian of the manners of his age, the prophet of his country, and the painter of mankind, and he calls into action all the faculties of our soul to reflect on the vicissitudes of the world He describes all passions, all actions—the charm and the horror of the most different scenes He places men in the despair of hell, in the hope of purgatory, and in the blessedness of paradise He observes them in youth, in manhood, and in old age He has brought together those of both sexes, of all religions, of all occupations, of different nations and ages, yet he never takes them in masses—he always presents them as individuals, speaks to every one of them, studies their words, and watches their countenances “I found,” says he, in a letter to Can della Scala, “the original of my Hell in the earth we inhabit” While he is describing the gloomy realms of death, Dante catches at every opportunity to bring us back to the familiar occupations and ordinary affections of the living world Perceiving at one time that the sun is about to quit our hemisphere, he breaks out into this strain—

'Twas now the hour when fond desire renews  
 To him who wanders o'er the pathless main,  
 Raising unbidden tears, the last adieus  
 Of tender friends, whom fancy shapes again,  
 When the late parted pilgrim thrills with thought  
 Of his loved home, if o'er the distant plain,  
 Perchance, his ears the village chimes have caught,  
 Seeming to mourn the close of dying day

There is a passage very like this in Apollonius Rhodius, whose many beauties, so admired in the imitations of Virgil, are seldom sought for in the original—

Night then brought darkness o'er the earth, at sea  
 The mariners their eyes from shipboard raised,  
 Fixed on the star Orion, and the Bear  
 The traveler, and the keeper of the gate,  
 Rocked with desire of sleep, and slumber now  
 Fell heavy on some mother, who had wept  
 Her children in the grave

By digressions similar to this, introduced without apparent art or effort, Dante interests us for all mankind, while Petrarch, being interested only about himself, alludes to men at sea at eventide, only to excite greater compassion for his own sufferings—

And in some sheltered bay, at evening's close,  
 The mariners their rude coats round them fold,  
 Stretched on the rugged plank in deep repose  
 But I, though Phœbus sink into the main  
 And leave Granada wrapt in night, with Spain,  
 Morocco, and the Pillars famed of old,  
 Though all of human kind  
 And every creature blest  
 All hush their ills to rest,  
 No end to my unceasing sorrows find,  
 And still the sad account swells day by day,  
 For since these thoughts on my lorn spirit prey,  
 I see the tenth year roll,  
 Nor hope of freedom springs in my desponding soul

Hence Petrarch's poetry wraps us in an idle melancholy, in the softest and sweetest visions, in the error of depending upon others' affection, and leads us vainly to run after perfect happiness, until we plunge headlong into that despair which ensues,

When Hope has fled affrighted from thy face,  
And giant Sorrow fills the empty place

Still, those who meet with this faith are comparatively very few, while far the greater number learn only from sentimental reading how to work more successfully upon impassioned minds, or to spread over vice a thicker cloak of hypocrisy. The number of Petrarch's imitators in Italy may be ascribed to the example of those Church dignitaries and learned men, who, to justify their commerce with the other sex, borrowed the language of Platonic love from his poetry. It is also admirably calculated for a Jesuits' college, since it inspires devotion, mysticism, and retirement, and enervates the minds of youth. But since the late revolutions have stirred up other passions, and a different system of education has been established, Petrarch's followers have rapidly diminished, and those of Dante have written poems more suited to rouse the public spirit of Italy. Dante applied his poetry to the vicissitudes of his own time, when liberty was making her dying struggle against tyranny, and he descended to the tomb with the last heroes of the middle age. Petrarch lived among those who prepared the inglorious heritage of servitude for the next fifteen generations.

Toward the decline of Dante's life the constitutions of the Italian States underwent a total and almost universal



change, in consequence of which a new character was suddenly assumed by men, manners, literature, and religion. The popes and emperors, by residing out of Italy, abandoned her to factions, which, having fought for independence or for power, continued to tear themselves to pieces through animosity, until they reduced their country to such a state of exhaustion as to make it an easy prey to demagogues, despots, and foreigners. The Guelphs were no longer sanctioned by the Church, in their struggle for popular rights against the feudatories of the empire. The Ghibellines no longer allied themselves to the emperors to preserve their privileges as great proprietors. Florence and other small republics, after extirpating their nobles, were governed by merchants, who, having neither ancestors to imitate, nor generosity of sentiment, nor a military education, carried on their intestine feuds by calumny and confiscation. Afraid of a domestic dictatorship, they opposed their external enemies by foreign leaders of mercenary troops, often composed of adventurers and vagabonds from every country, who plundered friends and foes alike, aggravated the discords of the nation and polluted its morals. French princes reigned at Naples, and, to extend their influence over the south of Italy, destroyed the very shadow of the imperial authority there by stimulating the Guelphs to all the extravagances of democracy. Meanwhile the nobles that upheld the Ghibelline faction in the north of Italy, being possessed of the wealth and strength of the country, continued to wage incessant civil wars, until they, with their towns and their vassals, were all subjected to the military

sway of the victorious leaders, who were often murdered by their own soldiers, and oftener by the heirs-apparent of their power. Venice alone, being surrounded by the sea, and consequently exempted from the danger of invasion, and from the necessity of confiding her armies to a single patrician, enjoyed an established form of government. Nevertheless, to preserve and extend her colonies and her commerce, she carried on, in the Mediterranean, a destructive contest with other maritime cities. The Genoese having lost their principal fleet, bartered their liberties with the tyrants of Lombardy, in exchange for assistance. They were thus enabled to gratify their hatred, and defeat the Venetians, who to repeat their attacks exhausted their resources, and both states now fought less for interest than for revenge. Petrarch's exhortations to peace were answered haughtily by the Doge Andrea Dandolo. Thus the Italians, though then the arbiters of the seas, weakened themselves to such a degree, by their blind animosities, that in the ensuing century Columbus was compelled to beg the aid of foreign princes to open that path of navigation which has utterly destroyed the commercial grandeur of Italy.

Meanwhile the popes and cardinals, vigilantly watched at Avignon, were sometimes the forced, and often the voluntary, abettors of French policy. The German princes, beginning to despise the Papal excommunication, refused either to elect emperors patronized by the Holy See, or to lead forth their subjects to the conquest of the Holy Land, a device by which, from the beginning of the twelfth to the end of the thirteenth century, all the armies of Europe had actually been at

the disposal of the popes. The wild and enterprising fanaticism of religion having thus ceased with the crusades, dwindled into a gloomy and suspicious superstition. New articles of belief, brought from the East, gave birth to new Christian sects. The circulation of the classics, the diffusion of a taste for Greek metaphysics, and the Aristotelian materialism, spread through Europe by the writings of Averroes, induced some of Dante's and Petrarch's contemporaries to doubt even the existence of God. It was then deemed expedient to maintain both the authority of the Gospel and the temporal influence of the Church, by the arbitrary and mysterious laws of the Holy Inquisition. Several of the popes who filled the chair of St. Peter during the life of Dante, had been originally friars of the order of St. Dominic, the founder of that tribunal, and their successors, in the age of Petrarch, were prelates of France, either corrupted by luxury or devoted to the interest of their country. The jubilees were instituted about this time by Boniface VIII. As the sovereign pontiffs were no longer allowed to employ in political projects the riches derived from their religious ascendancy, ambition yielded to covetousness, and they compounded their declining right of bestowing crowns for subsidies to maintain a luxurious court, and to leave behind them a genealogy of wealthy heirs. The people, though exasperated by oppression, and eager for insurrection, were disunited, and not enlightened enough to bring about a lasting revolution. They revolted only to overturn their ancient laws, to change their masters, and to yield to a more arbitrary government. The monarchs, opposed by

an ungovernable aristocracy, were unable to raise armies sufficient to establish their power at home and their conquests abroad. States were aggrandized more by craft than by bravery, and their rulers became less violent, and more treacherous. The hardy crimes of the barbarous ages gave place, by degrees, to the insidious vices of civilization. The cultivation of classical literature improved the general taste and added to the stores of erudition, but at the same time it enervated the boldness and originality of natural talent, and those who might have been inimitable writers in their maternal language, were satisfied to waste their powers in being imitators of the Latins. Authors ceased to take any part in passing events, and remained distant spectators of them. Some detailed to their fellow-citizens the past glory of their country, and warned them of its approaching ruin, and others repaid their patrons with flattery. For it was in the fourteenth century that tyrannical governments began to teach their successors the policy of retaining men of letters in their pay, to deceive the world. Such is the concise history of Italy, during the fifty-three years that elapsed from the death of Dante to the death of Petrarch.

Their endeavors to bring their country under the government of one sovereign, and to abolish the pope's temporal power, form the only point of resemblance between these two characters. Fortune seemed to have conspired with nature to separate them by an irreconcilable diversity. Dante went through a more regular course of studies, at a time when Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas reigned alone in universities. Their stern

method and maxims taught him to write only after long meditation—to keep in view “a great practical end, which is that of human life,” and to pursue it steadily with a predetermined plan Poetical ornaments seem constantly employed by Dante only to throw a light upon his subjects, and he never allows his fancy to violate the laws he had previously imposed upon his own genius—

I rein and curb  
The powers of nature in me, lest they run  
Where virtue guides not—  
Mine art  
With warning bridle checks me

The study of the classics, and the growing enthusiasm for Platonic speculations, which Petrarch defended against the Aristotelians, coincided with his natural inclination, and formed his mind on the works of Cicero, Seneca, and St Augustine He caught their desultory manner, their ornamented diction, even when handling subjects the most unpoetical, and, above all, their mixture of individual feelings with the universal principles of philosophy and religion His pen followed the incessant restlessness of his soul, every subject allured his thoughts, and seldom were all his thoughts devoted to one alone Thus, as he was more eager to undertake than persevering to complete, the great number of his unfinished manuscripts at last impressed him with the idea that the result of industry would be little more than that of absolute idleness Dante avows that in his youth he was sinking beneath a long and almost unconquerable despondence, and he complains of that stillness of mind which enchains the faculties without destroying them But his mind, in recovering its elasticity, never

desisted until it had attained its pursuit, and no human power or interest could divert him from his meditations

The intellect of both could act only in unison with the organic and unalterable emotions of their hearts Dante's fire was more deeply concentrated, it could burn with one passion only at a time, and if Boccaccio does not overcharge the picture, Dante, for several months after the death of Beatrice, had the feelings and appearance of a savage Petrarch was agitated at the same time by different passions They roused, but they also counteracted, each other, and his fire was rather flashing than burning—expanding itself as it were from a soul unable to bear all its warmth, and yet anxious to attract through it the attention of every eye Vanity made Petrarch ever eager and ever afraid of the opinion even of those individuals over whom he felt his natural superiority Pride was the prominent characteristic of Dante He was pleased with his sufferings, as the means of exerting his fortitude, and with his imperfections, as the necessary attendants of extraordinary qualities, and with the consciousness of his internal worth, because it enabled him to look down with scorn upon other men and their opinions—

How

Imports it thee what thing is whispered here?

To their babblings leave

The crowd, be as a tower that, firmly set

Shakes not its top for any blast that blows

The power of despising, which many boast, which very few really possess, and with which Dante was uncommonly gifted by nature, afforded him the highest delight of which a lofty mind is susceptible—

Then, with his arms my neck  
Encircling, kissed my cheek and spake O soul,  
Justly disdainful! blest was she in whom  
Thou wert conceived

Dante's haughty demeanor toward the princes whose protection he solicited, was that of a republican by birth, an aristocrat by party, a statesman, and a warrior, who, after living in affluence and dignity, was proscribed in his thirty-seventh year, compelled to wander from town to town "as the man who, stripping his visage of all shame, plants himself in the public way, and stretching out his hand, trembles through every vein" "I will say no more I know that my words are dark, but my countrymen shall help thee soon to a comment on the text, To tremble through every vein" Petrarch, born in exile, and brought up, according to his own confession, in indigence, and as the intended servant of a court, was year after year enriched by the great, till, enabled to decline new favors, he alluded to it with the complacency inevitable to all those who, whether by chance, or industry or merit, have escaped from penury and humiliation

Being formed to love, Petrarch courted the good-will of others, sighed for more friendship than human selfishness is willing to allow, and lowered himself in the eyes, and most possibly in the affections, of the persons most devoted to him His disappointments in this respect often embittered his soul, and extorted from him the confession that he "feared those whom he loved" His enemies, knowing that, if he readily gave vent to his anger, he was more ready to forget injuries, found fair game for ridicule in his passionate temper, and provoked him

to commit himself even in his old age with apologies Dante, on the contrary, was one of those rare individuals that are above the reach of ridicule, whose natural dignity is enhanced even by the blows of malignity In his friends he inspired less commiseration than awe, in his enemies, fear and hatred, but never contempt His wrath was inexorable, with him vengeance was not only a natural impulse but a duty, and he enjoyed the certainty of that slow but everlasting revenge which "his wrath brooded over in secret silence"—

Let the destined years come round  
Nor may I tell thee more, save that the meed  
Of sorrow well-deserved shall quit your wrongs

One would easily imagine his portrait from these lines

He spoke not aught, but let us onward pass,  
Eyeing us as a Lion on his watch

As Petrarch without love would probably never have become a great poet, so had it not been for injustice and persecution, which kindled his indignation, Dante, perhaps, would never have persevered to complete—

The sacred poem, that hath made  
Both heaven and earth copartners in its toil,  
And with lean abstinence, through many a year,  
Faded my brow

The gratification of knowing and asserting the truth, and of being able to make it resound even from their graves, is so keen as to overbalance all the vexations to which the life of men of genius is usually doomed, not so much by the coldness and envy of mankind, as by the burning passions of their own hearts This sentiment



was a more abundant source of comfort to Dante than to Petrarch—

I, the while I scaled  
With Virgil the soul-purifying mount,  
And visited the nether world of woe,  
Touching my future destiny have heard  
Words grievous, though I feel me on all sides  
Well squared to fortune's blows

My father! well I mark how time spurs on  
Toward me, ready to inflict the blow  
That falls most heavily on him who most  
Abandoneth himself Therefore 'tis good  
I should forecast

O ye thrice holy Virgins! for your sakes  
If e'er I suffered hunger cold, and watching,  
Occasion calls me on to crave your bounty  
Now through my breast let Helicon his stream  
Pour copious, and Urania with her choir  
Arise to aid me, while the verse unfolds  
Things that do almost mock the grasp of thought

And, if I am a timid friend of truth,  
I fear my life may perish among those  
To whom these days shall be of ancient date

And, from a letter of Dante's lately discovered, it appears that about 1316 his friends obtained his restoration to his country and his possessions, on condition that he compound with his calumniators, avow himself guilty, and ask pardon of the commonwealth The following was his answer on the occasion, to one of his kinsmen, whom he calls "Father," because, perhaps, he was an ecclesiastic, or, more probably, because he was older than the poet

"From your letter, which I received with due respect and affection, I observe how much you have at heart my restoration to my country I am bound to you the more

gratefully, since an exile rarely finds a friend But, after mature consideration, I must, by my answer, disappoint the wishes of some little minds, and I confide in the judgment to which your impartiality and prudence will lead you Your nephew and mine has written to me, what indeed had been mentioned by many other friends, that, by a decree concerning the exiles, I am permitted to return to Florence, provided I pay a certain sum of money, and submit to the humiliation of asking and receiving absolution, wherein, father, I see two positions that are ridiculous and impertinent I speak of the impertinence of those who mention such conditions to me, for, in your letter, dictated by judgment and discretion, there is no such thing Is such an invitation to return to his country glorious for Dante, after suffering in banishment almost fifteen years? Is it thus, then, they would recompense innocence which all the world knows, and the labor and fatigue of unremitting study? Far from the man who is familiar with philosophy, be the senseless baseness of a heart of earth, that could act like a little sciolist, and imitate the infamy of some others by offering himself up as it were in chains Far from the man who cries aloud for justice, be this compromise, for money, with his persecutors No, father, this is not the way that shall lead me back to my country But I shall return with hasty steps, if you or any other can open me a way that shall not derogate from the fame and honor of Dante but if by no such way Florence can be entered, then Florence I will never enter What! shall I not everywhere enjoy the sight of the sun and stars? and may I not seek and

contemplate, in every corner of the earth under the canopy of heaven, consoling and delightful truth, without first rendering myself inglorious, nay infamous, to the people and republic of Florence? Bread, I hope, will not fail me " Yet he continued to experience,

How salt the savor is of others' bread,  
How hard the passage to descend and climb  
By others' stairs

His countrymen persecuted even his memory, he was excommunicated after death, and his remains were in danger of being disinterred and burned, and the ashes scattered to the wind Petrarch closed his life with the reputation of a saint, for whom Heaven performed miracles, and the Venetian Senate made a law against those who purloined his bones and sold them as relics

Indeed, we might imagine that Petrarch, by faithfully and generously discharging all the social duties toward everybody about him, and by constantly endeavoring to subdue his passions, was esteemed virtuous and felt happy Virtuous he was, but he was more unhappy than Dante, who never betrayed that restlessness and perplexity of soul which lowered Petrarch in his own estimation, and made him exclaim in his last days, "In my youth I despised all the world but myself, in my manhood I despised myself, now I despise both the world and myself" Had they lived in habits of intercourse, Dante would have possessed over his competitor that superiority which all men that act from predetermined and unalterable resolutions have over those who yield to variable and momentary impulses Petrarch might have said, with Dante—

Conscience makes me firm,  
The boon companion who her strong breast-plate  
Buckles on him who feels no guilt within  
And bids him on and fear not

But his ardent aspirations after moral perfection, and the despair of attaining it, made Petrarch look forward "with trembling hope" to the day that should summon him to the presence of an inexorable Judge Dante believed that by his sufferings on earth he atoned for the errors of humanity, that

So wide arms  
Hath goodness infinite, that it receives  
All who turn to it,

and he seems to address Heaven in the attitude of a worshiper rather than a suppliant Being convinced 'that Man is then truly happy when he freely exercises all his energies,' Dante walked through the world with an assured step "keeping his vigils"—

So that, nor night nor slumber with close stealth  
Conveyed from him a single step in all  
The goings-on of time

He collected the opinions, the follies, the vicissitudes, the miseries and the passions that agitate mankind, and left a monument, which, while it humbles us by the representation of our own wretchedness, should make us glory that we partake of the same nature with such a man, and encourage us to make the best use of our fleeting existence Petrarch was led, by a wisdom rather contemplative than active, to think that our toils and exertions in behalf of mankind far exceed any benefit they derive from them, that each step, after all, but brings us nearer to the grave, that death is the best boon of

Providence, and the world to come our only secure dwelling-place. He therefore faltered on through life with the conviction that "a weariness and disgust of everything were naturally inherent in his soul," and thus he paid the price of those favors which nature, fortune, and the world had heaped upon him, without the alloy even of ordinary reverses.

FAITH AND THE FUTURE  
INTERESTS AND PRINCIPLES  
AND  
THE EXILES  
THREE ESSAYS  
BY  
GIUSEPPE MAZZINI  
TRANSLATED BY THOMAS OKFY



## INTRODUCTION

**T**HIS famous revolutionist and writer was a native of Genoa, born June 28, 1808, and was the son of a physician. His first known production was an essay on Dante's patriotism, written at the age of eighteen. By the time he reached his majority he had devoted himself to the cause of Italian liberty and his earnest efforts thenceforth were steadily given to the republican cause. He disapproved of Carbonarism, and originated the organization called Young Italy, which strove for unity, independence and liberty. He held that the first thing necessary was to liberate the literature from classic models, and use it politically, and that the best means to the end in view was a combination of education and insurrection. He was imprisoned in 1830, and when released he retired to Marseilles, where he planned the insurrection of Genoa, which was a failure. He then went to Switzerland, and in 1834 planned an invasion of Savoy, which also failed. He had sent into Italy many publications instigating insurrection, and he now established a newspaper for the same purpose. But the continental powers brought their influence to bear on the Swiss Government, and he was obliged to leave. He then took up his residence in London, but even there he was not altogether free, for the British authorities opened his letters and communicated their contents to the Neapolitan Government. The revolutionary movement of 1848 is attributed largely to his



pen In that year he established in Milan a journal entitled *L'Italia del Popolo* ("The Italy of the People"), in which he opposed even the moderate monarchical party When a provisional government was established in Tuscany he was made a member of it, but as he did not succeed in making it a republic, he went to Rome, where a republic was declared, and became a triumvir When this was overthrown he fled to Switzerland, and later went to London There he joined Kossuth and other revolutionists in the endeavor to spread the movement all over Europe In the later agitation, which culminated in the unity of Italy as a kingdom in 1860, he strove especially to free republicanism from any affiliation with atheism and socialism He spent his last years in northern Italy, was imprisoned a short time in 1870, on a charge of conspiracy, and died in Pisa, March 10, 1872 There is no complete edition of his writings Whatever may be the critical estimate of their literary character, they have a high historic value They breathe the spirit of the great uprising that shook the thrones of Europe in 1848 The essay on "The Exiles" was brought out by the action of several of the European governments in protesting against the right of asylum in Switzerland and attempting in various ways to entrap or discredit Mazzini and his compatriots

## FAITH AND THE FUTURE

**T**HE crusade is being organized The monarchy arrays itself for battle It has returned to the dictatorial habits of Louis XIV and is already preparing *coups d'état* with the arms of the sixteenth century

In the midst of the great popular excitement of 1830 the monarchy was distraught for a moment, and thought its doom had come In truth we, and we alone, saved it from its doom We lost a marvelous opportunity We forgot that the morrow of victory is much more perilous than its eve Intoxicated with triumph and pride, we pitched our tents when we ought to have hastened on, and, like thoughtless children, we betook ourselves to play with the arms of those we had vanquished Diplomacy lay well-nigh crushed under the popular barricades, and yet we welcomed it as a friend into our ranks, we made its arts ours, and, raving notes and protocols, learned to ape our discomfited masters Like the *condottieri* of old, we sent back free and armed the prisoners of battle The monarchy was stretched low and at our mercy, and we, like mediæval knights, we republicans, drew back two paces as if to give it an opportunity to remount Coldly calculating, it took advantage of our chivalrous ardor to begin its work again, a work undertaken with a constancy and unity of conception that should make us blush at our discords and slackness

While we were numbering our dead, they began silently to increase their ranks. While we were disputing among ourselves whether to march in the name of '91 or of '93, of Robespierre or of Babœuf, they were marching on, slowly, silently, caressing some, threatening others, working their way underground when they thought themselves not powerful enough to venture into the light of day, avoiding obstacles they could not overcome. Instead of snatching from the grave a shred or so of the banner of the past, they clothed the whole past with a semblance of life, and re-decked it with the colors of the future. Anger, ambition, jealousy, everything yielded to the one end of gaining power. In the North the form was given up to preserve the substance, and the habits of despotism were renounced that the monarchy of the usurper might fraternize with the monarchy of divine right. In the South they knelt in the mire, and suffered the insults of diplomacy, to obtain from it peace and help. To-day the alliance is concluded, the equilibrium reestablished between the old and the new powers, and both alike weigh upon us. The enemies of progress touch the apogee of power. Corruption has conquered souls that fear could not reach, gold has finished the work of the prisons. Consciences have been bought and sold, genius prostituted, anarchy sown among thinkers, crosses and pensions showered upon some, proscriptions and terrors upon others, the bourgeoisie has been seduced by trickery, suspicion sown broadcast, espionage raised to a system. The monarchy in the pride of its strength has cast the cloak aside, and to-day impiously denies God, Progress, the People, Humanity. With the

constable on one side and the executioner on the other, it wipes out our right to free movement and to the future, it destroys our memories and hopes, puts brute force in the place of ideas, bids us to our knees as it bade our fathers when they were serfs, when thought was banned, intellect and conscience dumb, and silence the law for all. And we, what shall we do? Shall we give way to despair? Shall we renounce for a time our battle-cry, frank, loyal, strenuous as our soul? Repeat the fifteen-years' comedy? Show that we are tamed? Deceive the monarchy which we could, and would not vanquish? Copy its methods, its habits, its tactics? Lead it smilingly by tortuous ways, to the precipice's edge, then suddenly unmask ourselves, stab it in the back, and hurl it down the abyss?

Men who adopt and counsel such as the only policy left to us, who preach patience as the sole remedy for our ills, or who admit the necessity of the struggle but leave the powers that be to begin it, such men do not, I believe, understand the present state of affairs. They change a call to create into a call to oppose. They falsify the stamp of the age, they betray unconsciously the cause they seek to further, they forget that the task assigned to the nineteenth century is one whose very essence it is to create initiate, make new, one which only free spontaneous action and a free and daring conscience can complete.

It is not enough to drag a monarchy to the abyss we must be prepared to fill up that abyss, fill it up forever, and on it raise a lasting edifice. Monarchies can be unmade and re-made in a day. The mighty hand of Napo-

leon overturned half a score, but monarchy still lives, and greeted his grave with a smile of triumph In 1830 a throne of eight centuries vanished under three blows struck by the people, and yet we to-day are proscribed by a monarchy that has risen from its ruins Let us never forget this

What was called the Fifteen-Years' Comedy was played in France wondrous well The skilful and flawless jesuitry of the actors might merit the envy of crowned heads What were the consequences?

The Fifteen-Years' Comedy killed the monarchy of the elder branch of the Bourbons, but it killed at the same time the frank, austere, revolutionary energy that had placed France at the head of the nations of Europe While it doomed the powers that be to sleepless dread, it doomed the advanced party in France to a long role of dishonesty For, through it, hypocrisy wormed itself into the souls of men, calculation took the place of enthusiasm, the brain superseded the heart, and theories of passive resistance succeeded to the genius that ever presses forward to things new The masculine, vigorous national thought languished under a multitude of petty, bastard, incomplete conceits, and apostasy entered the sphere of political life That disloyal, treacherous war of subterfuges spread over French civilization a stratum of corruption whose results last to this day Another such war would be fatal indeed Here is matter for reflection When the times are ripe for breaking from the present and advancing toward the future, all hesitation is fatal, it unnerves and dissolves Rapid movement is the secret of all great victories When the consequences

of a principle are exhausted, and the edifice that has sheltered us for centuries threatens to fall, we should shake the dust from our feet and hasten elsewhere. Life is outside. Within, there is but the cold, benumbing air of the tomb, scepticism wandering among the ruins, egotism following in its track, then, isolation and death.

And to-day the times are ripe. The consequences of the principle of individualism which dominated the past are exhausted. The monarchy has reached its second restoration and finds no more creative virtue in itself, its life is but a wretched plagiarism. Show me, if you can, a single important act, a single sign of European life, that does not proceed from the social principle, which does not depend upon the people, the king of the future. The old world can only resist, its remaining strength is but the strength of passive resistance. The aristocracies of to-day are but corpses, now and again galvanized into motion. Monarchy is the reflection, the shadow of a life that has passed away. Since 1814 the future has called to us. For twenty-two years the people, eager for a step forward, strain their ears for that cry. And would you travel once more over the old ground, fall back, begin again a task that is done, copy the past, and, because the monarchy is in its dotage, return to infancy?

What do you hope for when you beg inspiration in the enemy's camp, and follow in its footsteps? Whither will you face along the tortuous road of revolutionary diplomacy over which you would drag the younger generation? Beware! the roads of mere opposition such as yours lead only to monarchy. There is usually an es-

sential relation between the means and the end, and constitutional tactics can only result in constitutional changes. The fifteen years' opposition gave birth to 1830. Every analogous opposition will (unforeseen circumstances apart) give birth to similar results. In 1830 the people confined within the Charter the limits of the attack, because it had used itself to confine in the same bounds the limits of the defence. It will be ever the same. If, in the old revolution, the French people angrily answered the challenge of the allied monarchies of Europe by beheading a king and raising the republican banner, that challenge, we must never forget, was unprovoked and a war to the death. Of the members of the royal family, some were in arms against France on the frontier, others were persistent conspirators against her in Paris. Without these causes the revolution would never have reached so easily that state of things. The impulse given by the demands of the States-General would not have passed beyond the movement of '91. But monarchical Europe to-day wages no open war of arms against the revolutions of a people thirty millions strong, she offers them a traitor's hand, and the kiss of Judas. She does not challenge them to battle, she tries to dishonor them. Then she creates a solitude about them, surrounds them like scorpions with a circle of fire, and in that circle they consume their own strength, and since the life of revolutions consists in growth, they perish.

But suppose it happen otherwise, suppose the people, outstripping the first impulse, wipe out a principle instead of simply modifying it, suppose they change a monarchical revolution into a republican one, and attain

the purpose you have at heart. You will then have gained the form, not the habits, customs, ideas, beliefs, of a republic. The people which moves not from faith but by simple reaction against the abuses of monarchy, will preserve the antecedents, the traditions, the education of the monarchy, you will have the form of a republic, but the substance of a monarchy. Questions of political organization will overlie the true, the supreme question, which is a moral and a social one.

Criticism will not regenerate the peoples. Criticism is powerful to dissolve, not to create. Criticism is incapable of passing beyond the theory of the individual, and the triumph of individualism can only engender a revolution for protestantism and liberty. Far otherwise is the republic. The republic, as I at least understand it, means association, of which liberty is only an element, a necessary antecedent. It means association, a new philosophy of life, a divine Ideal that shall move the world, the only means of regeneration vouchsafed to the human race. Opposition is an instrument of mere criticism. It kills, it does not give life. And when it declares a principle to be dead, it takes its seat upon the dead body and stirs no further. Only a new ideal can thrust the corpse aside, and move forward in search of a new life. For this reason the revolution of '89, a revolution essentially protestant, ended by enthroning criticism, by affirming the brotherhood of individuals, by organizing liberty. And by reason of this the revolution of 1830—a revolution purely of opposition—proved itself from the first incapable of translating into action that social conception of which it had distant glimpses. Op-



position can only demonstrate the barrenness, the decadence, the exhaustion of a principle. Beyond, for it, is the void, whereon men build not. A republic is not planted upon a demonstration *ad absurdum*. Direct proof is indispensable. Authoritative truth alone can give us salvation.

Two things are essential to future progress: the manifestation of a principle, and its incarnation in deeds. Apostles of a faith that aims at construction, we cannot advance save with banners unfurled, confronting the hostile faith, in deadly battle. Wait, they say. But for what? For opportunities? But what are opportunities save a special arrangement of the circumstances whose office it is to give birth to deeds? And whence can opportunities arise except from our own efforts? Do you want war? Whom will the combatants be drawn from? From those that are marching in full accord, peoples that have even now renewed a covenant of brotherhood, who have one end in view, one enemy, one fear? Will it be against peoples prostrate in the mire? War will never arise in Europe except by insurrection. Do you want *coups d'état*? Only a strenuous, obstinate struggle can make them inevitable. But how maintain the struggle? By conspiracy? The preachers of patience object, even as they object to insurrection. By the printing press? The governments kill it: you have everywhere laws that fetter it, censors that vex the writer, judges that condemn thought and shut it within prison walls. Can you surmount these obstacles? In France, perhaps. But take the case of a country absolutely without a press, without a parliament or a council where politics may be discussed,

without literary journals, without a national theater, without popular education, without foreign books Suppose that country to suffer, suffer terribly, the upper and middle classes as well as the mass of its people, from poverty, from domestic and foreign oppression, from constant violation of the national principle, and the absence of all intellectual and industrial development What is that country to do? Whence can arise that slow and gradual progress which you admire?

And yet that country does exist Its name is Italy, Poland, and, for some time, Germany It embraces nearly two thirds of Europe

Look at Italy!

In her there is neither progress nor any chance of progress, save by revolution Tyranny has raised an impenetrable wall along her frontier A triple army of spies, of customs-officers, and of constabulary, holds nightly and daily vigil to prevent the circulation of thought Mutual instruction is proscribed The universities are closed or enslaved The penalty of death hangs not only over those who print clandestinely, but over those who possess or read the forbidden book

The introduction of independent foreign newspapers is forbidden Intelligence perishes in infancy for lack of nourishment Young men sell their faith with self-indulgence, or waste their strength in fits of barren cynicism They oscillate between Don Juan and Timon And privileged souls, souls afire for Right, who for an instant caught glimpses of the Future, when environment weighs heavy upon them, let their light go out, and perish, without an object, without a mission, like flowers

unwatered or the Peri shorn of her wings Who, I ask again, shall give progress to this people? Who shall give it to Poland, who lies in equal case? Who shall give it to Germany, whose lot will soon be the same, when, in obedience to your counsels, her patriots have stayed the struggle that peoples indeed the prisons, but awakens, little by little, the masses? How may we introduce into those countries the undefined but sacred thought invoked by all, if we are influenced by personal calculations and draw back in face of the danger, if we dare not, with arms in our hands, like the smugglers of the Pyrenees, defend the contraband of the intellect?

Insurrection I see for those peoples no other possible counsel insurrection as soon as circumstances allow insurrection, strenuous, ubiquitous the insurrection of the masses, the holy war of the oppressed the republic to make republicans the people in action to initiate progress Let the insurrection announce with its awful voice the decrees of God let it clear and level the ground on which its own immortal structure shall be raised Let it, like the Nile, flood all the country that it is destined to make fertile We speak here especially for those who lie at the base of the European social system—for those who wander in darkness condemned to silence by a double tyranny, while others more privileged can walk illumined by the sun, and discern clearly the end of the common labor—for enslaved races who for long centuries have sought in vain the mission assigned to them by God—for Poland, for Hungary, for Italy, for Spain, a country of great destinies, to-day wasting its strength between two systems, each one the translation of a false

principle—for Germany also, poor, sacred Germany, who awoke us all with Luther's manly voice, for whom to-day we can only show a sympathy so lukewarm as to appear like indifference. We speak for all, because all are indispensable elements of the European commonweal that is to be, because above and beyond the special mission that each of us is called to fulfil on earth, there is a common mission which embraces all humanity, because we fail to see that men have as yet duly realized how essential it is that the republican party should be morally united by the apostolic power of the written word, and that it is the written word which determines the choice of the system round which all the forces of the progressive press of Europe must rally. We have men to-day, republican writers of merit, who maintain that there is no light to guide the people to a better land unless it come from the hands of those who hold watch and guard to keep them in the slough in which they lie—others who are content to implore, almost as an alms, some fraction of liberty for the people—others who desire that European association should ripen under the sun of constitutional monarchy, who reject as dangerous any attempt at regeneration by means of a great religious principle, who protest against every bold movement of the people as inopportune and ineffectual, against every really creative belief displayed by the defenders of the people. And I protest against the false theory which confounds the material expression of progress with progress itself, and redoubles, as it were, the burdens of the peoples, by condemning them to an initiation by degrees, parallel to the stages of their suffering.

No those peoples will sink to the depths of hell in their fall, but if they rise, they will attain to heaven

Nations are initiated into the worship of liberty by the sufferings of servitude They have endured beyond words, when they rise, they will grow, beyond all imagination, to a giant's stature Their grief was blessed Every tear taught them a truth Every year of martyrdom prepared them for an absolute redemption They have drained the cup to the dregs Nothing is left to them but to dash it to pieces

What then is to be done? Preach! fight! act!

The republican party must change neither attitude nor language Every modification introduced, for dubious tactical reasons, into its conditions of life, would bring it from its high estate to a mere political party The republican party is not a political party it is an essentially religious party It has its faith, its doctrine, its martyrs from Spartacus onward, and it must have doctrine inviolable, authority infallible, the martyr's spirit and call to self-sacrifice Forgetfulness of this duty, imitation of the monarchy or aristocracy, the substitution of negations for positive beliefs, have often wrecked it The Idea, the religious thought, of which it is, even unconsciously, a manifestation on earth, has raised it to giant stature when all men said that it had gone forever We must not forget that political parties fall and die Religious parties never die, except when the victory is won, when their vital principle has attained its full development, and become identified with the progress of civilization and of morals Then, but not till then, in the heart of the people, or in the brain of some individual, power-

ful by virtue of genius and love, God plants a new thought, vaster and more fruitful than that which is passing away, the center of faith advances a step, and only those who gather around it constitute the party of the future

The republican party need not fear for the final issue of its mission, or be discouraged for temporary defeats that do not affect the main body, and only concentrate around it the combatants who, in the heat of battle, have strayed too far away, or fear because, at every turn, men try to set up might for right, matter for spirit. The danger is elsewhere

Having regard to the essence of things, and without reference to the passing hour or the men of our day, the position of the republican party is, by reason of the recent persecutions, better than before. The law of 9th of September which was to prove fatal to us, has given representative monarchy its death-blow. It has settled the eternal question between the citizen monarchy and the dynastic opposition. It has discredited systems that professed to reconcile the sovereignty of the people and the irresponsibility of its deputies, continued progress and the immobility of a hereditary power. It has demonstrated the impotence of the doctrinaire, and destroyed political eclecticism. The period of transition, which unnerved the combatants by deceptive hopes and foolish terrors, is at an end. Slaves or victors—"To be or not to be"—the question is now clearly stated in these terms: we must choose between debasing our nature and intelligence, becoming renegades to every sacred idea, every powerful conception, and rising in open war

and appealing from the justice of kings to the justice of peoples, to the judgment of God. The truce is broken forever. People and monarchy are to-day enemies, enemies confessed and beyond recall. On one side monarchy, its centuries of life in the past, its traditional authority, its sicarii, its tax-gatherers, its constabulary, on the other, the people, its centuries in the future, its instinct of new things, its immortal youth, its countless hosts. The jousts are cleared. The battle is imminent.

"You are deceived," they tell us. "The peoples lack faith. The masses lie torpid. So used are they to wear chains that they have lost the habit of motion. You have to do with helots, not with men. How will you drag them to battle, and keep them in the field? Many a time have we called them to arms, we have raised the cry of 'people, liberty, vengeance' and they lifted for a moment their drowsy heads, and then fell back into their old torpor. They saw the funeral procession of our martyrs pass by, and knew not that their rights, their life, their salvation, were being buried with them. They follow riches, and fear condemns them to stand still. Enthusiasm is spent and cannot easily be rekindled. Yet, without the masses you are powerless to act, you can face martyrdom, not gain the victory. Die, if you think that one day a generation of avengers will spring from your blood, but do not involve in your fate those who lack alike your strength and hope. Martyrdom cannot be made the baptism of a whole party. It is useless to waste in futile attempts forces that one day may be effectively employed. Do not delude yourselves about the times. Be resigned and wait patiently."

The problem is serious. It involves the future of the party.

The people lack faith. But what effects should we argue from this fact, and what are its causes? Shall we affirm a false identity between faith and power, shall we say that where faith is wanting the power to achieve does not exist, that to-day the people are impotent from the very nature of things, that they have not suffered enough, that the times are not ripe, that the atonement—if indeed the peoples have aught to atone—is still unaccomplished?

To accept such opinions would be to accept a system of historical fatalism which the intelligence of the age has rejected. We should make cowardly obeisance to a fact, without any effort to explain it, and deny the innate potentialities of humanity. The existence of a fact does not prove its necessity, it can only govern the actions of those who press materialism to its extremes and renounce the study of causes to be passive under their influence. Will you deny to a man power to walk because he stands motionless before you? The actual condition of things is no measure of the forces that are latent in the peoples. Are the peoples essentially weak, or do they simply lack faith, that faith which reveals itself in deeds and sets forces in motion? These are the true terms of the problem. Yes, the peoples lack faith not the individual faith, which makes martyrs, but the common, social faith, which gains victories, the faith that awakens the multitudes, that faith in their destiny, in their mission, in the mission of the age, which illumines and rouses, prays and fights, which fearlessly ad-



vances along the paths of God and humanity, bearing in its right hand the people's sword, in its heart the people's religion, in its soul the people's future. But this faith, which was preached by Lamennais, the high priest of the age, and which should be translated by others in the terms of their own national life, will it come to us from our sense of strength or from our conscience? Is it an instinct of our real impotence that has banished it from our lives, or is it opinions falsely conceived, and prejudices that we can fight? Would not one act of strenuous will suffice to restore the balance between oppressor and oppressed? And if this be so, are we working to evoke it? Are our tendencies, our manifestations of the thought we would promote sufficient to achieve our purpose? Are we impelled by fate to lead the movement, or are the masses who follow us responsible for the present sleep of death?

Consider Italy. Misfortune, suffering, protests, individual sacrifice, have reached their extreme limit in that land. The cup is full. Oppression, like the air, is all-pervading. rebellion also. Three separate States, twenty cities, two millions of men revolt in a week, overthrow their governments and declare themselves emancipated, and not a single protest is made, not a single drop of blood is shed. Insurrections follow in quick succession. Is force wanting to those twenty-five millions? Italy in revolution has strength enough to fight three Austrias. Do they lack the inspiration of traditions, the religion of memories, a storied past? Nay, the people still bow before the holy relics of a greatness that was once. Do they lack a mission? Nay, Italy alone among the na-

tions has twice given the gospel of Unity to Europe. Is courage wanting? Ask of the days of 1746, of 1799, of the memories of the Grande Armée, of the martyrs who for fourteen years have died for an idea.

Consider Switzerland. Can anyone deny true valor, the deep sense of independence, of those sons of the Alps? Five centuries of struggle, of intrigues, of civil and religious strife, have failed to soil their flag of 1308 with foreign oppression. And yet Switzerland—that Switzerland who defeated Austria in twenty battles, whose war-cry would suffice to raise Germany and Italy in insurrection, and who knows well how kings would pause ere they embarked on a European war that the peoples clamored for, because they know that its last battle would be the Waterloo of Monarchy—yet Switzerland to-day, as the months come round, accepts dishonor and bows her head before each petty despatch of an Austrian agent.

Remember 1813 and the German youth who deserted the lecture-rooms of the universities to hasten to the battles of independence, remember the thrill of excitement at the cry of Nationality! Liberty! a common Fatherland! which ran through Germany from one end to the other, and then tell me, if the deputies, electors, public writers, and all the men of position who were content to lose themselves in the maze of constitutional opposition, if all these had rallied round the banner of Hambach,\*

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\*The *Constitutionsfest* of 1832 at Hambach—a great popular demonstration in favor of Constitutional Reform held near the old castle of that name. It was an echo of the French Revolution of July, 1830, and was attended by thousands from all parts of Southwestern Germany.

whether that would not have sufficed to rouse the whole people

Remember Grochow, Wawre, Ostrolenska,<sup>\*</sup> and then tell me to what straits Russia would have been driven, if Poland had wasted no precious time begging help of the diplomacy that had stabbed her for a hundred years, if her armies had at once shifted the active revolutionary movement to its natural center beyond the Boug, if some great conception of a people's freedom had called to insurrection the races whose true heart Bogdan Chmielnicki revealed in 1648, if, while enthusiasm was dictator, and terror paralyzed the enemy, while the masses of Lithuania, of Galicia, of Ukraina, were quivering with hopes of liberty, the insurrection had flown from the Belvedere to Lithuania

I declare with profound conviction, that there probably does not exist a single people in Europe which is not able by faith, by self-sacrifice, and by the logic of revolution, to break its chains in the face of monarchical Europe conspiring to work its doom—not a people that is not able through the holy creed of the Future and of Love, through the mighty watchword inscribed on its banner of insurrection, to start a crusade in Europe—no, not a people that has not had its chance since 1830.

But in Italy, in Germany, in Poland, in Switzerland, in France, everywhere, men, unfortunately influential, have perverted the original character of the revolution—ambitious and covetous men have seen in the uprising of a people only a chance to gratify their own thirst of self or power—weak men who trembled at the difficulties

\*Battles during the Polish Insurrection of 1831

of the undertaking have, at the very onset, sacrificed the logical development of insurrection to their own fears. Everywhere false and deadly doctrines have turned revolutions from their goal. The theory of class rule has supplanted the people's theory of the emancipation of all by efforts of all. The national idea has been weakened or destroyed by the idea of foreign assistance. Nowhere did the promoters and directors of the insurrection cast into the scale of their country's destiny the sum-total of the forces that a strenuous and inspired will would have brought into play; nowhere have consciousness of a high mission, faith in its fulfilment, and a knowledge of the age and its dominant idea, guided the men who assumed the control of events and made themselves responsible to humanity for their success.

They had before them a task for giants, and they groveled on their bellies. They saw darkly the secret of the generations; they heard the cry of tribes of men eager to shake off the dust of their sepulchers, and, youthful or regenerate, confront a new life. It was their task to publish, without fear, on the housetops the gospel of the people and the nations, and instead, they stammered halting words of royal concessions, of a charter, of compacts between right and might, justice and injustice. They tried, like old men whose natural force is spent to prolong an artificial existence, and sought in the policy of the old régime the secret of its imperfect and fleeting life. They mingled life and death, liberty and servitude, privilege and equality, past and future. We were bound—though even on their dead bodies—to raise the flag of revolt so high that all nations might read on it a

promise of victory And they dragged it through the mire of royalty, overlaid it with protocols and nailed its motionless folds on the doors of all the foreign legations They believed in the promises of every minister, in the hopes held out by every ambassador, in everything, except in the people and its omnipotence We saw revolutionary leaders immersed in the study of the treaties of 1815, seeking therein, forsooth, the charter of Polish or Italian liberty, others, more guilty, denied humanity, and made selfishness their God, when they wrote on their banner a principle of non-intervention worthy of the Middle Ages, others, more guilty still, denied their brothers and their Fatherland, broke up national unity at the moment that they should have introduced its triumph, they uttered the impious words, "Men of Bologna, the cause of the Modenese is not our cause," even while the foreigner was advancing to their gates They all forgot—in their zeal to give, as they said, a legal character to revolution—that every insurrection acquires legality from its aim, legitimacy from victory, means of defense from offense, pledges of success from expansion, they forgot that the charter of each nation's liberty is a clause in the Charter of Humanity, that they alone deserve to conquer who are prepared to conquer or to die for all

And then—seeing the men that started the revolutions pale in front of their undertaking, retreat when action became imperative, or take a devious and timid path, without a goal, without a programme, without hope except in foreign help, the people also were afraid and paused, or rather perceived that the hour had not yet come, and stopped short With revolutions before them

betrayed in their inception, the masses abstained, nascent enthusiasm was stifled, faith disappeared

Faith disappeared, but what have we done, what are we doing to raise it again? O shame and woe to us! Since that holy light of the nations vanished, we have been wandering in the darkness, without a bond, without a purpose, without unity of direction, or have folded our arms upon our breasts like men without hope. Some few lifted a long cry of anguish, renounced all earthly progress, to croon a chant of resignation, a death-bed prayer, or they made themselves rebels against hope, and with a bitter smile proclaimed the advent of the powers of darkness. They accepted scepticism, cynicism, faithlessness, as inevitable, irrevocable facts of human nature, and the echo of their blasphemies translated itself in degraded natures into corruption, and in untainted natures into the suicide of despair. Our literature of to-day oscillates between these extremes. Others, suddenly remembering the light that illumined their infancy, dragged themselves back to the sanctuary whence it issued, and labored to rekindle it, or were absorbed in contemplation of self, and began to live in the ego, and there forgetting or denying the world of phenomena, never advanced beyond the study of the individual. And this is our philosophy. Others, finally, born for battle spurred by a passion of self-sacrifice, which under wise guidance, would have worked miracles, dominated by sublime but imperfect and ill-defined instincts, snatched a banner from their father's tombs, and rushed forward, but in the first few steps they parted. Each of them tore a shred from

the flag and vaunted it as the flag of all the host This is the history of our political life

We ask pardon of the reader for our insistence on these complaints They are our *delenda Carthago* Mine is not the work of a writer, it is the stern and fearless mission of an apostle This mission permits of no diplomacy I am investigating the causes of a delay that seems to me to have its source outside the hostile forces I seek a way of stating the problem in such terms as may permit us quickly to win back the power of making a new departure Therefore I must be silent or speak the whole truth

It seems to me that the delay has two chief causes, both due to the party's wandering from its goal, both tending to substitute the worship of the past for the worship of the future

The first of these causes has led us to mistake for a programme what was nothing more than a concluding chapter, a powerful summary, a formula that gave expression to the work of a whole age and its conquests It has made us confound two distinct philosophies of life and two distinct ages, and reduce a mission of social regeneration to the narrow proportions of a work of development and deduction from old premises It has caused us to abandon the principle for its symbol, God for an idol, to stay the soul's flight toward a new Ideal, that fiery cross that is transmitted by the hand of God from one people to another; to degrade and smother the national spirit of the peoples, which is their life, their mission and the strength given for its achievement, the part assigned to them by God in the common task,

in the development of thought one and manifold, which is the soul of our life on earth. The second cause has led us to confound the principle with one of its manifestations, the eternal element of every social organization with one of its successive developments, and to consider a mission as completed which was only expanding and, in consequence, changing its character. Because of that error we broke up the unity of the conception just when it required a wider development, we travestied the function of the eighteenth century, we made a negation the starting-point of the nineteenth, and abandoned religious thought when it was more than ever necessary to revive and to extend it till it embraced every element that is destined to be transformed, and to gather in one great social conception all the truths that to-day lie unrelated and apart.

The eighteenth century, which is too generally regarded as a century of scepticism and negations, devoted entirely to a task of criticism, had its faith, its mission and practical schemes to fulfil it. Its was a Titanic, boundless faith in human liberty and power. Its mission was to tabulate—if the expression be permissible—the assets of the first epoch of the European world; to epitomize and reduce to a concrete formula that which eighteen centuries of Christianity had examined, developed, made a fact, to constitute the individual as he was called to be, free, active, sacred, inviolable—that was its mission. And it achieved it by the French Revolution, a translation into political terms of the protestant revolution, a deeply religious manifestation, whatever superficial writers may think who judge the whole period by



the aberrations of a few individuals, secondary actors in the drama. The instrument employed to effect the revolution and to achieve its mission was Right. Its power, its mandate, the legitimacy of its actions, lay in a theory of Rights. Its supreme formula was a Declaration of Rights. What else, in fact, is man, the individual, save Right? Does he not, within the ever-advancing boundaries of progress, represent the human person and the element of individual freedom? And the aim of the eighteenth century was precisely to complete that human evolution which was foreseen by the ancients, announced by Christianity, and attained in part by Protestantism. Between the century and that aim stood a multitude of obstacles, fetters of all kinds on free spontaneity, on the free development of individual faculties, warnings, rules, and orders that limited human action, the traditions of a force that was spent, aristocracies that seemed capable and strong, religious forms that forbade progress. It was necessary to overthrow them all, and the century overthrew them. It fought a long and terrible, but victorious battle against every influence that frittered human power into disconnected fragments, that denied progress or stayed the flight of intellect. Every great revolutionary thought needs an ideal for its center of action, its fulcrum. This ideal the century found by subjectively centering itself in the individual; and it was the Ego, the human conscience, the "I am" of Christ to the powers of his day. Centered in that conception, the Revolution, conscious of its own strength and sovereignty by right of conquest, disdained to prove to the world its origin, its roots in the past.

First it professed its faith. It cried like Fichte "Liberty! without equality there is no liberty, all men are equal." Then it proceeded to deny. It denied the dead past. It denied feudalism, aristocracy, monarchy. It denied the Catholic dogma, a dogma of absolute resignation. Unnumbered wrecks strewed the ground. But in the midst of them, amid all those negations, a mighty Yea arose—the creature of God ready to act, radiant with power and will—the *ecce homo*, repeated after eighteen centuries of suffering and strife, not by the voice of the martyr, but on the altar raised by the revolution to victory—Right, faith, rooted in the world forever.

Is this all we seek? Should man, endowed with power to progress, idly repose like an emancipated slave content with his own solitary liberty? Does nothing remain, to fulfil his mission on the earth, but to carry the principle to its logical conclusions, to translate them into facts, and to defend the ground we have won, but advance no farther?

Is the series of terms that make the great equation closed, because the human unknown quantity is known, because one of the terms of progress, that which constitutes the individual, can be placed among quantities that are known and defined? Is the faculty of progress exhausted? Is no movement possible but in a circle?

Because man, consecrated by thought to the kingdom of the world, has broken through an outworn form of religion that imprisoned his activity and denied him independence, shall we never more possess a bond of common brotherhood, or religion, or conception of universal Providential law that all may take and believe?

No, eternal God! Thy world is not finished, Thy thought, the thought of the world, is not yet all revealed. It still creates, and will continue to create, for long ages beyond all human calculation. The ages that have run their course have revealed to us only a few fragments. Our mission is not ended. We hardly know its origin, we know nothing of its final end. Time and our discoveries do but extend its confines. It ascends from century to century, toward destinies unknown to us. It seeks its own law, of which we possess but the first few lines. From initiative to initiative through the series of Thy successive incarnations, it purifies and extends the formula of self-sacrifice, pursues its own path, learns Thy ever-widening law. Forms are altered and dissolved. Religions die. The human spirit leaves them behind, as the wayfarer leaves the fires that warmed him in the night, and goes in search of other suns. But religion remains. Thought is immortal, it survives all forms, and is born again from its own ashes. The idea frees itself from the shrunken symbol, escapes from the chrysalis that prisoned it, which criticism had eaten through. It shines forth pure and bright, a new star in the firmament of Humanity. How many has Faith yet to add, that the whole way of the future may be illumined? Who can say how many stars, thoughts of the ages, have yet to rise in cloudless splendor and shine in the firmament of mind, that man may become a living epitome of the Word on the earth, and may say to himself, "I have faith in myself, my destiny is accomplished"?

This is the law. One task succeeds to another; one

ideal of life to another. And for us the one that precedes us directs our task and declares its method and order. It includes all the terms that the earlier systems have won, and adds the new one, which becomes the end and aim of all our efforts, the unknown quantity that we have to solve. Criticism, too, has its work, but finds its performance in the positive belief of the age. Criticism, in fact, lives only a borrowed life, it exists only in phenomena, it draws from other sources its purpose, mission, standard. A part of every age, it is the banner of none. The thinker that divides epochs into organic and critical falsifies history. Every epoch is essentially synthetic and organic. The progressive evolution of thought, of which our world is the visible manifestation, takes place by continual expansion. The chain cannot be broken. The diverse aims are bound together. The cradle is linked to the tomb.

Thus, hardly had the French Revolution concluded one epoch, when the first rays of another appeared on the horizon, hardly had the individual, with the charter of rights in his hand, proclaimed his triumph, when human thought presented another charter, that of principles. Hardly was the unknown quantity of the so-called Middle Ages solved, and the great purpose of the Christian system attained, when another unknown quantity asked solution of the present generation, another aim called for its efforts. On every side men were asking. What is the end of liberty, or of equality, which in its ultimate analysis is only the liberty of all? The free man is only an active force ready to work. In what manner shall it work? Capriciously? In every direction that presents

itself? That is not life, rather a simple sequence of acts, of phenomena, of symptoms of vitality, without connection or relation, or continuity its name is anarchy The liberty of one will inevitably clash with the liberty of another, we shall have continually shock and counter-shock among individuals, waste of force and useless dissipation of that productive faculty within, which should be held sacred The liberty of all, without a common law to direct it, leads to a war of all, the more inexorably cruel, the more the individual combatants are equally matched And men imagined they had found the remedy when they had disinterred from the foot of the Cross of Christ—that cross which dominates a whole age in the history of the world—the phrase of brotherhood which the Man-God when dying had left to the human race a sublime word unknown to the pagan world, through which the Christian world had, often unconsciously, fought many a holy battle from the Crusades to Lepanto They wrote it on all their banners, and with its sister watchwords, liberty and equality, it formed the programme of the future Then they tried to restrain progress within the circle marked out by those three points But progress burst through the ring Once again the eternal *en bono* appeared We all in fact demand an aim, a human aim, what else is existence but an end with means calculated to attain it? And brotherhood does not include a common social ideal for men on earth, it does not include even its necessity, it has no essential necessary relation to the development of a purpose that shall bind together in harmony all our faculties and powers. Brotherhood is certainly the base of every so-

ciety, the first condition of social progress, but it is not progress itself. It makes progress possible, it supplies it with a necessary constituent, but it does not define it. The principle of brotherhood is compatible with movement in a circle. And the human mind began to understand that brotherhood—the necessary link between two principles of liberty and equality, which epitomize the individualistic philosophy—never passes beyond their limits, that its activity can operate only between individuals, that it easily assumes the name of charity, that though it can fix the starting-point whence humanity shall reach the social Ideal, it never can be substituted for it.

The quest was pursued further. We saw darkly that the end, the function of existence, must also be the final goal of that progressive development that constitutes existence itself, that hence, in order to make straight and swiftly for this end, it was necessary to know exactly the nature of such progression and bring our actions into harmony with it. To understand the Law and to regulate our work in accordance with it, is the true way to state the problem. The law of the individual can be discovered only in the species. The mission of the individual can be learnt and defined only from an elevation that commands the whole field. Hence to know even the law of the individual it is necessary to ascend. Only from a conception of Humanity can we deduce the secret, the standard, the law of life for man. Hence the necessity for the cooperation of all, for harmony in our labors, in a word, for association, in order that the work of all may be accomplished, hence also the need for a thor-

ough change in the organization of the revolutionary party, in theories of government, in the study of philosophy, politics and economics, all of which have been till now inspired by the sole principle of liberty. The horizon has changed. The sacred word Humanity, uttered with new significance, has discovered to the eye of Genius a new world, which hitherto had been no more than a presentiment, a new age has begun.

Do we need a book to prove it? Do we need time for the principle to develop in order to demonstrate that such is really the present intellectual movement, that the century is laboring in search of its own philosophy of life? Have we not seen, for nearly twenty years, all the schools of philosophy occupying themselves, even when they stray back to the past, in the search after a great unknown? Is not this confessed almost despite themselves by those who would gain most by diverting men from the end? We see to-day a Catholicism that attempts to reconcile Gregory VII with Luther, the papacy with the free and independent human soul. We have a retrograde and hypocritical party, that gropes dubiously among theories of government, and a stammering mystic kind of jesuitism, which sacrilegiously mutters the name of social party. And daily we hear the word Humanity on the lips of materialists, who cannot understand its worth, and who betray every moment their natural affinities to the individualism of the Empire. Whether as a heartfelt belief, or homage given perforce, the new age has won its rights over nearly all intellects. Some of the perfervid apostles of progress were not long since complaining that the hostile camp had pirated our words

without even understanding their significance, it was a puerile complaint. It is just in this very accord, instinctive and unwilling as it is, that we find a potent mark of the word of our age, Humanity.

Every age has its own peculiar faith. Every system includes the conception of an ideal and a mission. And every mission has its own instrument, its own forces, its own lever. Any attempt to translate into facts the mission of one age with the machinery of another, can end only in an indefinite series of futile efforts. Defeated by the utter want of proportion between the means and the end, such attempts might produce martyrs, but never lead to victory.

And this is the point we have reached. All our hearts and intellects have the presentiment of a great age, and yet we would give it, for the ensign of its faith, mere criticism and the negations with which the eighteenth century was forced to surround its new conquest of liberty. We mutter by God's inspiration, the sublime words, regeneration, progress, a new mission, the future, and yet, when we try to realize the programme they contain, we obstinately use the weapons of a mission that is dead. We invoke a social world, a vast harmonious organization of the forces that are seething confusedly in this vast workshop we call earth, and to call that new world into life, to lay the foundations of a peaceful organization, we hark back to old habits of rebellion, that waste our strength within the circle of individualism. We raise the cry of "The future!" with the wrecks of old systems all about us. Though our chains are lengthened, we are prisoners still, and we brag of our liberty be-



cause we are free to move round the post to which our chains are fastened

And because of this, faith slumbers in the hearts of the peoples, because of this, not even the blood of a whole nation can revive it

Faith requires a purpose that shall embrace the whole of life, that shall concentrate all its manifestations and direct its diverse modes, or subordinate them to the controlling activity of a single one it requires a fervid, unshaken belief that that purpose shall be attained, the profound conviction of a mission and the obligation to fulfil it, finally, the consciousness of a supreme power that guards the believer's progress to his goal. These are the indispensable elements, and where any one is wanting, we may have a sect, a school, a political party, but not a faith, nor an hourly self-sacrifice for the sake of a high religious ideal

But we have no definite religious ideal, or deep conviction of the duty implied in a mission, or the consciousness of a supreme and protecting authority Our apostolate to-day is an opposition of criticism We fight by appealing to selfish interests, and our weapon is a theory of rights We are all, sublime presentiments notwithstanding, children of rebellion We move, like renegades, without God, without Law, without a banner that shall beckon to the future The old aim has disappeared, the new one, which, for an instant we dimly saw, is annulled by the doctrine of rights, which alone directs our labors For us the individual is at once end and means. We use the essentially religious phrase, Humanity, and banish religion from all our works We look only at the polit-

ical side of things We talk of harmonizing human faculties, and neglect the most obvious and active element of human nature We are bold enough not to shrink from the dream of a material European unity, and yet we thoughtlessly break up its moral unity by ignoring the fundamental conditions of all association—uniformity of belief and of religious sanction In the midst of such contradictions we attempt, forsooth, to make a new world

Nor do I exaggerate I know the exceptions, and admire them But the party, speaking generally, is such as I describe it Its presentiments, its aspirations, belong to the new age, the characteristics of its organization and the means it proposes to adopt, belong to the old The party has long divined the mission entrusted to it, but without understanding its character or the machinery adapted to its fulfilment Hence it is powerless to succeed, and will be, until the day come when it shall understand that the cry "God wills it," is the eternal cry of every movement that, like ours, has self-sacrifice for its foundation, the peoples for its instrument, humanity for its end

What! You complain that faith is dead or dying! you lament that souls are scorched with the breath of egotism—and yet you mock at belief, and proclaim in your pages that religion no longer exists, that its day is past and the religious future of the peoples forever closed! You marvel that the masses advance but slowly along the path of self-sacrifice and association, and in the meantime you lay down as your principle a theory of individualism that has only a negative value, a theory that

results not in association, but in loose concourses of human atoms, and that in ultimate analysis is only egoism draped in the mantle of philosophical formulas Your purpose should be a work of regeneration, of moral reform—for without this any political organization is barren—and you delude yourselves with expectations of success while you banish from your work the religious idea Politics deal with men where and as they are they define their tendencies and regulate their actions in accordance with them It is only religious thought that can transfigure both

Religious thought is the breath of life of humanity. at once its life and soul, its spirit and its outward sign Humanity exists only in the consciousness of its own origin, and in the presentiment of its own destinies It reveals itself only when it concentrates its forces on some point between the two This is precisely the function of the religious idea That idea establishes a belief in the common origin of all, it places before us, as an article of belief, a common future, it concentrates all the active faculties round a central point, from which they move on unceasingly in the direction of that future, it directs all the forces latent in the human soul to its attainment It comprehends life in all its aspects, in its every manifestation, however minute, it breathes good wishes over the cradle and the tomb, supplies, in philosophic language, the higher and most general formula of a given epoch of civilization, the simplest and most comprehensive expression of its knowledge, the common principle that governs the whole, and controls all its successive evolutions That idea is, for the individual, the

symbol of the relation between him and the age to which he belongs, the revelation of his function, and his standard of conduct, the flag that makes him able to fulfil his mission. That idea elevates and purifies the individual, dries up the springs of egotism, by changing, and removing outside himself, the center of activity. It creates for man that theory of duty which is the mother of self-sacrifice, which ever was, and ever will be, the inspirer of great and noble things, a sublime theory, which draws man near to God, borrows from the divine nature a spark of omnipotence, crosses at one leap all obstacles, makes the martyr's scaffold a ladder to victory, and is as superior to the narrow, imperfect theory of rights as the law is superior to one of its corollaries.

Right is the faith of the individual, duty is the common, collective faith. Right can only organize resistance, destroy, not found. Duty builds up and associates, it springs from a general law, whereas Right has its origin only in individual will. Hence nothing prevents attacks on rights, every injured individual may rebel against them, and force alone is the supreme arbiter between the antagonists. This, in fact, was the reply that societies founded upon rights often made to their enemies. Societies that make duty their basis would not be driven to use force, once admit the principle of duty, and the possibility of strife is gone, the individual is made subordinate to the common aim, and thus duty cuts at the very root of the evil for which right has only palliatives. Moreover, the doctrine of right does not include progress as a necessary element. It admits it merely as a simple fact. The exercise of rights being

necessarily optional, progress is abandoned to the caprice of a liberty without rule or purpose. And Right kills self-sacrifice, and banishes martyrdom from the world. In every theory of individual rights, material interests alone dominate, and martyrdom becomes absurd. What interests can exist beyond the tomb? But for all that, martyrdom is often the baptism of a world, the solemn initiation of progress. Every doctrine that does not rest on progress as an essential law of its being, is inferior to the ideal and to the needs of the age. And yet, the doctrine of rights even to-day reigns sovereign among us, it rules that republican party which announces itself as the advanced party in Europe, and yet—for it matters little if our lips instinctively utter the words, duty, self-sacrifice, mission—the liberty of the republicans is merely a theory of resistance, their religion, if indeed they mention it, only expresses the relation between God and the individual, the political order they invoke and honor by the name of social, is only a series of prohibitions promoted into laws, which ensure to each the power of pursuing his own aim, his own interests, his own tendencies. Their definition of law does not go beyond the expression of the general will, their formula of association is the Society of Rights, their creed does not pass beyond the limits laid down nearly half a century ago in a Declaration of Rights, by a man who was himself the incarnation of the struggle; their theories of authority are theories of mistrust, their organic problem—an old remnant of a patched-up constitutionalism—is reduced to finding a point around which individualism and association, liberty and general

law, may oscillate forever in barren antagonism; their people is often a caste—the most numerous, it is true, and the most useful—in open rebellion against other castes in order to enjoy in its turn the rights that God intends for all, their republic is the turbulent, intolerant democracy of Athens, their war-cry is a cry of vengeance, their symbol, Spartacus

This is the eighteenth century once more, its philosophy, its theory of mankind, its materialistic polity, its analysis, its protestant criticism, its sovereignty of the individual, its rejection of an old religious formula, its mistrust of all authority, its spirit of strife and emancipation. It is the French Revolution over again, the past with some new glimpses of the future, servitude to old things surrounded by the prestige of youth

The past is fatal to us The French Revolution, I say with conviction, is crushing us It weighs almost like an incubus upon our heart, and impedes its action We are dazzled by the splendor of its gigantic struggles, fascinated by its victorious glance, and so remain to day still prostrate before it We expect everything, both in men and things, from its programme, we attempt to copy Robespierre and St Just, and search in the records of the Clubs of 1792 or 1793 names for the sections of 1833 or 1834 While we are aping our fathers we forget that our fathers aped no one, and were great because of this Their inspirations flowed from contemporary sources, from the needs of the masses, from the nature of their environment And because the instrument they employed was adapted to the purpose they had in view, they worked miracles Why do we not act as they acted?

Why, while studying and respecting tradition, should we not move onward? We ought to worship the greatness of our fathers, and seek in their tombs a pledge of the future, not the future itself. The future is before us, and God, the father of all revelations and all ages, alone can point out the infinite way.

Up, then! and let us be great in our turn. For this, it is necessary to understand our mission in its fulness. We stand to-day between two ages, between the grave of one world and the cradle of another, between the last boundary of the individualistic philosophy and the threshold of Humanity. With eyes fixed on the future, we must break the last links of the chain that holds us in bondage to the past, and with deliberate stages move on. We have freed ourselves from the abuses of the old world; we must now free ourselves from its glories. The task of the eighteenth century is accomplished. Our fathers repose tranquil and proud in their tombs. They sleep, like warriors after battle, wrapped in their flag. Fear not that you will grieve them. The red banner of the blood of Christ, which Luther handed on to the Convention,\* to be planted over the slain in twenty battles of the peoples, is a trophy sacred to us all. None will dare to touch it. But let us advance in the name of God. We will return hereafter to lay at its foot, there where our fathers lie, some of the laurels that our own hands have won. To-day we have to found the polity of the nineteenth century, to climb through philosophy to faith, to define and organize association, proclaim Hu-

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\* The French National Convention of 1793

manity, initiate the new age. The old age can attain its actual fulfilment only in the baptism of the new.

These things are perhaps not new. I know this, and confess it gladly. My voice is but one among many that preach nearly the same ideas, and proclaim association as the fundamental principle that must henceforth direct our political work. Many powerful intellects have condemned the cold doctrine of rights wherever they have found it alone and disconnected, condemned it as the last formula of individualism, to-day degenerating into sheer materialism, many schools, some extinct, some still active, invoke duty as an anchor of salvation for a society tormented by fruitless desires. Why then do I insist on protesting against their want of foresight? What does it matter if the end preached be the center of a new programme, or only the development of the old, if men whose cry like ours is forward<sup>1</sup> persist in confounding association with fraternity, or Humanity—the compendium of all human faculties organized to one end—with mere liberty and equality for all? Why proclaim a new age, and so involve ourselves in all the difficulties of a fresh task?

Is then our contest one of names alone? I think not.

It is important to proclaim a new age, to affirm that all we preach to-day on earth is verily a new programme; and, for this reason, that it is bound to be henceforth universally recognized.

We desire not only to think, but to act. We desire not only the freeing of one people, and of others through it, but the freeing of all the peoples through their own efforts. Conscience alone frees the peoples. They will



act only when they recognize a new ideal whose attainment demands the exertions of all, the equality of all, and a new departure Without such recognition, there is no hope of faith, of self-sacrifice, of enthusiasm mighty to work The peoples that lie crushed by the burden of the earlier movement, will lightly surrender the accomplishment of the new one to the nation that has taken the responsibility, and therewith the glory They will be content to follow from afar, and ask no more And if through causes unknown to them that people shall halt on the way, they will halt with it And then we shall have silence, inaction, suspended life This is the spectacle that while I write the whole of Europe presents

The ideal of a new age, which includes a new end to be attained, gives the initiative to the future, and kindles the universal conscience into life By it we learn to start afresh and not to copy, we work out our own mission, not execute another's, we put Europe in the stead of France We furnish a potent element to feed revolutionary activity By proclaiming a new age we proclaim the existence of a new philosophy of life, a general conception destined to embrace all the terms of earlier philosophies with still one more, and, working from that new term, we co-ordinate all the historical series, all the facts that are grouped around it, all the manifestations of life, all the aspects of the human problem, all the branches of human knowledge We give a second, a new impulse to the labor of the intellect We proclaim the need of a new encyclopedia, which shall summarize all the progress we have made, and in itself

be one step forward more We place outside controversy all the aims that formed the purpose of past revolutions, the liberty, the equality, the fraternity of men and of peoples, we put them in the list of undisputed truths We part forever from the exclusively individualist age, and, with greater reason, from that individualism which is the materialism of that age We block the roads to the past

And finally, by that affirmation we reject every doctrine of eclecticism and transition, every imperfect and issueless phrase that states a problem without attempting to solve it We part from every school that tries to reconcile life and death, and to reform the world by an extinct philosophy We bind God himself surety for the sacred doctrine of the people and its sovereignty We place, in the very stamp of the age, a new title to universal suffrage. We raise politics to a philosophical conception We establish an apostolate of Humanity, by vindicating that common right of nations which should be the symbol of our creed We consecrate those spontaneous, sudden, collective movements of the peoples, whose work it is to proclaim the new Ideal of life, and translate it into action We lay the cornerstone of a humanitarian faith, to which the republican party must rise, if it still wishes to conquer Therefore it is that every age has its baptism of faith, ours still lacks it and we can, if nothing more, prepare the way, and make ourselves its heralds

Ours is therefore no idle contest of words The triumph or the failure of the cause we uphold depends upon the road which the party takes

We fell as a political party, we must rise again as a religious party. The religious element is universal and immortal, it binds men together in a universal brotherhood. Every great revolution is marked with its imprint, and reveals it in its origin and aim. Heralds of a new world, we must found a moral unity, the Catholicism of Humanity. And we move encouraged by the holy promise of Jesus, we seek the new Gospel, of which he left us, ere he died, the immortal hope, and of which the Christian Gospel is the germ, as man is the germ of humanity. On the soil fertilized by fifty generations of martyrs, we hail with Lessing that immensity of future which finds its fulcrum in the fatherland, and its goal in humanity. Then shall the peoples make a common covenant, and define in brotherly compact each one's mission in the future, the office that devolves on each in the general association, which owns one law, one God for all. It is for us to hasten the moment when the revolution, the tocsin of the peoples, shall call together a new convention, which shall be a true council of the faithful. Therefore our war must needs be a holy crusade. Let God shine on our banner, as on our destinies. Raise we, on the old world's wreck, an altar where the people may burn the incense of reconciliation. And know we all at least what answer to make to him who would ask of us. Whence come ye? In whose name do ye preach?

Often have I heard such questions. Often has it been said of our little band of apostles. "The republicans have no philosophic basis, no indisputable principle, as the fountain of their creed." The accusers, it is true,

were men who think they have a philosophy because some among their followers have made a collection of philosophies, a religion because they have priests, a political doctrine because they have soldiers and grape-shot. None the less the charge was taken up by men of good faith, who could not fail to note in our ranks a visible lack of unity or of a harmonious philosophy, an absence of religious belief that could not be easily reconciled with the social and essentially religious end that republicanism now and again proclaims.

We are able to reply. We come in the name of God and of Humanity. We believe in one God, author of all that exists, the living absolute Thought, of which our world is a ray and the Universe an incarnation. We believe in one law, general and immutable, that constitutes our mode of existence, embraces every series of possible phenomena, and exercises a continuous influence upon the universe, and on all it contains, both in its physical and in its moral aspect.

Since every law requires an end to be attained, we believe in the progressive development in all existing things, of faculties and forces—which are faculties in motion—toward that unknown end, without which law would be useless and existence unintelligible.

And since every law is interpreted and verified in its own subject, we believe in humanity, a collective and continuous being, in which is epitomized the whole ascending series of organic creations, and in which, as the sole interpreter of the law, is most fully manifested God's thought on earth.

We believe that, inasmuch as harmony between the

subject and the law is the condition of all normal existence, the manifest and immediate end of all our labors is to effect the greater completion and security of that harmony, through the fuller discovery of the law and its realization in its subject

We believe in Association—which is but the active belief in one God, in one law, in one end—as the only means possessed by us to realize truth, as the method of progress, as the only existing road to perfection, so that the higher the scale of human progress the more embracing may be its corresponding formula of association won for men, and applied to their life

We believe therefore in the Holy Alliance of the Peoples as the broadest formula of association possible in our age, in the liberty and equality of the peoples, without which association has no true life, in Nationality, which is the conscience of the peoples, which assigns to them their share of work in the association, their office in Humanity, and hence constitutes their mission on earth, their individuality, for without Nationality neither liberty nor equality is possible, and we believe in the holy Fatherland, which is the cradle of nationality, the altar and patrimony of the individuals that compose each people

And since the law is one, since it governs equally the two aspects, internal and external, of the life of every being, the two modes of self and relativity, of the subjective and the objective that appertain to every existence, we believe for each people and its component individuals the same that we believe for humanity and its component peoples. As we believe in the association

of peoples, so we believe in association between the individuals that compose each nation, and in it, as the sole means of their progress the principle destined to govern all their institutions, and the pledge of concord in their labors. As we believe in the liberty and equality of the peoples, so we believe in liberty and equality among the men of each country, in the inviolability of the ego, which is the conscience of individuals, and assigns to them their share of work in the secondary association, an office in the nation, a special mission of citizenship in the sphere of the fatherland. And as we believe in humanity, the sole interpreter of God's law, so we believe for every State, in the people, the sole master, the sole sovereign, the sole interpreter of the law of humanity which rules the mission of each nation, in the People one and indivisible, that knows neither caste nor privilege, save that of genius and of virtue, neither proletariat nor aristocracy of land or money, but only faculties and active forces consecrated, for the good of all, to the administration of the surface of the globe, our common heritage, in the people free and independent, with an organization that shall harmonize individual faculties and social thought, the people living by its own labor and the fruits thereof, pursuing in concord the greatest possible good of all, yet respecting the rights of the individual, in the people made one family, with one faith, one tradition, one thought of love, and advancing to the fuller accomplishment of its mission, in the people, progressive, consecrated to an apostolate of duties, never forgetful of a truth once won, never slacking its efforts because of

that victory, reverent to the message of the generations, but resolved to use the present as a bridge betwixt past and future, worshiping revelation, not the revealers, able, little by little, to approach the solution of its destiny here on earth.

God and his law, Humanity and its work of interpretation, progress, association, liberty, equality, the doctrine of the people, which is the vital principle of the republican party, all meet on the common ground of our creed. We reject no conquest of the past. Before us spreads a future where meet in close embrace the two eternal principles of every organization, the individual and humanity, liberty and association, where one philosophy, a genuine expression of religion, shall embrace in equal balance, every revelation of progress, every holy idea that by providential design has been successively transmitted to us

When before Young Europe's dawn, all the altars of the old world have fallen, two altars shall be raised upon this soil that the divine Word has made fruitful, and the finger of the herald-people shall inscribe upon one Fatherland, and upon the other Humanity. Like sons of the same mother, like brothers who will not be parted, the people shall gather around those two altars, and offer sacrifice in peace and love. And the incense of the sacrifice shall ascend to heaven in two columns that shall draw near each other as they mount, until they meet in one point which is God. And so often as they move asunder while they rise, fratricide shall be on earth, and mothers shall weep on earth, and angels in heaven

Suppose these things repeated in Europe, not as an expression of the individual, but as the expression, the word, the conscience of the republican party, of the whole party of progress, suppose the religious principle to shine again on our path and unify our labors, suppose God and humanity conjoined in our popular symbolism, as phenomenon and idea, thought and form; think ye that our word would not kindle the doubt-tossed multitudes who pray, and wait, and hope, because no crusader's cry, no religious cry, sounds in their ears? Do you believe that between our Holy Alliance and the accursed compact, between the apostles of progressive free movement and the stagnant sophists of old Europe, they would discern on which side stands God, His love, His truth? And where God is there is the people also. The people's philosophy is its faith.

And when faith shows not only on your lips but in your hearts, when your deeds answer to your words, and virtue hallows your lives as liberty hallows your minds, when as a band of brothers, believers in one flag, you appear before men as they who seek the good, when the people say of you, "They are a living faith" think ye the people will be slow to answer to your call? Think ye that the guerdon desired of all, of saving power to all, which falls to them who shall herald the way to Europe, think ye that that will not be gathered, aye and quickly?

Great thoughts make great peoples Let your life be the epitome of one great organic thought Widen the peoples' horizon Free their conscience from the materialism that weighs it down Point them to a vast



mission. Baptize them once again Anger at wrong done to material interests can only bring forth revolts, principles alone effect revolutions Go back to first principles, and the people will follow you

The question that agitates the world is a religious question Criticism and anarchy of belief have extinguished faith in the hearts of the peoples A philosophy that constructs, and unity of belief, will revive it

Then—but not till then—will return that active energy which grows with difficulties, but now collapses at each trifling disappointment Then will cease that state of isolation and mistrust which wearies us, which multiplies parties, obstructs association, makes of each individual a separate rallying-point, which makes us camps enough, but no armies to tenant them, which parts the poets to one side, the men of prose and calculation to the other, divides still further the men of action, and further still the high speculative intellects Then we shall lose from our ranks those who dishonor us, the clan of unclean hearts and canting tongues, whose inconsistency of language and performance suggests doubt concerning our symbol, who prate of virtue, of self-sacrifice, of charity, while vice is in their hearts, shame on their foreheads, and selfishness in their souls, who nail their immorality on our banner, and hide themselves in the day of battle, to reappear when danger is past that they may gather the spoils of the vanquished and strain our triumph by robbing it of its fruits Then will disappear, one by one, the prejudices and the influence of those nameless, feeble men who blame our war-cry because themselves lack courage, who beg at an ambassador's gate a dole

of hope for their country, who drag the exile's sacred name in the mire of cabinet intrigues, who dream of salvation for the nations from the chicanery of diplomatists, men who ape in their conspiracies the rusty tricks of the police, who mock at enthusiasm, deny the power of inspiration and self-sacrifice, call martyrdom quixotic, and try to regenerate the peoples by statistics. Then will vanish the thousand inconsistencies that make the party inferior to its mission, patriots' lips lisp "foreigner" almost as a reproach—what a blasphemy on the cross of Christ from men who call themselves Christians, republicans, and brothers!—the guilty hesitation that robs so many of our friends of strength to confess their belief, that frightens them at every charge made from the enemy's camp, that makes apostles of truth appear as erring and guilty men, that fascination of old names which, by supplanting principles, has ruined so many revolutions, and sacrificed fresh ideas to petty traditions, the illogical, inconsistent spirit that denies the oneness of mankind, that demands unlimited liberty for some and absolute intolerance for others, preaches political freedom and refuses literary freedom, which shakes the social edifice to its foundations, and petrifies religion. Then we shall see no more the angry polemic that feeds on hatred, snarls at every reminder, neglects principles for personalities, betrays in every sentence its jealous national exclusiveness, and wastes its strength in unimportant petty scuffles, and lastly, we shall lose the frivolity, the inconsistency of opinions, the forgetfulness of the martyrs who are our saints, of the great men who are

our priests, of the great actions that are our prayers. Faith, which is intellect, will, love, will blot out all those vices, and end the discords of a society without a church, without a head, that invokes a new world, but forgets to ask its secret from God And then, made fruitful by the breath of God and of holy beliefs, poetry, now exiled from a world that is a prey to anarchy, will blossom again, poetry, the flower of the angels, that martyrs' blood and mothers' tears have fed, and oft will grow amid ruins, but is ever colored by a rising sun It speaks to us, in prophetic tones, of humanity, European in substance, national in form It will teach the fatherland of the fatherlands to the nations still divided, it will translate into art the religious social philosophy, it will surround, with its own beautiful light, woman, who, though a fallen angel, is ever nearer to heaven than we It will hasten her redemption, restoring to her the mission of inspiration, of pity, and of prayer, which Christianity divinely symbolized in Mary It will sing the joys of martyrdom, the immortality of the vanquished, the tears that expiate, the sufferings that purify, the memories and the hopes, the traditions of one world interwoven in the cradle of another. It will murmur words of holy consolation to those children of sorrow born before their time, those fated and puissant souls who, like Byron, have no confidants on earth, and whom the world of to-day strives to rob even of God It will teach the young the greatness of self-sacrifice, the virtue of constancy and silence, how to be alone and yet despair not, how to endure, without a cry, an existence of torments half understood, unknown, long

years of delusions and bitterness and wounds, all without a complaint, it will teach a belief in future things, an hourly travail to promote it, without a hope in this life of seeing its victory

Are these illusions? Do I presume too much when I ask of faith such prodigies in a century still corrupted by scepticism, among men who are slaves of self, who love little, and quickly forget, who are troubled in soul, and heed only the calculations of egotism, and the sensations of the hour?

No, I do not presume too much. It is necessary that this come to pass, aye, and it will come. I have faith in God, in the potency of truth, and in the spirit of the age. I feel in the depths of my heart that we cannot stay as we are. The principle that was the soul of the old world is exhausted. It is for us to open the way to the new principle, and even should we perish in the attempt we will lead the way.

The times were wrapped in shadow. Heaven was a void. The peoples wandered, pricked by strange fears, or paused in torpid, puzzled wonderment. Whole nations disappeared, others just raised their heads as if to see them die. A hollow sound as of dissolution was heard in the world. All creation, earth and sky, trembled. Man seemed in hideous case. Placed between two infinities, he knew neither, he knew not past nor future. All belief was dead—dead the belief in the gods, dead the belief in the republic. Society was not; nought but a power that drowned in blood, or ate itself away in deeds of shame and sin, a senate, poor parody of the majesty that had been, which voted gold and statues to

the tyrant, pretorians who despised the one and slew the other, informers, sophists, and a slavish and obsequious multitude. There were no principles of saving virtue, there was only the calculation of antagonistic interests. The fatherland was exhausted. The solemn voice of Brutus from the tomb had told the world that virtue was but a name. And the good withdrew from that world to keep their souls and intellects from stain. Nerva starved himself to death. Thraseas made libation of his own blood to Jove the Liberator. The soul had disappeared, the senses alone reigned. The people asked for bread and circus games. Philosophy had become scepticism, epicureanism, or mere sophistries and words. Poetry was satire. From time to time man stood appalled at his own solitude, and drew back from the wilderness. Then voices of fear were heard at night by the wayside. Then the citizens, almost frenzied with dread, clasped the bare, cold statues of the gods that once they worshiped, and prayed of them a spark of moral life, a ray of faith, even some illusion, but they went unheard, with despair in their hearts and blasphemy on their lips. Such were those times, so like ours.

But, yet, that was not the death agony of the world, it was but the end of one phase of the world's evolution. A great epoch was exhausted, passing away to leave the road clear for another, whose first notes were already ringing in the north, and that awaited only its initiator to declare itself. He came. His was the soul most full of love, most virtuous and holy, most inspired by God and the future, that men have ever hailed on this earth. It was Jesus. He bent over the decaying world, and

murmured in its ear a word of faith To that obscene thing which retained nought but the aspect and notions of a man, he uttered words unknown up to that day: love, self-sacrifice, celestial origin The dead arose; a new life thrilled through that horrid thing which philosophy had tried in vain to bring to life From it came forth the Christian world, the world of liberty and equality Man was made manifest, the image and foreshadowing of God Jesus died As Lamennais has said, he asked of men, to save them, only a cross to die on But ere he died he announced to the people the good news To those who asked him whence he had it, he answered From God the Father, and from the cross twice he called on Him But from that cross his victory began, and it still endures

Have faith then, O ye that suffer for the noble cause, apostles of a truth that even to-day the world ignores, ye soldiers of the holy battles that the world condemns and calls rebellions To-morrow, perhaps, that world, to-day incredulous or careless, will bow with fervor before you To-morrow, victory will crown your crusading banner Onward in faith, and fear not That which Christ did, Humanity can do Believe, and you will conquer Believe, and the peoples will end by following you Believe, and act Action is the Word of God, passive thought is but its shadow Those who sunder thought and action dismember God, and deny the eternal unity of things Thrust them from your ranks, for whoso is not ready to testify to his faith with his blood is no believer

From your cross of misfortune and persecution an-

nounce the whole faith of the age, but few days will pass ere it receive its consecration of faith Let your lips utter not the cry of hate, nor the conspirator's hollow phrase, but the tranquil, solemn word of the days that are to come. From our cross of poverty and proscription, we, the men of exile, who represent in our heart and faith the races of the enslaved, the millions doomed to silence, we will reply to you, and say to our brothers The alliance is made Hurl at your persecutors the legend God and Humanity For yet a little time they may rebel and strive against it and stammer blasphemy But the masses will worship it

There was a day in the seventeenth century, in Italy, in Rome, when men called inquisitors, who pretended to have science and authority from God, were gathered together to decree the immobility of the earth Before them stood a prisoner Genius illumined his face He had outstripped his times and his fellow-men, and revealed the secret of a world He was Galileo He shook his bald and venerable head The soul of that sublime old man rose in rebellion against the senseless violence of men, who would have forced him to deny the truth that God had taught him But long oppression had tamed his former energy Frightened by the threats of those monks, he was at the point of yielding He raised his hand to swear, even he, the immobility of the earth But as he raised his hand, he lifted his weary eyes to the sky, which he had scanned during long nights, to read in it a line of universal law; they caught a ray of that sun which he knew to be fixed in the center of the revolving spheres Remorse pricked his

heart, and a cry in his own despite escaped from the depths of his soul "Still, it moves!"

Two centuries have passed away Inquisitors, inquisition, the senseless propositions that force dictated, all have disappeared But still the earth moves on, its motion proved beyond a doubt, and still the words of Galileo soar over the generations of mankind Lift thy countenance to the sun of God, thou child of humanity, and read that legend in the heavens It moves Faith and action The future is ours



## INTERESTS AND PRINCIPLES

**T**HERE is a charge too often brought against those who, like us, love to dwell on political generalities, and insist at length on principles—the charge that we pay little attention to material interests, that we are apt to sacrifice or neglect facts for what they are pleased to call abstract theories.

We are told "You are dreamers What use to us are all your discussions about principles which can only mature slowly, and which you can only address to a small minority of intellects? At the present moment we want facts, and facts alone Come down from the lofty sphere where we are not disposed to follow you, to the firm ground of practical work Leave generalities, descend to particulars Speak of what we can see, and what is palpable to the senses Face the question of material interests, would you forsooth profess to make the masses progress by virtue of mere abstractions? Yonder are people dying for lack of food, men who are hungry and athirst, men who have not wherewith to clothe themselves in winter All your theories of a social policy, of humanity, of a unifying and religious faith, will never renew their strength, never clothe their nakedness Proclaim those needs openly. Teach the proletariat its rights Uncloak one by one the crimes, the injustice, the infamy of our rulers Denounce every act of authority that injures any interest whatever, that infringes a single right

Fight, fight Shout liberty in the ears of the people  
Revolt is the principle of the century Then guide it  
In the stormy atmosphere that surrounds us, amid the  
political tempest that pursues and presses upon us on all  
sides, do not cheat yourselves into thinking that your  
message of peace, your weak speech of religion and  
love, will be heeded Let the future and its faith alone  
The present demands all our thought Consecrate your-  
selves to it, and do not come and weary us with your  
mysticism and spiritualistic beliefs "

They who speak thus are convinced that it is enough  
to crush us if they call us dreamers

And nevertheless those very men are attacked by dis-  
couragement, they are silent, or if they speak, they  
curse A hundred times they have thought to achieve  
their purpose, as often have they been compelled to  
begin afresh All they say has been said already, all  
they do has been done already—but never to any  
purpose

All the war of criticism, all the opposition of detail  
and of practical reform that they urge on us to-day has  
been experimented to the uttermost in France And  
where is France to-day? She has fallen headlong from  
one wreck to another from the Revolution to the  
Empire, from the Empire to the Bourbon Monarchy,  
from Charles X to Louis Philippe What has she gained  
by the change? What difference can you see between  
the censorship of the first Restoration and the Septem-  
ber Press Laws?

The blood-stained wounds of the proletariat have been  
exposed A thousand times have men counted the

victims of the deep social inequality that insults the Cross of Christ

We know now the sweat and tears that the rich man's bread costs to the poor. Yes, and the poor man, the workman, has learned to plead his cause before the tribunal of frightened Europe, his indictment, summarized in two words, terrible in their energy—Death or Work. A people of workmen has protested against the present division of labor, against the greed of the privileged classes. What has been the result? What has been done? Have any remedies been tried, or any great improvements made? To the producer's cry of Death or Work, the unproductive and speculative class replied—Death. The cannon has thundered. All this opposition, so intrepid, so indefatigable in the petty skirmishes for interests and rights, looked on at the butchery with their arms at rest. Not in all France did a single cry answer the cry of anguish of the Lyons workmen. Why is this?

Thanks to the writers of a whole century—thanks to the martyrs of many centuries—Liberty and Equality as principles are to-day admitted in the series of social axioms. Independence is universally recognized as the fairest jewel in a People's crown. The right not to be oppressed, or maimed, or tortured by the tyranny of the few, or by foreign invasion, is enshrined in the hearts of all as a sacred imprescriptible right. But does this advance us further? Not only in Italy, and Poland, and Germany, but everywhere, material interests are openly violated, and yet we all are conscious of our rights. Ask whom you will in those unhappy countries. You

will everywhere encounter hatred of the Russian and the Austrian, a clear desire for freedom, the consciousness of right that would justify insurrection, the conviction of the real advantages that would result for future generations. And yet they suffer in silence, they bow their necks to the yoke, they do not strive to break it. —Why is this?

Because between oppression and insurrection it is necessary to pass through gendarmes, prisons, and the gallows. Because to face all that, the consciousness of the fact is not enough, they must feel their duty to destroy it. Because the mere conviction does not suffice to begin a struggle that must break forth as the manifestation of a faith.

There were men who preached insurrection to those peoples, who said to them, "You have material interests, those interests are trodden under foot, see that you provide a remedy. You have rights, those rights are violated, see that you assert free play for them." For this they conspired. But tyranny was watching. It shed their blood before the conspiracy was ripe, it sent a few heads rolling at the conspirators' feet. Then they stepped back. A single chance of death outweighed a thousand chances of success. They said, "Our rights are valuable, and we should dearly wish to win them, but first of all rights is the right to live. The interest of our own life surpasses all other possible material interests. It embraces and outweighs them all. Without life we can have neither rights, nor well-being, nor riches, nor material improvement. Why should we hazard our life for an uncertain stake? Where should we find a

recompense?" Such were their words, and if we refuse to leave the circle of material calculations, we must own they are consistent. Two thirds at least of popular revolutions benefit only the succeeding generation. The generation that made them is nearly always condemned to mark with its own dead the road of progress for its successor. Itself can never enjoy the result of its travail.

What theory of material interests, what proof of individual rights, could argue a law of self-sacrifice, or martyrdom, if martyrdom be the goal that awaits us? Analyze, compare, phrase by phrase, all the doctrines of the utilitarians, you will never harmonize with them the sacrifice of life. Martyrdom is folly to a people that has no stimulus outside material interests, to their intelligence. Christ has lost all meaning.

For us, we maintain that there has never been a single great revolution that has not had its source outside material interests. We know of riots, of popular insurrections, but of none that has been crowned with success, or transformed into a revolution.

Every revolution is the work of a principle which has been accepted as a basis of faith. Whether it invoke nationality, liberty, equality, or religion, it always fulfils itself in the name of a principle, that is to say, of a great truth, which, being recognized and approved by the majority of the inhabitants of a country, constitutes a common belief, and sets before the masses a new aim, while authority misrepresents or rejects it. A revolution, violent or peaceful, includes a negation and an affirmation: the negation of an existing order of things, the affirmation of a new order to be substituted for it. A

revolution proclaims that the state is rotten, that its machinery no longer meets the needs of the greatest number of the citizens, that its institutions are powerless to direct the general movement, that popular and social thought has passed beyond the vital principle of those institutions, that the new phase in the development of the national faculties finds neither expression nor representation in the official constitution of the country, and that it must therefore create one for itself. This the revolution does create. Since its task is to increase, and not diminish the nation's patrimony, it violates neither the truths that the majority possess, nor the rights they hold sacred, but it reorganizes everything on a new basis, it gathers and harmonizes round the new principle all the elements and forces of the country, it gives a unity of direction toward the new aim, to all those tendencies which before were scattered in the pursuit of different aims. Then the revolution has done its work.

We recognize no other meaning in revolutions. If a revolution did not imply a general reorganization by virtue of a social principle, if it did not remove a discord in the elements of a state, and place harmony in its stead, if it did not secure a moral unity, so far from declaring ourselves revolutionists, we should believe it our duty to oppose the revolutionary movement with all our power.

Without the purpose hinted at above, there may be riots, and at times victorious insurrections, but no revolutions. You will have changes of men and administration, one caste succeeding to another, one dynastic

branch ousting the other. This necessitates retreat; a slow reconstruction of the past, which the insurrection had suddenly destroyed, the gradual re-establishment, under new names, of the old order of things, which the people had risen to destroy. Societies have such need of unity that if they miss it in insurrection they turn back to a restoration. Then there is a new discontent, a new struggle, a new explosion. France has proven it abundantly. In 1830 she performed miracles of daring and valor for a negation. She rose to destroy, without positive beliefs, without any definite organic purpose, and thought she had won her end when she canceled the old principle of legitimacy. She descended into that abyss which insurrection alone can never fill, and because she did not recognize how needful is some principle of reconstruction, she finds herself to-day, six years after the July Revolution, five years after the days of November, two years after the days of April, well on her way to a thorough restoration.

We cite the case of France because she is expected to give political lessons, hopes, and sympathies, and because France is the modern nation in which theories of pure reaction founded on suspicion, on individual right, on liberty alone, are most militant, therefore the practical consequences of her mistakes are shown most convincingly. But twenty other instances might be cited. For fifty years, every movement which, in its turn, was successful as an insurrection, but failed as a revolution, has proven how everything depends on the presence or absence of a principle of reconstruction.

Wherever, in fact, individual rights are exercised with-

out the influence of some great thought that is common to all; wherever individual interests are not harmonized by some organization that is directed by a positive ruling principle, and by the consciousness of a common aim, there must be a tendency for some to usurp others' rights. In a society like ours, where a division into classes, call them what you will, still exists in full strength, every right is bound to clash with another right, envious and mistrustful of it, every interest naturally conflicts with an opposing interest—the landlord's with the peasant's, the manufacturer's or capitalist's with the workman's. All through Europe—since equality, however accepted in theory, has been rejected in practice, and the sum of social wealth has accumulated in the hands of a small number of men, while the masses gain but a mere pittance by their relentless toil—it is a cruel irony, it gives inequality a new lease of life, if you establish unrestricted liberty, and tell men they are free, and bid them use their rights.

A social sphere must have its center, a center to the individualities that jostle with each other inside it; a center to all the scattered rays that diffuse and waste their light and heat. The theory that bases the social structure on individual interests cannot supply this center. The absence of a center, or the selection among opposing interests of that which has the most vigorous life, means either anarchy or privilege—that is, either barren strife or the germ of aristocracy, under whatever name it disguises itself—this is the parting of the ways, which it is impossible to avoid.

Is this what we want when we invoke a revolution,



since a revolution is indispensable to reorganize our nationality? Do we wish to condemn ourselves to ceaseless eddying in the whirlpool where France and Europe have tossed for half a century? Do we wish to be always making and unmaking, and be still in a provisional dispensation, be still uncertain of the morrow? Do we desire strife, or peace and harmony? This is the whole question

For us there is no doubt To find a center for all the many interests, we must rise to a region above them all, independent of them all To close a provisional dispensation and organize a peaceful future, we must reconnect that center with something, eternal as Truth, progressive as its development in the sphere of facts To prevent the clash of individualities, we must find an aim common to all, and direct ourselves toward it To make it easier for all to reach it, we must consolidate and associate the forces of all What else is association but a conception that makes for unity And how can such a conception be understood without a principle around which it may revolve?

We are therefore driven to the sphere of principles We must revive belief in them, we must fulfil a work of faith The logic of things demands it

Principles alone are constructive Ideals are never translated into facts without the general recognition of some strong belief Great things are never done except by the rejection of individualism and a constant sacrifice of self to the common progress Self-sacrifice is the sense of duty in action And the sense of duty cannot spring from individual interests, but postulates

the knowledge of a superior, inviolable law Every law rests on a principle, otherwise, it is arbitrary and its violation is permissible This principle must be freely accepted by everybody, otherwise, the law is despotic and its violation is a duty The application of principle lies in a life in conformity with law To discover, to study, to preach the principle that shall be the basis of the social law of the country and of the times in which he lives, should be the aim of every man that directs his thought to any political organization Faith in that principle is the parent of effective and lasting work The isolated and barren knowledge of individual interests can only lead to the isolated and barren knowledge of individual right And the knowledge of individual right will, where that right is denied, lead in its turn to discontent, opposition, strife, sometimes insurrection, but insurrection which, like that of Lyons, results only in a bitterer hostility between the classes that compose society Whenever, therefore, we desire to do one of those great deeds called revolutions, we must return to the knowledge and preaching of principles The true instrument of the progress of the peoples is to be sought in the moral factor

But do we, therefore, neglect the economic factor, material interests, the importance of industrial victories and the labors that won them? Do we preach principles for principles' sake, faith for faith's sake, as the romantic school of literature to-day preaches art for art's sake God forbid! We do not suppress the economic factor: we believe, on the contrary, that it is destined in the society of the future to admit an ever-increasing extension

of the principle of equality, and to incorporate the fruitful principle of association. But we subordinate the economic to the moral factor, because if withdrawn from its controlling influence, dissociated from principles, and abandoned to the theories of individualism that govern it to-day, it would result in brutish egotism, in perpetual strife between men that should be brothers; in the expression of the appetites of the human species, whilst it ought rather to represent on the ascending curve of progress the material translation of man's activity, the expression of man's industrial mission.

No, we do not neglect material interests. On the contrary, we reject as imperfect and irreconcilable with the needs of the age, every doctrine that does not include them, or regards them as less important than they really are. We believe that to every stage of progress there should be a corresponding positive improvement in the material condition of the people, and this successive improvement, in a certain manner, verifies for us the progress made. But we maintain that material interests cannot be developed alone, that they are dependent on principles, that they are not the end and aim of society, because we know that such a theory is destructive of human dignity, because we remember that when the material factor began to hold the field in Rome, and duty to the people was reduced to giving them bread and public shows, Rome and its people were hastening to destruction, because we see to-day in France, in Spain, in every country, liberty trodden under foot, or betrayed precisely in the name of commercial interests and that servile doctrine which parts material well-being from principles.

We do not forget the services rendered to the cause of progress by the political school of the Rights of Man, nor the importance of the economic teachings that, toward the end of the eighteenth century, assailed the absurd and immoral restrictive system under which governments committed the industrial development of the nation to customs officers, as they committed its moral development to censors and constabulary. In an age when the rights of individuals were systematically violated these teachings were indispensable, and without them we should not now be where we are. But to-day we have passed beyond them; we cannot stand still within their limits without denying the new tendencies that aim at reconstruction. The peoples hailed the destructive work of the past century because they hoped that a new organization would take the place of the old one, but since then they have been disillusioned again and again, and now they will not stir unless rekindled by a new organic programme. The individual is sacred. His interests, his rights are inviolable. But to make them the only foundation of the political structure, and tell each individual to win his future with his own unaided strength, is to surrender society and progress to the accidents of chance and the vicissitudes of a never-ending struggle, to neglect the great fact of man's nature, his social instinct, to plant egotism in the soul; and in the long run impose the dominion of the strong over the weak, of those who have over those who have not. The many futile attempts of the past forty years prove this.

When, therefore, we preach almost exclusively those principles which seem to us to spring from the actual

condition of human knowledge, we purpose following the way that leads to the material as well as the moral future of the nations. When we insist on the need of raising on those principles a structure of belief, in the place of dead or dying creeds, we shall be responding to a prayer of the peoples, often ill-expressed, more often ill-understood, but which has been revealed in many forms most dissociated and dissimilar, and is the historical secret of the nineteenth century. And when we say "Rise to the sphere of principles, guide the peoples, now wandering in darkness, to the law of progress, to humanity, to God, awake again the moral sense, the sentiment of duty in men whom others would fain convert into calculating-machines, show a great purpose to the young, so easily assailed to-day by discouragement and doubt, give to men by enthusiasm, and religion, and love, a new moral existence, since the old one of privilege and inequality is dust and ashes," when we say this, we are convinced that every other method of treating public questions is an illusion or a lie, that political forms, considered in isolation and by themselves, are, as the ancients said of law, spiders' webs that imprison little insects, but are torn through by big ones, that the spirit alone gives importance to forms; that institutions are a dead letter, ineffectual and impotent, whenever the breath of popular progress, and brotherhood, and association does not inspire them; that all written declarations are futile where men have surrendered themselves to individualism, and organized themselves on a basis of inequality, and therefore naturally tend to elude such declarations, and rather seek in them a weapon of de-

fense against others, convinced that no other method can profit the cause of humanity, the great interests of the people, and labor, and nationality, and moral growth—the only things that merit our sacrifices and our labors

Instil into a people's soul, or into its teachers and writers, one single principle, and it will be worth more to that people and country than a whole system of interests and rights addressed to each individual, or a war to the death against the acts of a corrupt government

If by dint of example you can root in a nation's heart the principle that the French Revolution proclaimed but never carried out, that the State owes every member the means of existence or the chance to work for it, and add a fair definition of existence, you have prepared the triumph of right over privilege, the end of the monopoly of one class over another, and the end of pauperism; for which at present there are only palliatives, Christian charity, or cold and brutal maxims like those of the English school of political economists

When you have raised men's minds to believe in the other principle—that society is an association of laborers—and can, thanks to that belief, deduce both in theory and practise all its consequences, you will have no more castes, no more aristocracies, or civil wars, or crises. You will have a People

And when the gospel of the brotherhood of all the men of a nation has made the soul a sanctuary of virtue and love, when the great conception of nationality is no more dwarfed to mean proportions, when it seeks as a basis for its rights something more than mere material interest, interest that always has its rivals, when

the mother repeats its pure and holy doctrine to the child at her knee, at those hours of morn and even when woman, angel-grown, teaches her offspring heavenly truths as axioms and principles immutable—then only will you have a nation such as you can never have from sophists who would found a godless nationality For nationality is belief in a common origin and end, and if set up to-day by one interest it can be overthrown to-morrow by another interest more daring and more powerful

And so it must ever be Principles, which some would relegate among abstractions, by their nature lie so near material interests, and what is called the economic factor, that they involve its practical triumph as an inevitable consequence The sphere of principles includes and embraces them all But all material progress is the infallible result of all moral progress We cease to waste our strength in a petty war, nor try to defeat interests in detail and without guarantee of permanent success, we strive instead to reach the common source and plant ourselves in the key of the position The effects of our exertions may appear more slowly, but they are more certain, and alone are durable The work of faith, the moral work, advances insensibly, like the movement of the hand on the clock, but it alone is called to mark the solemn hours of the nations

A newspaper is not a work of legislation it operates indirectly only A newspaper does not clothe the naked poor, or give bread to the starving it preaches and insists that this should be done How shall we work on the readers' mind? How convince him, not only of the

existence of the disease but of the need of a remedy? How communicate to him the spirit of activity, the power of self-sacrifice, which are necessary to overcome obstacles? A newspaper, generally speaking, is written for the well-to-do classes, and these classes, comfortable in their prosperity, never have experienced privation or suffering, they see at times the misery of the poor, but easily accustom themselves to consider it as a sad social necessity, and leave to future generations the care of finding a remedy. Sweet are indifference and oblivion to the man who sits in the sanctuary of his family, surrounded by smiling faces, while the wintry blast blows without, and the snowflakes, swift and fine, beat against the panes of a double window. Do you hope to drag these favorites of the world from their apathy, by the simple expression of the economic situation and what should be its substitute in a well-organized society? Do you hope to shake them from their selfish repose, merely by cold analysis of what happens in a sphere to which they never penetrate? They will approve perhaps in theory your utilitarian doctrines, but do not ask them to promote them. Why should they? You speak in the name of interests. Is not the first of all interests enjoyment? And they do enjoy.

There is a great gulf between approving a thing and sacrificing yourself for it, a gulf which you with your methods cannot cross. And yet this is just the problem. Man is thought and action. Your theories may modify the former, they cannot create the latter.

We must therefore modify, reform, transform, the whole man into a unity of life. We must teach him



not right but duty, awaken to better things his degenerate nature, his half-exhausted soul, his drooping enthusiasm, we must give him the consciousness of human worth and men's mission here below, and thereby raise the strength to act which now is crushed by his indifference. And this is a work for principles, and belief, and religious thought, and faith.

This was the work of Jesus. He did not try to save a dying world by criticism. He did not speak of interests to men whose souls were poisoned by the cult of interests. He preached, in God's holy name, certain truths till then unknown, and these few truths, which now after eighteen centuries we are striving to realize, changed the face of the world. One single spark of faith achieved what all the sophisms of the philosophic schools never had caught a glimpse of—a forward step in the education of the human race.

The problem of to-day—we shall never weary of repeating—is, as in the days of Christ, an educational problem. But what is education unless it rest upon principles, and draw its being from a common faith, and strive for its victory?

## THE EXILES

**W**HEN, in February, 1831, I crossed the last boundary that separates my country from Switzerland, I felt as if I were placing my foot on holy ground, on the threshold of a temple. Five centuries of liberty looked down on me from those mountain heights. The air was cold, and nothing but snow lay around me. Although weak and ill, I experienced a sense of power, of strange warmth, almost as if something had been suddenly kindled in my soul. The mountain wind, biting and sharp, smote upon my ears. But I felt only the breath of the Spirit of the People that dwells among the giant Alps tenderly caressing my face. It was the spring-time of God that lasts through all eternity for those simple, just, and valorous men who never have suffered their habitation on earth to be profaned. It was the peace of souls, independence, holy equality, noble piety. I breathed in all those things. The snow seemed to me as some dazzling white veil of youth and candor stretched over a virgin soil, free and inviolable, and my heart beat within me as in the first dreams of love, of fatherland and of humanity.

And I said within myself: Behold the hope, for all who suffer, incarnate in a people, behold a land that, in the midst of corrupt monarchies, has been able to preserve, for five hundred years, and by the arms of a few sons of the mountains, its beautiful republican banner,

as a beacon of life and faith, as a promise for Europe  
He who puts his foot upon this land feels himself a free  
man This is the asylum of the oppressed, the sanctuary  
of the exiled It is the fatherland of all whom injustice  
has robbed of their own Every man that embraces  
the tree of liberty is sanctified thereby, like those among  
the ancients who embraced the statues of the gods  
Wherefore, God has blessed this land and will bless it  
through all time I laid on thee, O land hallowed by  
hospitality, the exile's prayer May thy people's crown  
shine through long ages beneath the sun of the Alps!  
Because thou alone, despite the tempests and the errors  
that furrowed thy soil, didst cherish the presentiment  
of humanity Alone thou didst feel how noble and beau-  
tiful it was to bend, before the majesty of misfortune,  
the head that had never bowed to despotism

To-day all is changed The air is cool and gloomy  
around us The sanctuary has been profaned The asy-  
lum is no more respected The law of misfortune is no  
longer sacred Hospitality is dead

An icy wind from the north has breathed upon men's  
souls It has frozen sympathy and stifled generous  
thoughts, and deadened and dried up all hearts I hear  
unknown voices murmur words whose very sound was  
unknown till now on this republican soil "Let us break  
with the exiles, and make our peace with the govern-  
ments, let us sacrifice this handful of agitators to them,  
let us exile the exiled, and cast upon their heads the  
crimes of which the governments accuse us" And they  
draw up lists of the proscribed, they arbitrarily imprison  
the exiles against whom no accusation lies Ninety indi-

viduals form a category of suspects. Informations are rewarded, a price is set on heads. The newspapers teem with calumnies. We are allowed no chance to defend ourselves. Branded like cattle, we are destined, some for England, some for America. Why? In virtue of what right? What code of laws justifies the verdict? Where are the witnesses? Where is our defense? Persecution, as in ancient Venice, is based upon secret information. Our sentences are not supported either by common right or public law. There is no law for us, our present, our future, are given over to the tender mercies of State expediency, to something uncertain and indefinite, to an authority blind and deaf, like Schiller's Inquisition, nameless like the atheist. And no influential patriot, no republican legislator raised his voice to protest, in the name of men to whom every form of protest is forbidden, and say, "The exiles are men, they have the right to all human justice; every sentence that is not based upon the general law is iniquitous, every verdict that does not follow a public trial and a free untrammelled defence is a crime in the eyes of men and God." No! there is not one voice. It would seem that the monarchies, exiling us from the fatherland, have exiled us from humanity.

From humanity? Yes! And God knows that the pain I suffer as I write these words does not proceed from personal considerations. I never have felt so deeply as I do to-day the truth of that saying of Lamennais "May God send peace upon the poor exile, for, wherever he may be, he is alone." Alone? But no! He has the people with him.

The people—and may my words echo afar to the honor

of Switzerland, and for a comfort of our mothers—the people is good. Wherever we have come into close contact with it, there has been interchange of love between us. The people has the instinct of great misfortunes and deep pity. The people—except when libels like those that are being disseminated make it halt a moment on its natural career—the people is with us, and gives us proofs of its sympathy. It smites our persecutors with its contempt, and gives vent to its joy wherever the justice of our cause is recognized. In the very place where we are treated as enemies it proclaims us brothers. Its cottage door is opened to shelter us from persecution. We could tell of patriots who, without knowing us, simply through love of the principle we represent, would for our sake renounce all they hold most dear in the world, of villages where not a single man was willing to lend a hand to execute a treaty which the Government unjustly and arbitrarily concluded against us. Honor to the men, these loyal Swiss, who still worship the memory of their fathers' virtue, and whose noble conduct protests, as well as it is able, against the intermittent torture that we suffer. May they think of us as we pray for them. Through them and them alone the fatherland will, in God's eyes, be saved in the days of crisis that the imprudence of their present rulers is preparing.

But what of the cause? Who represents it before men, before the peoples that look on untouched, and for whose sakes even to-day goes on the great struggle between one man and the power of all, between the existing fact of monarchy and the principle of republicanism? Those

acts of simple, modest heroism, those instances of brotherliness of which I spoke just now, who knows of them? Where are they registered, except in our hearts? The peoples cannot at the present time draw from them conclusions on which to base their judgment. But they can draw them from the language of those among the men of progress who are in a certain degree the living epitome of the party, from the attitude of the national associations, from the actions of the elect of the country, from individuals in high places, who are always regarded as the representatives of the great majority of its beliefs. And when, in the face of injustice and intolerance, the associations are dumb, when the best among the good wrap their heads in their cloaks and let oppression work its will; when not one of those who can frown at a few lines traced by a foreign hand, fearing, they say, lest an alien influence pervert the national genius, not one, I say, dares stand up and declare to the men whose weakness makes them messengers of royal embassies "You are digging, with its dishonor, your nation's tomb, you are cementing an alliance between the soul and conscience of the Republic and the Diplomacy of palaces; you are giving the lie to the principle inscribed on your banner." When this is so, what will the peoples think? What will be the lessons they will draw for their future? How will they distinguish between the deeds of absolutism and those of a popular government? How will they choose between the decrees of Louis Philippe's prefects and the police circulars of Zurich and Berne? Woe unto us who dream of the religion of Christian brotherhood on a soil whose government makes the exiled a caste of

political pariahs Woe unto you, weak and inconsistent men, who slay ideas by degrading them, and put the future one step farther off For that you shall surely answer, not to us—for long ago we have said to misfortune, "Be unto us a sister," for long ago we have chanted Luther's Hymn, "God alone is our strength"—not to us, but to the republican principle, to the faith that it represents, to your people and to humanity

I write without hatred or bitterness The former was ever unknown to me; but a deep indignation ploughs through my soul when I think how the liberty and dignity and honor of a people are being gambled away on the table of an embassy, when I see the delegates of a republic permitting a white slave trade to please the police of the monarchies, when I hear fathers, brothers, husbands, speak, by their children's cradles, so lightly of America for other men who have lost all, whose one comfort it is perhaps to be able to view the Alps or the Rhine, thinking of their fatherland beyond Are they conscious of what they are doing? Do they remember that we also, we exiles, have mothers, aged fathers, sisters? Do they realize what consequences their thoughtless words may have for them and us?

One day in 1834 a man came to me asking for a brother's help He was an exile, and had been one for twenty years He had sipped to the dregs the bitter cup that exile fills for the poor and solitary They had driven him from Berne to Geneva, from Geneva to France France rejected him because he was unprovided with satisfactory papers. He had re-crossed that country on foot, and found refuge in Berne, where a few Italians

took care of him. Again he was consigned to the gendarmes, and sent back to Geneva. There he was imprisoned for having dared to return, then driven away, on the ground of having no legal domicile. I saw him when he had thus completed his third journey. Tears ran down his cheeks as he told me the story of his misfortunes. Shortly afterward he had a hint to set out for England. And he departed, crossing Switzerland and France on foot.

That man was a Neapolitan; his name Carrocci. He died crossing the sea. His father and mother are still living; he had brothers and sisters. God forgive the republicans who poisoned their days with sorrow. They who murmur—between a smile and a shake of the hand—America, should think a little more seriously of the families of the men whom they desire to drive there.

The question of the exiles is nearly settled at least in the opinion of the country, for, so far as the Government is concerned, who can tell or foresee what they may do. We, thank God, are too far from the sources from which they draw their present inspirations, to be in a position to inform our readers of their intentions. We are speaking now simply of public opinion, which is the only thing that represents the country to us now.

Public opinion continues to consolidate, and is nearly unanimous in condemning the incomprehensible conduct of our police, and the still more incredible designs of a proscription en masse, of deportation, of the creation of a special court which some of our statesmen have dared to sketch out, but which, one is forced to hope, for the honor of the human race they never would dare to put



into execution In view of the facts, in the face of the inquiry that is being held in Zurich, and the one at Berne, however much they try to envelop it with a mysterious terror—all the rumors of irruptions into Germany, of attempts at armed insurrection, of plots at the point of breaking out, all are scattered, like the calumnies they are, by a solemn verdict of acquittal They dare not even mention it more In spite of the activity of which we have had such proof, they have raked up nothing to justify the ridiculous theory that they attempted to impose on public credulity, not a gun, not a chest of arms, not a single plan of invasion, not a trace of an actual conspiracy, with any insurrectionary or other aim, not a scrap of paper to show that we should move at any fixed day or hour—they have found nothing Their discoveries are confined to a few documents, which, it is said, are evidence of the existence of an association Well, among brothers, an association is in the nature of things, it is simply an echo of the ideas that to-day are germinating everywhere, and of which we make ourselves interpreters Where is the crime of it? Where is the harm? What is there to punish? And, supposing there are men who meet in the bond of a belief frankly expressed and freely accepted, what are they guilty of? Here, where the right of association is formally recognized, under institutions whose very soul is liberty, how long have they qualified as a conspiracy deserving punishment, a thing that hurts nobody, and aims only at organizing, round any nucleus that offers, the holy war of ideas, of progress, of national independence and popular freedom?

It is idle to cheat ourselves, the question is serious. Every time that exceptional measures are taken upon our soil against any person whatever, the responsibility is made to fall upon us patriots, whenever, through anybody's fault, any one of the inviolable rights which the country recognizes is suppressed, it is we who are threatened. There is no reason—we repeat for those who easily forget—there is no reason why the right of association, which to-day is forbidden to foreigners, may not be refused to-morrow to natives, there is no reason for permitting us, partisans of young ideas as against old ideas, to call ourselves in our publications Young Switzerland, if there are men who claim the right to punish others because they think it their duty to head 'heir writings, whether published or not, with Young Germany as the expression of a prophetic belief. If it does not happen, it is only because they dare not do it. If we all remain dumb, they surely will soon find the necessary courage.

And even were this not to happen, it is of little importance. Even if there were every possible guarantee—even if the future itself were in our hands, we should still feel it equally our duty to protest. We are not egotists. We watch and guard the right. Wherever that right appears there is the seal of humanity, there are our brothers. Wherever that right is violated, wherever the sanctity of the human person is profaned by injustice or caprice, we likewise feel ourselves injured in that which we hold most dear—in our faith, in our principles, in our hopes. We are all members one of another. And, in proclaiming our principles on the house-tops, we

believe we are doing a patriotic task and a national duty, much more effectively than those, whoever they be, who show, as a pretext or excuse for persecution, a curious zeal, either hypocritical or strangely misconceived, for the safety and independence of the fatherland

The safety and independence of the fatherland are placed in its ancient virtues and in honor. Its enemies are they who betray those virtues and stain the honor of that republican flag which was planted on their fathers' graves. What do we gain from a precarious enjoyment of the right of association or printing, if the sanctity of that right is ignored, if we will not recognize it as the application of a universal principle, a fragment of the law of God, and teach our children to see in it nothing but a simple fact? What is the value of liberty, if with fear in her soul and shame on her forehead she must crawl, like some vile courtesan, from embassy to embassy, to beg a day's existence from the diplomatists of kings? Such liberty is but a bitter derision, and like the mocking legend which an impious hand nailed on the cross of Christ, it is the eternal condemnation of the men who inscribe it on their banner and crucify the just beneath.

Woe to the men that ignore the exile's sanctity, trample on holy hospitality, speculate upon the isolation of the exile, and put a crown of thorns on the head that is consecrated by baptism of suffering and self-sacrifice! Woe to the people that can look on that spectacle unmoved, without impulse to raise their hands and cry: "Those exiles are our brothers whom God sends to us, let us respect them and ourselves"! The liberty their

fathers won will melt like ice beneath the sun at the first great ordeal. The tears their selfishness has drawn will testify against them, and blot out their glory and their name. Wherefore Christ said "Feed the hungry and give drink to him that is athirst" But liberty is the bread of the soul, and hospitality the dew that God maketh to fall upon the good, that they may wet with it the brows that persecution has furrowed.

And we poison with bitter words and calumny the bread of misfortune of those who ask of us hospitality, and when we hunt them forth, we write in the *liorets*\* of the workmen whom we suspect of loving their fatherland too dearly. There's no work for you.

And this we do to comply with the demands of some foreign embassy<sup>1</sup> and all—so debased and blind are we—to stifle, were it in the power of men, that spirit of human emancipation and liberty which to-day is our sole defense, to consummate, whether we know it or not, the reaction that, for the past five years, has been at work throughout Europe with unflinching constancy—an impious and cursed work, that substitutes might for right, fact for principle, matter for spirit, man for God; a work fatal to every republican institution, a work whose programme—expressed, in our opinion, clearly enough at Paris in September, 1835—is being carried out at Cracow by force, in Switzerland by dishonor<sup>1</sup>.

For certainly you would not dare to tell a cultured country—you would not dare to tell us at least, unless

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\**Lioret*, a memorandum-book in which is written by employers the date of the entry into, or discharge from, service of their workmen or servants.

you hinted it half ashamed—that your conduct is perfectly independent and free from foreign inspiration. The latter is transparent on every hand, it betrays itself in your slightest acts, it strews your path with contradictions, it directs your enquiries, draws up your lists of proscription. For two years you renounced the odious system which you have now unfortunately revived, you gave a pledge of tolerance and oblivion, those very men against whom you have now unearthed a musty decree, lived among you for two years, seen and known by all your agents; you had them under your hand, you were able to judge their conduct, you told them implicitly, at least, to live free and tranquil. And now, in a moment, you set upon them with a strange energy, with a kind of blind fury, which does not even allow you time to await the result of your inquiries. It has followed, too, the events of Cracow, the pretended discoveries that have no other foundation than the word of some Russian or Austrian sergeant-major, the demands made by powers that encroach on your prerogatives, the secret despatches whose existence the want of publicity in national affairs enabled you to conceal but not deny. And you call yourselves independent! You pretend it was the discovery of a conspiracy that started your persecutions, while already, before even the results of the Zurich inquiry are known, you drew up lists of ninety victims, which were published in the newspapers twenty days ago! You say you are hunting the guilty, you tell us the government persecutions are directed only against those that are implicated in a plot whose design has not even been proved. All the same, at the head of your lists of pro-

scription, inserted in your circulars to the police and Cantonal authorities, are the names of peaceful, inoffensive men, while all the information you have been able to collect proves their complete innocence! You assert that the principal agents of the pretended conspiracy are paid from abroad, and all the time you must know that while you have in your hands the proof of a correspondence between one of them and the agent of a foreign court, you only display power against a few poor workmen, you vent your anger solely against a few defenseless exiles, you do not ask the foreign governments to recall their guilty agents, you are tender to men whose errand is to establish in your country a kind of occult government, a secret police, a center, as has been proved again and again, of disorder, espionage and corruption.

Then do not speak, or profane with your lips, the sacred words—fatherland and independence. The people, who through all this have remained pure and innocent, and who one day will make reparation for your crimes—the people alone have now the right to utter those words without a blush of shame.

If there is one thing—after God and our love—that we can prescribe as a solace to those who suffer for the holy cause, it is the undeniable homage that our enemies themselves render to liberty of thought and the omnipotence of ideas by their savage and relentless persecutions.

Fifty years ago men punished deeds, the material act, the violation of what was called the sovereign majesty, rebellion against authority, insubordination toward any established order of things. They vented their anger

against the individual that was guilty of open violence. No punishment was too great for the wicked man who dared to put his hand to the forbidden tree, but you might with prudence and skill teach with impunity that no forbidden fruit existed. Men were tortured and condemned to death; but death was chastisement, and torture was vengeance. Justice was punitive, but not preventive. Authority was supported on one side by the executioner, on the other by the scholar. The peasant that dared to lift his hand against the noble that ravished his wife was sent to languish in prison, but people laughed at Molière's satires on the nobles, without weighing their importance. Actions were crushed, ideas were only despised. Honors were showered on Voltaire the destroyer, but Calas and Du Barry were dragged to the scaffold.

To-day all is changed. Principles themselves are attacked, men are regarded as only their embodiment, the living symbols whom the enemy tries to destroy, but prefers to vilify, if the chance presents itself. Ideas are persecuted, the purer and more virtuous they are, the greater the irritation they arouse. The reactionary, the immoral revolutionist, the man that is disorderly from habit or native vice, are struck at, without passion or violence, but woe to the men that encircle their thoughts with an aureole of faith and disinterested devotion, and embody in them their very life, who dare to unfold them before the eyes of all, a spotless flag, a God in the sanctuary. Woe to the men that make the revolutionary idea the most holy of apostolates, and keep it unspotted from the vulgar stains that individualism might soil it with,

who wish to unite it to the humanitarian tradition, and identify it with the continuous and progressive revelation by which God pours his Spirit on the masses of mankind! For them there is neither pity nor truce War to the press! War to association in any form! War to every presentiment of the future! This is the fundamental idea that guides persecution to-day Persecution of tendencies has been invented They have materialized all that is most prophetic, most ideal, in the manifestation of man's spiritual nature The phrase propagandism has been discovered—an admirably elastic term that embraces everything and defines nothing—and is applied to everything and used to condemn everything Literary Young Germany is persecuted as well as political Young Germany Princes have learned that every new literary school leads up in the very nature of things to a new political school, and that to every stage of intellectual emancipation there is a corresponding stage of material emancipation They vent their anger on the proscribed, not because there is any reason to fear their immediate action—it is well known that they have no material for it—but from dread of their double consecration of misfortune and virtue The vice that enervates the mind, the traffic that prostitutes it, have been elevated to a system Everywhere, where it is possible, they are organizing hostile opinion, rather than terror, because the former, it is hoped, will kill the spirit, while the latter attacks only the form They are anxious, above all things, to introduce immorality among us Thiers is placed at the head of royal France Polignac is rejected It is a complete system organized to that end



It is, indeed, possible to put one man *hors de combat*, even a number of men, an entire party, but not an idea. The power that carries within itself the condemnation of every illegitimate, or arbitrary, or immoral authority, is precisely this power of Ideas—and of ideas alone. This is the reason that authority tries to smother them wherever and however it can, it finds no other way to save itself.

This is the reason we were called dreamers, utopians, inventors of ideas, were mocked at for our supposed mysticism, our religious conception, our application of idealism to politics. And now we are treated as conspirators, we are called plotters of treason, the Conservative party bespatter us with all their venom, we have all the hate of those who feel their doom is near. The daily press of the aristocracy strives to rake together, at the doors of the embassies, insult and calumny against us. The men of a power that is false to its own origin threaten to crush us. Men have come, through a series of sophisms, to the belief that every beacon of light is a call to rebellion, that every effort of thought must infallibly be connected with a conspiracy.

What is the reason of this change? Is it not, perhaps, the most explicit testimony of the mighty power latent in the very least of those ideas that but yesterday were still treated with contempt. Can we have advanced so far as to have fraternized thought and action? Or, indeed, in other words, is not, perchance, thought itself an action and gifted with its powers and characteristics?

This is the first idea that suggested itself after the last domiciliary visit with which we were honored. And

the same idea arises from the whole question of the exiles, from all that has been said and done during the past few weeks. We mention it now for the sake of those men who, although inscribed with us in the same party, and accepting the same flag, have—through impatience, or lack of intelligence, or because it was the fashion—attacked us in the past as idealogues who are a hindrance in the struggle, and who neglect facts to lose themselves in a vague search after the impossible.

How could we so often stir the anger of men, powerful from rank or influence, if we were nothing but dreamers, if our voice of calmness and conviction, which preaches principles alone, were nothing but an empty sound in the midst of the strife? Why do the friends of the aristocracy, or of the conservative doctrines prevalent among us, shower so large a share of their vulgar insults and foolish threats upon us, if our mission is never to realize any of our beliefs for the people whom they ignore or hate?

Translate your beliefs into action you say, well and good. But why do those who worship facts, and reduce politics to a question of formal government, of administrative machinery, of mere economic reforms, why do they never translate their conceptions into facts? Let them point to a single one of their practical remedies whose efficacy can be proved sufficiently to secure its being tested. And if they succeeded in getting even one accepted, let them tell us whether that remedy did not, a few months later, prove valueless and whether the improvements it was to produce were not monopolized by one class alone—by that class which possesses and

jealously keeps, for its own advantage, every avenue to the administration of the state. All partial reforms imposed on a society, corrupt and rotten at heart, are but instruments in favor of this class, since it alone, in the actual constitution of society, is in a position to obtain any benefit from them.

We too, equally with them, might in our turn suggest, when necessary, new administrative or economic regulations. But what good would come of it? Would they be accepted? Or rather, would they not perhaps be accepted in such a manner as to warp them before long from their true purpose—the social and general good?

Every revolution is building on sand that professes to change the subject without modifying the agent, or, in other words, that seeks to realize its own purpose without effecting, in the name of some faith, or enthusiasm, or of the consecration of great principles, some degree of moral reform in the men who have to achieve it. We are building on the rock. By connecting politics with a philosophy of life, by raising them to the height of a religious conception, and by subordinating their results to a vast scheme of universal education, we shall indeed be later in attaining our purpose, but most assuredly we shall consummate it once and forever.

To-day—after forty years of sanguinary experiences, after delusions such, that (if anything could justify despair when the salvation of all is at stake) the cowardly despondency that dominates a whole generation at the present day, would be sufficient apology—to-day, France herself is constrained to confess that she has not sufficiently matured her thought, and has therefore to set

to work again Germany, the land of dreamers, after devoting her whole time to preparing the field of ideas, experiences to-day the greatest difficulty in abandoning it for the field of practice and facts, but be assured every step she takes upon the latter field will be an imperishable conquest It is probable that she will progress very slowly, nevertheless, we may be certain that she will neither stop nor retrace her steps. Her revolution may be delayed much longer than we could wish, but we firmly believe its results will be permanent and fruitful.

Let us then pursue our way, continue our slow procedure as sowers of ideas, miners of thought We know well what is our goal Until to-day you have deluded us with treacherous promises and foolish hopes, and never won us a single important conquest By always beckoning us on to an immediate realization of our hopes, you have made us lose precious time And now, to make up for it, we must have the consecration of ideas But remember we will never again turn aside our face from the goal, we will press toward it without ceasing, and, be assured, when we cancel an idea, we cancel with it a whole series of facts, and when we teach a new idea, we prepare the way for a new and complete series of material reforms that will result from it, not at once perhaps, but infallibly some day.

The unjust powers with whom we fight know this and curse us; but their anathema is lost in the void like a straw borne by the wind The seed we sow will take root in soil that martyrs' blood has hallowed, and germinate beneath the breath of God. And, if the plants

that grow from it shall shoot only on our graves, our souls will bless God, and rejoice in another world

Persecute us then, but tremble! One day, before the flames that, at the Roman Senate's order, were consuming Cremutius Cordus's History, a Roman exclaimed, "Throw me also upon that pyre, for I know those books by heart" Yet a little while and humanity will reply with such a cry to your petty persecutions You strike down a few men, but the idea escapes your blows It is immortal It gains a giant's strength in the fury of the storm Like a diamond, its splendor waxes brighter at every stroke that cuts it For every instance of its working that you crush, it will find ten more From day to day it penetrates and incarnates itself more and more in the conscience of humanity, and, when you have emptied your anger and violence upon a few individuals who are only its forerunners, it will rise before you in all its democratic majesty It will sweep over your heads like the sea over the sand, and destroy even the very memory of your resistance

RECOLLECTIONS

BY

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

TRANSLATED BY THEODORE DWIGHT



## INTRODUCTION

**G**IUSEPPE GARIBALDI, the military hero of modern Italy, was born in Nice, July 4, 1807. After sailing on various merchant vessels in the Mediterranean, he joined in the effort for the liberation of his native land, and was captured and exiled. He served for a time in the French navy, and went to South America in 1836, where he entered the service of the Republicans that were endeavoring to achieve independence for the Brazilian province of Rio Grande. His adventures there are related in the chapter presented herewith. In 1848—the year of general revolutionary movement on the continent of Europe—he returned to Italy, and soon had command of a corps of volunteers under the provisional government of Lombardy. When that failed, he entered the service of Rome, which he defended against the French in 1849—but unsuccessfully. His wife died soon afterward, the uprising in Italy was suppressed, and he once more became an exile. He lived for a while by hunting and fishing, on the island of Maddalena, and then came to the United States. In 1850 he worked in a candle-factory on Staten Island. Then he sailed the Pacific in command of merchantmen, and gained enough wealth to buy a part of the little island of Caprera, near the coast of Sardinia. In the war of 1859 he organized and commanded a body of chasseurs, with which he did good service. The next year he suc-



cessfully invaded Sicily, defeating the Bourbon troops, and making himself dictator of that island. He then crossed to the peninsula, captured Naples, and was proclaimed dictator of the two Sicilies, which, by a plebiscite were soon annexed to the dominions of Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi then retired to his home in Caprera. He afterward entered the Italian Parliament, and still later was in arms again, in the service of Rome. He was defeated, wounded, and captured, with all his men, at Aspromonte, August 29, 1862, and on being released retired once more to Caprera. In the war of 1866, for the liberation of Venice, he took the field again, and in the autumn of 1867 he defeated the Papal troops at Monterotondo, and marched on Rome, but was in turn defeated by the intervention of a French army. In the Franco-German war of 1870 he and his son served with the French. He published, besides his early recollections, three novels, which were soon forgotten. He died June 1, 1882.

## RECOLLECTIONS

**I** SPENT my childhood in the joys and sorrows familiar to children, without the occurrence of anything very remarkable. Being more fond of play than of study, I learned but little, and made but a poor return for the kind exertions of my parents for my education. A very simple accident made a deep impression on my memory. One day, when a very little boy, I caught a grasshopper, took it into the house, and, in handling it, broke its leg. Reflecting on the injury I had done to the harmless insect, I was so much affected with grief that I retired to my chamber, and mourned over the poor little creature, weeping bitterly for several hours. On another occasion, while accompanying my cousin in hunting, I was standing on the side of a deep ditch, by which the fields were irrigated, when I discovered that a poor woman, while washing clothes, had fallen from the bank, and was in imminent danger. Although I was quite young and small I jumped down and saved her life, and my success afforded me the highest pleasure.

Among my teachers, I retain a grateful recollection of Padre Gianone and Signor Arena. Under the former I made but little progress, being bent more on play than on learning, but I have often regretted my loss in failing to learn English, whenever I have since been thrown in company with people speaking that language. To the

latter I consider myself greatly indebted for what little I know. The ignorance in which I was kept of the language of Italy, and of subjects connected with her condition and highest interests, was common among the young, and greatly to be lamented. The defect was especially great in Nice, where few men knew how to be Italians, in consequence of the vicinity and influence of France, and still more the neglect of the Government to provide a proper education for the people. To the instructions of Padre Gianone, and the incitement given me by my elder brother Angelo, who wrote to me from America to study my native language, I acknowledge my obligations for what knowledge I possess of that most beautiful of languages. To my brother's influence, also, I owe it, that I then read Roman and Italian history with much interest.

How everything is embellished by the feelings of youth, and how beautiful appeared, to my ardent eyes, the bark in which I was to navigate the Mediterranean, when I stepped on board as a sailor for the first time! Her lofty sides, her slender masts, rising so gracefully and so high above, and the bust of Our Lady, which adorned the bow, all remain as distinctly painted on my memory at the present day as in the happy hour when I became one of her crew. How gracefully moved the sailors, who were fine young men from San Remo, and true specimens of the intrepid Ligurians! With what pleasure I ventured into the fore-castle to listen to their popular songs, sung by harmonious choirs! They sang of love until I was transported, and they endeavored to excite themselves of patriotism by singing of Italy

But who, in those days, had ever taught them how to be patriots and Italians? Who, indeed, had then ever said, on those shores, to those young men, that there was such a thing as Italy, or that they had a country to be ameliorated and redeemed?

The commander of the *Costanza*, the vessel in which I had embarked, was Angelo Pesante. He was the best sea-captain I ever knew. He was able to make or invent everything that could be wanted in a vessel of any kind whatsoever, from a fishing-boat to a ship of the line.

My second voyage was made to Rome, in a vessel of my father's. Rome, once the capital of the world, now the capital of a sect! The Rome I had painted in my imagination no longer existed. The future Rome, rising to regenerate the nation, had now long been a dominant idea in my mind, and inspired me with hope and energy. I not only admired her for her former power and the remains of antiquity, but even the smallest thing connected with her was precious to me.

I made several voyages with my father and afterward one with Captain Giuseppe Gervino, to Cagliari, in a brig named the *Emma*, during which, on the return passage, I witnessed a melancholy shipwreck at a distance in such a storm that it was impossible to render any assistance. In that instance I witnessed, for the first time that tender sympathy which sailors usually feel for others in distress. We saw Spaniards, in a Catalan felucca, struggling with the waves, who soon sank before our eyes, while my honest and warm-hearted shipmates shed tears over their hard fate. This disaster was caused by a sudden change of wind when the sea and wind were

high At Libaccio, a southwest wind had been blowing furiously for several days, and several vessels were in sight, of all which the felucca seemed to make the best way We were all steering for Vado, to make that port for shelter, until the storm should subside A horrible surge unexpectedly broke over the Spanish vessel, and overset it in an instant We saw the crew clinging to the side, and heard their cries to us for assistance, while we could perceive their signals, but could not launch a boat They all soon disappeared in the foam of a second surge, more terrible than the first We afterward heard that the nine persons thus lost all belonged to one family.

From Vado I went to Genoa, and thence to Nice, whence I began a series of voyages to the Levant, in vessels belonging to the house of Givan On one of these, in the brig Centesi, Captain Carlo Seneria, I was left sick in Constantinople The vessel sailed, and, as my sickness continued, I found myself in somewhat straitened circumstances I then had the fortune to meet with persons kindly disposed to assist me, and, among others, I can never forget Signora Luigia Saiyuraiga, of Nice, whom I have ever since regarded as one of the most accomplished of women As mother and wife, she formed the happiness of her husband, who was an excellent man, and of their young and interesting children, whose education she conducted with the greatest care and skill What contributed to prolong my abode in the capital of Turkey was the war which at that time began between that power and Russia, and I then, for the first time, engaged as a teacher of children

I afterward resumed the nautical life, embarking in

the brig *Nostira Signora della Grazia*, Captain Casabana; and that vessel was the first I ever commanded, being made Captain of it on a subsequent voyage to Mahon and Gibraltar, returning to Constantinople

Being an ardent lover of Italy from my childhood, I felt a strong desire to become initiated in the mysteries of her restoration; and I sought everywhere for books and writings that might enlighten me on the subject, and for persons animated with feelings corresponding to my own. On a voyage that I made to Taganrog, in Russia, with a young Ligurian, I was first made acquainted with a few things connected with the intentions and plans of the Italian patriots. From that time I became entirely devoted to the redemption of Italy.

On February 5, 1834, I was passing out of the gate of Linterna, of Genoa, at seven o'clock in the evening in the disguise of a peasant—a *proscript*. At that time my public life began, and a few days later I saw my name, for the first time, in a newspaper, but it was in a sentence of death.

I remained in Marseilles, unoccupied, for several months, but at last embarked as mate in a vessel commanded by Captain Francesco Gazan. While standing on board, toward evening, one day, dressed in my best suit, I heard a noise in the water, and looking below discovered that some person had fallen into the sea and was then under the stern of the vessel. Springing into the water, I had the satisfaction to save from drowning a French boy, in the presence of a large collection of people, who expressed their joy aloud, and warmly applauded the act. His name was Joseph Rasbaud. His

friends soon made their appearance, and I experienced very peculiar feelings when the tears of his mother dropped, one after another, upon my cheek, while I heard the thanks of the whole family. Some years ago I had a similar good fortune when I saved the life of my friend, Claudio Terese

I made another voyage to the Black Sea, in the brig *Unione*, and afterward one to Tunis, in a frigate. From the latter port I next sailed for Rio de Janeiro, in the *Nautonier*, a Nantes brig, Captain Beauregard

While walking one day in a public place in Rio, I met a man whose appearance struck me in a very uncommon and agreeable manner. He fixed his eyes on me at the same moment, smiled, stopped, and spoke. Although we found that we never had met before, our acquaintance immediately began, and we became unreserved and cordial friends for life. This was Rossetti, the most generous among the lovers of our poor country!

I spent several months in Rio, unoccupied and at ease, and then engaged in commerce, in company with Rossetti, but a short experience convinced us that neither of us was born for a merchant.

About this time Zambeccari arrived at Rio, having been sent as a prisoner from Rio Grande [the most southerly province of Brazil], when I became acquainted with the sentiments and situation of the people of that province, who had declared their independence, and arrangements were soon made for Rossetti and me to undertake an expedition for their aid. Having obtained the necessary papers, we engaged a small vessel for a cruiser, which I named the *Mazzini*. I soon embarked

in a garopera, with twenty companions, to aid a people oppressed by a proud and powerful enemy. The garope is a kind of Brazilian fish, of an exquisite flavor; and boats employed in taking it are called garoperas. I was now enlisted in a new and hazardous enterprise, and, for the first time, turned a helm for the ocean with a war-like flag flying over my head—the flag of the Republic of Rio Grande. I was at the head of a resolute band, but it was a mere handful, and my enemy was the Empire of Brazil.

We sailed to the latitude of Grand Island, off which we met a sumaca, or large coasting-boat, named the *Luusa*, loaded with coffee. We captured her without opposition, and then resolved to take her instead of my own vessel, having no pilot for the high sea, and thinking it necessary to proceed along the coast. I therefore transferred everything from the *Mazzini* on board the sumaca, and then sank the former. But I soon found that my crew were not all men like Rossetti, of noble and disinterested character and the purest morals, and, indeed, I had before felt some apprehensions when I saw among them several physiognomies by no means prepossessing. I now found them, when on board the sumaca, affecting ferocity to intimidate the poor Brazilian sailors whom we had made prisoners. I took immediate steps to repress all such conduct, and to tranquillize the fear they had excited, assuring the crew that they should be uninjured and kindly treated and set on shore at the first convenient landing-place, with all their personal property. A Brazilian, a passenger in the sumaca, took the first opportunity, after coming on board, to



offer me a casket containing three valuable diamonds, in a supplicating manner, as if afraid for his life, but I declined to receive it, and gave peremptory orders that none of the effects of the crew or passengers should be taken from them, under any pretext whatever. This course I pursued on all similar occasions; and my orders were always strictly obeyed.

The passengers and crew were landed north of Itaparica, the launches of the *Luisa* being given to them, with all their movables, and as much brandy as they chose to take with them. I then sailed to the port of Maldonado, where the favorable reception given to us afforded a very flattering prospect.

Rossetti set off for Montevideo, to arrange things connected with the expedition, leaving us to await his return, and during eight days we enjoyed one uninterrupted festival among the hospitable inhabitants. The close of that period of gayety would have been tragical, if the political chief of the town had been less friendly than he proved himself to be. I received unexpected notice that the flag of Rio Grande was not recognized, and that an order had arrived for our immediate arrest. I hoisted sail without delay, and steered up the river Plata, with hardly any plan or object, and almost without opportunity to communicate to any one that I should await, at the Point of Jesus Maria, news of the result of Rossetti's deliberations with his friends in Montevideo. After wearisome navigation, I reached that place, having narrowly escaped shipwreck on the Point of Piedras Negras, in consequence of a variation of the compass caused by the muskets placed near it.

I found no news at that place, and our provisions were entirely consumed. We had no boat to land with, but it was indispensable to procure food for the men. After some deliberation, having discovered a house about four miles from the shore, I determined to get to the land, at any cost, to procure provisions. The shore being very difficult of approach, because the wind was blowing from the vast plains, it was necessary to throw out two anchors to draw up a little nearer. I then embarked on the dining-table, accompanied by one of my sailors, named Maurizio Garibaldi, and moved toward the land, not navigating, but rolling through the breakers of that dangerous shore. In spite of the difficulty attending the enterprise, we reached the river's bank in safety, and drew up our strange craft on the sand. Then, leaving my companion and namesake to refit, I set off for the house I had seen from the vessel.

Walking up the bank, I reached the level of the pampas, and then, for the first time in my life, had a view of one of those vast South-American plains. I was struck with admiration such a boundless scene of fertility, where wild horses and cattle were running free and unrestrained, feeding, resting, or racing at full speed! When I reached the solitary habitation I found a welcome, and easily obtained a promise of an abundant supply of food. The daughter of the proprietor of that vast estate was an educated, refined and agreeable young lady, and a poet, and I spent the remainder of the day very pleasantly, in company with her and the rest of the family.

The next day I returned to the shore, with the quarters

of a fat bullock that had been killed for me out of the immense herd of cattle, at the order of the proprietor Maurizio and I fastened the meat to the legs of the table, which were in the air, the table itself being placed upside down on the water, and then we launched out into the river to make our way to the vessel. But the weight of the cargo and crew proved too great, and we immediately began to sink until we stood in the water, and on reaching the breakers, the agitation caused so much rocking that it was almost impossible to proceed, or even to keep our footing. But after great exertions we reached the Luisa with our load of provisions, and were hailed by the shouts of our companions.

The next day, while passing a small vessel called a balandra, we thought of purchasing her launch, which we saw on her deck. We therefore made sail, boarded her, and made the purchase for thirty dollars.

The next day, while we were a little south of Jesus Maria, two launches came in sight and approached us in a friendly manner, with nothing in their appearance to excite suspicion. I made a signal agreed on with friends, but it was not answered, and then I hoisted sail, had the arms taken from the chests, and prepared to meet them as enemies. The launches held on toward us, the larger showed only three men on deck, but, when she came near, called on us to surrender, in the name of the Oriental Government. The next instant thirty men suddenly rose, as if by a miracle, and she ran up on our larboard side. I immediately gave command to brace the yards, and then to fire. An active engagement then began. The launch being alongside of us, several

of the enemy attempted to board us, but were driven back by a few saber-cuts and shots. All this passed in a few moments. But my order to brace the yards was not obeyed, for my men were new and in confusion, and the few that began to haul at the weather braces found they had not been let go to leeward and were unable to move them. Fiorentino, one of the best of the crew, who was at the helm, sprang forward to cast them off, when a musket ball struck him in the head and laid him dead on the deck. The helm was now abandoned, and, as I was standing near, firing at the enemy, I seized the tiller, but the next moment received a bullet in my neck, which threw me down senseless, and I knew nothing more until the action was over. When I came to myself I found that an hour had elapsed, a hard fight had been maintained against a superior force, and a victory won, chiefly by the bravery of the Italians, the mate, Luigi Carniglia, the second mate, Pasquale Lodola, and the sailors Giovanni Lambertì and Maurizio Garibaldì. Two Maltese and all the Italians, except a Venetian, fought bravely. The others, with two negroes, sheltered themselves under the ballast.

I found that the enemy had hauled off out of gunshot, and I ordered that our vessel should proceed up the river, in search of a place of retreat. When I began to recover consciousness I lay helpless, apparently dead, but felt as if unable to die. I was the only man on board that had any knowledge of navigation, and, as none of the others had a single idea of geography, or knew where to go, they at last brought me the chart. None of us had been in the waters of the Plata before,

except Maurizio, who had sailed on the Uruguay. When I turned my eyes on the chart, I was unable to see distinctly, but made out that one place on the river was printed in large letters, and at last discovered that it was Santa Fé, on the Paraná, and thought we might there make a temporary harbor. So, pointing at it, and signifying as well as I could the direction and distance, I left the helmsman to himself.

All the sailors, except the Italians, were frightened by seeing my situation and the corpse of Fiorentino, and by the apprehension of being treated as pirates wherever they might go. Every countenance wore an expression of terror, and at the earliest opportunity those men deserted. In every bird they observed on the water they imagined they saw an enemy's launch, sent to pursue them. I never had thought much about death, although I knew I was liable to it every moment, but I mourned deeply at the funeral of my friend Luigi, who was very dear to me. Among the numerous poetical lines that occurred to my mind, was that beautiful verse of Ugo Foscolo's:

Un sasso che distingue le mie  
Dall' infinite osse, che in terra  
E in mar, semina Morte

Let a stone distinguish mine from the innumerable bones that  
Death sows on land and in the sea

My friend had promised never to bury me in the water, but who can tell whether he would have been able to keep his promise? Who would have said to the amiable Luigi that, within a year, Garibaldi would see him swallowed up in the surges of the ocean, and that he would search for his corpse to bury it on a foreign shore, and

to mark the spot with a stone for the eyes of strangers? Luigi deserved my kind regards, for he attended me, with the care of a mother, during the whole voyage from Mayaguay

Our vessel arrived at Gualaguay, where we were very cordially received and treated by Captain Luca Tartabal, of the schooner *Pintoresca*, and his passengers, inhabitants of that town. That vessel had met ours in the neighborhood of Hiem, and, on being asked for provisions by Luigi, they had offered to keep company with us to their destination. They warmly recommended us to the Governor of the province, Don Pasquale Echague, who was pleased, when going away, to leave his own surgeon with me, Dr Ramon del Orco, a young Argentine. He soon extracted the ball from my neck, and cured me. I resided in the house of Don Jacinto Andreas during the six months that I spent in that place, and was under great obligations to him for his kindness and courtesies, as well as for those I received from his family.

But I was not free. With all the friendliness of Echague, and the sympathy shown me by the inhabitants of the town, I was not permitted to leave it without the permission of Rosas, the traitor of Buenos Ayres, who never acted from a good motive. My wound being healed, I was allowed to take rides on horseback, even to a distance of twelve miles, and was supplied with a dollar a day for my subsistence, which was a large sum for that country, where there is little opportunity to spend money. But all this was not liberty. I was then given to understand by certain persons (whether friends

or enemies), that it had been ascertained that the Government would not wish to prevent my escape if I should attempt it. I therefore determined to gain my freedom, believing that it would be easier than it proved, and that the attempt would not be regarded as a serious offense.

The commandant of Gualaguay was named Millau. He had not treated me ill, but it was very doubtful what his feelings toward me really were, as he never had expressed an interest in me.

Having after a time formed my plan, I began to make preparations. One evening, while the weather was tempestuous, I left home and went in the direction of a good old man, whom I was accustomed to visit at his residence, three miles from Gualaguay. On arriving, I got him to describe with precision the way that I intended to take, and engaged him to find me a guide, with horses, to conduct me to Hueng, where I hoped to find a vessel in which I might go, *incognito*, to Buenos Ayres and Montevideo. Horses and a guide were procured. I had fifty-four miles to travel, and that distance I passed over in less than half a night, going almost the whole way on the gallop. When day broke, we were at an estancia, within half a mile of the town. My guide then told me to wait in the bushes where we were, while he went to inquire the news at the house. I dismounted, tied my horse to a tree with the bridle, and waited a long time. At last, not seeing him return, I walked to the edge of the bushes, and looked about in search of him, when I heard behind me a trampling of horses, and, on turning round, discovered a band of horsemen, who

were rushing upon me with their sabers drawn. They were already between me and my horse, and any attempt to escape would have been fruitless, still more any resistance. I was immediately seized and bound, with my hands behind me, and then placed upon a miserable horse, and had my feet tied under him. In that condition I was taken back to Gualaguay, where still worse treatment awaited me.

When I was brought into the presence of Millau, who was waiting for me at the door of the prison, he asked who had furnished me with the means of escape, and when he found that he could draw no information from me on that subject, he began to beat me most brutally with a club. He then put a rope over a beam in the prison, and hung me up in the air by my hands, bound together as they were. For two hours the wretch kept me suspended in that manner. My whole body was thrown into a feverish heat, I felt as if burning in a furnace. I frequently swallowed water, which was allowed me, but it did not quench my raging thirst. The sufferings I endured after being unbound were indescribable, yet I did not complain. I lay like a dead man. I had first traveled fifty-four miles through a marshy country, where the insects are insufferable at that season, and then I had returned the same distance, with my hands and feet bound, and entirely exposed to the terrible stings of the zingara, or mosquito, which assailed me with vigor, and, after all this, I had to undergo the tortures of Millau, who had the heart of an assassin.

Andreas, the man that had assisted me, was put into prison, and all the inhabitants were terrified, so that



had it not been for the generous spirit of a lady, I probably should have lost my life. That lady was Señora Aleman, to whom I love to express my gratitude. She deserves the title of *angelo generoso di bontà*, ("generous angel of goodness"). Spurning every suggestion of fear, she came forward to the assistance of the tortured prisoner, and from that time I wanted nothing.

A few days later I was removed to Bajada, the capital of the province, and I remained a prisoner in that city two months. I was then informed by Governor Echague that I should be allowed to leave the province. Although I professed different principles from his, and had fought for a different cause, I have ever been ready to acknowledge my obligations to that officer, and always desired an opportunity to prove my gratitude to him for granting me everything that was in his power to give, and, most of all, my liberty.

I took passage in a Genoese brig commanded by Captain Ventura, from whom I received the most gentlemanly treatment on my passage to Guassu. There I embarked for Montevideo in a balandra commanded by Pascuale Corbona, who likewise treated me with great kindness.

In Montevideo I found a collection of my friends, among whom the chief were Rossetti, Cuneo, and Castellani. The first was on his return from a journey to Rio Grande, where he had been received with the greatest favor by the proud Republicans inhabiting that region. In Montevideo I found myself still under proscription, on account of my affair with the launches of that state, and was obliged to remain in concealment in the house

of my friend Pepante, where I spent a month. My retirement was relieved and enlightened by the company of many Italian acquaintances, who, at that time, when Montevideo was not suffering from the calamities it has too often known, and as is always the case in time of peace, were distinguished by a refinement and hospitality worthy of all praise. The war, and chiefly the late siege, have since embittered the lives of those good-hearted men, and produced great changes in their condition.

After the expiration of a month, I set out for Rio Grande with Rossetti, on horseback, and that first long journey I ever made in that manner I highly enjoyed. On reaching Piratimin, we were cordially received by the Governor of the Republic, and the Minister of War, Almeida, treated us with great honor. The President, Bento Gonzales, had marched at the head of a brigade to fight Silva Tavares, an imperial chief. Piratimin, then the seat of the Republican government, is a small village, a peaceful place, in a rural situation, and the chief town of the department of that name. It is surrounded by a warlike people, much devoted to the Republic.

Being unoccupied in Piratimin, I requested permission to join the column of operations under S. Gonzales, near the President, and it was granted. I was introduced to Bento Gonzales, and was well received, spent some time in his company, and thought him a man highly favored by nature with some desirable gifts. But fortune has been almost always favorable to the Brazilian Empire. Bento Gonzales was a magnanimous soldier, at that time nearly sixty years of age. Being tall and active, he rode

a fiery horse with all the ease and dexterity of his young countrymen

In Camarino, where we had our arsenal, and whence the Republican flotilla sailed, resided the family of Bento Gonzales, and his brothers and numerous relatives inhabited most of the extensive tracts of country along both sides of the river. On these beautiful pastures were fed immense herds of cattle, which had been left undisturbed by the war, because they were out of the reach of the troops. The products of agriculture were very abundant, and surely nowhere, in any country on earth, is found more kind and cordial hospitality than among the inhabitants of that part of the Province of Rio Grande. In their houses, in which the beneficent character of the patriarchal system is everywhere perceived, and where the greatest sympathy prevails, in consequence of a general uniformity of opinions, I and my band were received with the warmest welcome. The estancias to which we chiefly resorted, on account of their proximity to the lagoon, and the kind reception that always awaited us, were those of Donna Antonia and Donna Anna, sisters of Bento Gonzales. The former was on the Camones, and the latter on the Arroyo Grande.

Whether I was under the influence of imagination, which at that early age may have been peculiarly sensitive, and inclined me, with my little knowledge of the world, to receive strong impressions from everything agreeable, or whatever else may have affected me, there is no part of my life on which I look back with greater pleasure as a period of enjoyment than that which I spent in that most agreeable society of sincere friends

In the house of Donna Anna, especially, I took peculiar interest. That lady was advanced in years, but possessed a most amiable disposition, and was a very attractive acquaintance. She had with her a family that had migrated from Pilotos, the head of which was Don Paolo Ferreira. Three young ladies, all of them agreeable, formed the ornaments of that happy home. One of these, named Manuela, I most highly admired, regarding her with that pleasure which is natural to a young man that goes into the world with such a pure and exalted estimate of female excellence as I had imbibed from my mother, and, after enduring great reverses, meets the sympathy of such a person in a remote land of exile. Signora Manuela, as I well knew, was betrothed to a son of the President. In a scene of danger that young lover displayed his attachment to her in a manner that convinced me of the sincerity of the love he professed, and I witnessed it with as much satisfaction as if I had been her brother. I thenceforth regarded the President's son as worthy of Manuela, and rejoiced in the conviction that her happiness was in no danger in being entrusted to such faithful hands. The people of that district are distinguished for beauty, and even the slaves seem to partake of the same characteristic.

It may be supposed that an occasional contrary wind, a storm, or an expedition, whatever else it might produce, if it threw our vessel on that shore long enough to allow opportunity to visit their friendly inhabitants, was not altogether disagreeable. Such an occasion was always a festival. The Grove of Teviva, (a kind of palm growing on the Arroyo Grande), which was the landmark

for the entrance of the stream, was always discovered with a lively pleasure, and was saluted with redoubled enthusiasm and with the loudest acclamations. When by chance the gentle hosts wished to go to Camacuan to visit Don Antonio and his amiable family, I seized the opportunity with great pleasure, as it afforded me a way to make some return for the kindnesses they had shown us, while it gave new occasion for the display of their amiable character and refined and pleasing manners, amidst the varying scenes of the little voyage.

Between Arroyo Grande and Camacuan are several sand-banks, called *tantal*, which extend from the west shore of the lagoon, almost at right angles and nearly across, touching the opposite side, except only the narrow space occupied by the boat-channel, called Dos Barcos. To go round these bars would greatly prolong the time necessary for the voyage, but with some trouble that might be avoided. By throwing themselves into the water and pushing the launches along by main force, with their shoulders, the men could get them over the bars, and then keep along the western side of the lagoon. This expedient was almost always adopted by us, and especially on the occasions referred to, when the boats were honored with the presence of our guests. Whatever might be the wind, I was usually sure of getting the launches over the bars, and, so accustomed were my men to the task, and so prompt in the performance of that laborious service, that the order to take to the water was hardly pronounced before they were overboard and at their posts. And so, on all occasions, the task was performed with alacrity and success, as if the crews had

been engaged in some favorite amusement on a day of jubilee, whatever might be the hour or the weather. But when, pursued by the enemy in superior force, and suffering in a storm, we were obliged to pass that way, sometimes in the water a whole night, and without protection from the waves, which broke over us, while the temperature of the lagoon was cooled by the rain, and we were far from land, the exposure, the labor and the sufferings were very great, and all the fervor of youth was necessary to enable us to endure them.

After the capture of the *sumaca*, the Imperial merchant vessels were always accompanied by vessels of war, and it became difficult to capture them. The expeditions of the launches were, therefore, limited to a few cruises in the lagoon, and with little success, as we were watched by the Imperialists, both by land and by water. In a surprise made by the chief, Francisco de Abrea, the whole of my band was near being cut off with its leader.

We were at the mouth of the Camacua, with the launches drawn up on land, opposite the Galpon of Charpinada, that is, the magazine or depot of the *estancia*, or large estate of that name. We were salting meat and collecting yerba maté, a species of tea, which grows in those parts of South America, and is used as their daily beverage by the inhabitants. The estate belonged to Donna Antonia, sister of the President. In consequence of the war, meat was not then salted there, and the Galpon was occupied only with yerba maté. We used the spacious establishment as our arsenal, and had drawn up our launches some distance from the water, between

the magazine and the bank of the river, in order to repair them. At that spot were the shops of the smiths and laborers of the establishment, and there was a plentiful supply of charcoal, for although not then in use, the place retained something of its former condition and appearance. There were not wanting pieces of iron and steel, fit for different purposes in our little vessels. We could easily visit the distant estancias by a galloping ride, where we were most cheerfully supplied with whatever we found deficient in the arsenal.

With courage, cheerfulness, and perseverance, no enterprise is impossible, and for these I must do justice to my favorite companion and usual forerunner, John Griggs, who surmounted numerous difficulties, and patiently endured many disappointments, in the work of building two new launches.

He was a young man of excellent disposition, unquestionable courage, and almost inexhaustible perseverance. Though he belonged to a rich family, he had devoted himself disinterestedly to the young Republic, and when letters from his friends in North America invited him to return home, and offered him a large fortune, he refused, and remained until he sacrificed his life for an unhappy but brave and generous people. I had afterward to contemplate the sad and impressive spectacle presented by his death, when the body of my friend was suddenly cut down by my side.

While the launches were lying drawn up, as before mentioned, and the repairs were busily going on, some of the sailors were engaged with the sails, and some at other occupations, near them, while several were em-

ployed in making charcoal, or keeping watch as sentinels, every one being busy about something, by some unexpected chance Francisco de Albera, commonly called Moringue, determined to surprise us and, although he did not succeed in his design, he gave us not a little trouble. A surprise certainly was effected on that occasion, and in a masterly manner.

We had been on patrols all night, and all the men had been, a short time before, assembled in the Galpon, where the arms were loaded and deposited. It was a beautiful morning, though cloudy, and nothing seemed to be stirring, but all around was silent and lonely. Observations, however, were made around the camp with the greatest care, but without discovering a trace of anything new. About nine o'clock most of the people were set at work cutting wood, and for this purpose were scattered at considerable distances. I had then about fifty men for the two launches, and it happened that day, by a singular concurrence of circumstances, that only a very few remained near the boats. I was sitting by the fire, where breakfast was cooking, and near by was the cook and no other person.

Suddenly, and as if just over my head, I heard a tremendous volley of firearms, accompanied by a yell, and saw a company of the enemy's horsemen charging. I had hardly time to rise and take my stand at the door of the Galpon, for at that instant one of the enemy's lances made a hole through my poncho. It was our good fortune to have our arms all loaded, and placed in the Galpon, in consequence of our having been in a state of alarm all night. They were inside of the building,



against the wall, ready and convenient for use I immediately seized the muskets and discharged them in turn, and shot down many of the enemy Ignacio Bilboa, a brave Biscayan, and Lorenzo N, a courageous Genoese, were at my side in a moment, and then Eduardo Mutru, a native of the country, Rafaele and Procopio—one a mulatto and the other a black—and Francisco I wish I could remember the names of all my bold companions, who, to the number of thirteen, assembled around me, and fought a hundred and fifty enemies, from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon, killing or wounding many of them, and finally forcing them to retreat

Among our assailants were eighty Germans, in the infantry, who were accustomed to accompany Maringue in such expeditions, and were skilful soldiers, both on foot and on horseback When they had reached the spot, they had dismounted and surrounded the house, taking advantage of the ground, and of some rough places, from which they poured upon us a terrible fire from different sides But, as often happens in surprises, not completing their operations and closing, the men acted as they pleased If, instead of taking positions, the enemy had advanced upon the Galpon and attacked us resolutely, we should have been lost, without the power to resist their first attack And we were more exposed than we might ordinarily have been in any other building, because, to allow the frequent passage of carts, the sides of the magazine were left open

In vain did they attempt to press us more closely, and assemble against the end walls In vain did they get

upon the roofs, break them up, and throw upon our heads the fragments and burning thatch. They were driven away by our muskets and lances. Through loop-holes which I made through the walls, many were killed and many wounded. Then, pretending to be a numerous body in the building, we sang the republican hymn of Rio Grande, raising our voices as loud as possible, and appeared at the doors, flourishing our lances, and by every device endeavoring to make our numbers appear multiplied.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the enemy retired, having many wounded, among whom was their chief. They left six dead near the Galpon and several others at some distance. We had eight wounded, out of fourteen. Rossetti and our other comrades, who were separated from us, had not been able to join us. Some of them were obliged to cross the river by swimming, others ran into the forest, and one only, found by the enemy, was killed. That battle, with so many dangers, and with so brilliant a result, gave much confidence to our troops, and to the inhabitants of that coast, who had been for a long time exposed to the inroads of that adroit and enterprising enemy, Maringue.

We celebrated the victory, rejoicing at our deliverance from a tempest of no small severity. At an estancia twelve miles distant, when the news of the engagement was received, a young lady inquired, with a pallid cheek and evident anxiety, whether Garibaldi was alive. When I was informed of this, I rejoiced at it more than at the victory itself. Yes, beautiful daughter of America! (for she was a native of the Province of Rio Grande) I was

proud and happy to enjoy your friendship, though you were the destined bride of another. Fate reserved for me another Brazilian woman—to me the only one in the world, whom I now lament, and for whom I shall weep all my days. She knew me when I was in misfortune, and her interest in me, stronger than any merit of my own, conquered her for me and united us forever.

The lake or lagoon Dos Tatos is about one hundred and thirty-five miles long and from eleven to twenty miles in width. Near its mouth, on the right shore, stands a strong place, called Southern Rio Grande, while Northern Rio Grande is on the opposite side. Both towns are fortified, and they were then in the possession of the Imperialists, as was also Porto Alegre. The enemy were therefore masters of the lake by water. It was thought impossible for the Republicans to pass through the outlet from the lake to the sea, and as that was the only water-passage, we were obliged to prepare to effect a way of communication by land. This could be done only by transporting the launches on carts over the intermediate country. In the northern part of the lake is a deep bay, called Cassibani, which takes its name from a small river that flows in at its farther side. That bay was chosen as the place for landing the launches, and the operation was performed on the right bank. An inhabitant of that part of the province, named De Abrea, had prepared wheels of great solidity, connected two and two by axles, proportioned to the weight of the vessels. About two hundred domestic oxen were then collected, with the assistance of the neighboring inhabitants, and by their labor the launches were drawn to the shore and

got out from the water, and were then carried on wheels placed at proportionate distances from each other. Care, however, was taken to keep them in such positions that the center of gravity should be preserved, by supporting the vessels laterally, without disturbing the free action of the wheels. Very strong ropes were, of course, provided, to attach the oxen to the wheels.

Thus the vessels of the Republican squadron crossed the fields. The oxen worked well, they being placed and prepared for drawing freely in the most convenient manner. They traveled fifty-four miles without any difficulty, presenting a curious and unprecedented spectacle in those regions. On the shore of Lake Tramandai the launches were taken from the carts and put into the water, and then loaded with necessaries and rigged for sailing.

Lake Tramandai, which is formed by the streams falling from the chain of Espenasso, has an outlet into the Atlantic, but is very shallow, having only about four feet of water at high tide, besides, on that coast, which is very open and all alluvial, the sea is never tranquil, even in the most favorable weather; but the numerous breakers incessantly stun the ear, and from a distance of many miles their roar sounds like peals of thunder.

We awaited the hour of the tide and then ventured out, about four o'clock in the afternoon. In those circumstances, practical skill in guiding vessels among breakers was of great value, and, without that, it is hard to say how we could ever have succeeded in getting through them, for the propitious hour of the tide was passed, and the water was not deep enough. Not-

withstanding this, at the beginning of the night our exertions were crowned with entire success, and we cast anchor in the open sea, outside of the furious breakers. No vessel of any kind had ever before passed out from the mouth of the *Tramandari*. At about eight in the evening we departed from that place, and at three in the afternoon of the following day were wrecked at the mouth of the *Arevingua*, with the loss of sixteen of the company in the Atlantic, and with the destruction of the launch *Rio Pardo*, which was under my command, in the terrible breakers of that coast.

Early in the evening the wind threatened from the south, preparing for a storm, and beginning to blow with violence. We followed the coast. The launch *Rio Pardo*, with thirty men on board, a twelve-pounder on pivot, and some extra rigging, taken for precaution, as I was unacquainted with that navigation, seemed strong and well-prepared for us to sail toward the enemy's country. But our vessels lay deep in the water, and sometimes sank so low into the sea that they were in danger of foundering. They occasionally remained several minutes under the waves. I determined to approach the land and find out where we were, but, the winds and waves increasing, we had no choice, and were compelled to stand off again, and were soon involved in the frightful breakers. I was at that moment at the top of the mast, hoping to discover some point of the coast less dangerous to approach. By a sudden turn the vessel was rolled violently to starboard, and I was thrown overboard. Although in such a perilous situation, I did not even think of death, but, knowing I had many compan-

ions who were not seamen and were suffering from seasickness, I endeavored to collect as many oars and other buoyant objects as possible, and brought them near the vessel, advising each man to take one to assist him in reaching the shore. The first one that came near to me, holding a shroud, was Eduardo Mutru, and to him I gave a dead-light, recommending to him not to let go of it on any account. Carniglia, the courageous man who was at the helm at the moment of the catastrophe, remained confined to the vessel on the windward side, being held down in such a manner, by a Calmuck jacket that confined his limbs that he could not free himself. He made a sign that he wanted my assistance, and I sprang forward to relieve my dear friend. I had in the pocket of my trousers a small knife with a handle, and with all the strength I was master of I began to cut the velvet collar. I had just divided it when the miserable instrument broke, a surge then came over us and sank the vessel and all that it contained.

I struck the bottom of the sea like a shot, and the waters, which washed violently around me like whirlpools, half-suffocated me. I rose again but my unfortunate friend was gone forever. A portion of the ure " I found dispersed, and making every exertion to gain the coast by swimming. I succeeded among the first, and the next thing, after setting my feet upon the land, was to turn and discover the situation of my comrades. Eduardo appeared, at a short distance. He had left the dead-light I had given him, or, as is more probable, the violence of the waves had torn it from his grasp, and was struggling alone, with an appearance that indicated that

he was reduced to an extremity I loved Eduardo like a brother, and was affected beyond measure at his condition I rushed toward my dear friend, reaching out to him the piece of wood that had saved me on my way to the shore I had got very near to him; and, excited by the importance of the undertaking, should have saved him, but a surge rolled over us both, and I was under water for a moment I rallied, and called out, not seeing him appear, I called in desperation, but in vain The friend dear to my heart was sunk in the waves of that ocean which he had not feared in his desire to join with me in serving the cause of mankind Another martyr to Italian liberty, without a stone, in a foreign land!

The bodies of sixteen of my companions, drowned in the sea, were transported thirty miles, to the northern coast, and buried in its immense sands Several of the remainder were brought to land There were seven Italians I can mention Luigi Carniglia, Eduardo Mutru, Luigi Stadrini, Giovanni D,—but three other names I do not remember Some were good swimmers In vain I looked among those that were saved, to discover any Italian faces All my countrymen were dead My feelings overpowered me The world appeared like a desert. Many of the company who were neither seamen nor swimmers were saved

I found a barrel of brandy, which I thought a valuable acquisition, and told Manuel Rodriguez to open it and give some to each of the survivors Efforts were made to open the cask, but, fatigued as we all were, much time was spent in performing the task; and in the meantime the men became so much chilled that they might

have perished, if the thought had not occurred to me to set them all running, in order to restore their strength by keeping their blood in circulation "Come, let us run!" I said to them, and then I ran as fast as I could toward the north, and they all followed me until they were unable to go farther I repeated this until I thought they no longer required exercise, and I am sure my own life, at least, was saved by the expedient Thus running along the shore, we encouraged one another to go farther and farther. It made a bend, at some distance, and on the inner side is the Arasingua, which runs almost parallel with the sea at that place, to its mouth, half a mile distant. We then followed the right bank, and, after going about four miles, found an inhabited house where we were received with great hospitality

The *Serval*, our other launch, commanded by Griggs, being of a different construction from the *Rio Pardo*, was better able to sustain herself, although but little larger, against the violence of the storm, and had held on her course

That part of the Province of St Catherine where we had been shipwrecked fortunately had risen in insurrection against the Empire on receiving the news of the approach of the Republican forces, and therefore we were well received, found friends, were feasted, and at once obtained everything necessary, at least everything those good people had to offer We were soon furnished with what we needed to enable us to join the vanguard of Canabarro, commanded by Colonel Terceira, which was setting off on a rapid march to surprise Laguna And indeed the enterprise was very successful The garrison



of that little city, consisting of about four hundred men, took up a forced march in retreat, and three small vessels of war surrendered after a short resistance.

I went with my shipwrecked sailors on board the sloop *Itaparica*, which had seven guns. Fortune smiled so much on the Republicans in those first days of the usurpation, that it seemed as if Providence was pleased to grant us success. The Imperialists, not knowing and not believing that such an expedition could be sent so suddenly to Laguna, but having information that an invasion was meditated by us, had a supply of arms and ammunition then on the way, which, with soldiers and everything, fell into our hands. The inhabitants received us like brothers and liberators—a character which we well merited, and which we sustained during our stay among those very kind and good people.

Canabarro, having fixed his headquarters in the city of Laguna, called by the Republicans *Villa Juliana* (because our entrance was made in July), promised to establish a provincial representative government, the first president of which was a priest, who had great influence among the people. Rossetti, with the title of Secretary of the Government, was in fact the soul of it. And Rossetti, in truth, was formed for such a station.

At that time occurred one of the most important events of my life. I never had thought of matrimony, but had considered myself incapable of it, from being of too independent a disposition and too much inclined to adventure. To have a wife and children appeared to me decidedly unsuitable, as I had devoted my whole life to one principle, which however good it might be, could

not leave me the quietness necessary to the father of a family. But my destiny guided me in a different direction from what I had designed for myself. By the loss of Luigi Carniglia, Eduardo, and my other comrades, I was left in a state of complete isolation, alone in the world. Not one of those friends of my heart remained. I felt the greatest possible need of them. All the friends I now had were new ones—good, it is true, but not one of them really an intimate. And this change had been made so unexpectedly, and in a manner so terrible, that it was impossible to overcome the impressions it had made upon my feelings. I felt the want of some one to love me, and a desire that such a one might be very soon supplied, as my present state of mind seemed insupportable.

Rossetti was a brother to me, but he could not live with me, and I could see him but rarely. I desired a friend of a different kind, for, although still young, I had considerable knowledge of men, and knew enough to understand what was necessary for me in a true friend. One of the other sex, I thought, must supply the vacant place, for I had always regarded woman as the most perfect of creatures and believe it far easier to find a loving heart among that sex.

I walked the deck of the *Itapirica*, with my mind revolving these things, and finally came to the determination to seek for some lady possessing the character I desired. I cast a casual glance at a house in Burra (the eastern part of the entrance of the *Jayuna*), and there observed a young woman whose appearance struck me as having something very extraordinary. So powerful was

the impression made upon me at the moment, though from some cause which I was not able fully to ascertain, that I gave orders and was transported toward the house. But then I knew of no one to whom I could apply for an introduction. I soon, however, met with a person, an inhabitant of the town, who had been acquainted with me from the time of arrival. I soon received an invitation to take coffee with his family, and the first person that entered was the lady whose appearance had so mysteriously but irresistibly drawn me to the place. I saluted her, and we were soon acquainted, and I found that the hidden treasure I had discovered was of rare and inestimable worth. But I have since reproached myself for removing her from her peaceful native retirement to scenes of danger, toil and suffering. I felt most deeply self-reproach on that day when, at the mouth of the Po, having landed in our retreat from an Austrian squadron, while still hoping to restore her to life, on taking her pulse I found her a corpse, and sang the hymn of despair. I prayed for forgiveness, for I thought I had sinned in taking her from her home.

Little or nothing of importance, after this, took place in the lagoon. The building of our launches was begun, and the materials were obtained from the remains of the prizes, by the assistance of the neighboring inhabitants, who were always friendly and forward in aiding me. Two launches having been completed and armed, the band was called to Itaparica, to cooperate with the army, then besieging the capital of the province Porto Allegre. The army accomplished nothing, and the band was unable to effect anything. An expedition was contemplated

in the province of St Catharine's, I was called to join it, and General Canabarro was to accompany me. The two smaller launches remained in the lake, under the command of Zefferino d'Ubrea, and I went with two others, with the division of Canabarro, which was to appear by land, while I was to approach by water. I was accompanied by my inseparable friend, John Griggs, and had with me a chosen part of my band, who had assisted in building the launches.

The three vessels that were armed and were destined to make an excursion on the ocean were the Rio Pardo, which was under my command, and the Casapava, under Griggs—both schooners—and lastly, the Seival, which had come from Rio Grande, commanded by the Italian, Lorenzo. The mouth of the lagoon was blockaded by Imperial vessels of war, but we went out by night, without falling in with any of them, and steered north. When we had reached the latitude of Santos, we met an Imperial corvette, which chased us two days in vain, when we approached the Island of Abrigo, where we captured two sumacas, a kind of sloop. We then proceeded on the cruise, and took several other prizes. After eight days' sailing we returned toward the lagoon.

I had conceived a singular presentiment of the state of things in that region, because, before my departure, the people of St Catherine's had begun to show a bad humor, and it was known that a strong corps of troops was approaching, commanded by General Andrea, who was famous for precipitation and his atrocious system of warfare, which made him much feared. When off St Catherine's, on our return, we met a Brazilian pat-

achio, which is a sort of brig-schooner The Rio Pardo and the Seival were together, the Casapava having parted company a few nights before, when it was very dark

We were discovered, and there was no escape We therefore attacked them, and opened fire The enemy replied bravely, but the action could produce but little effect, because the sea was very rough The result, however, was the loss of several of our prizes, the commanders of some of which, being frightened by the superior force of the enemy, struck their flags, while others steered for the neighboring coast Only one of the prizes was saved, that commanded by the brave Ignacio Bilboa, which went ashore in the port of Imbituba, and remained in our possession The Seival's gun was dismounted in the engagement, and she, having sprung a leak, took the same direction, and I was obliged to abandon the prizes

We entered Imbituba with a northerly wind, which changed to the south in the night and thus rendered it impossible to enter the lagoon It was to be presumed that we would be attacked by the Imperial vessels stationed at the island of St Catherine's, because information would be carried to them by that with which we had the engagement It was therefore necessary to make preparations, and the Seival's dismounted gun was placed on a promontory that forms the bay on the eastern side, and a battery was formed of gabions At daylight three Imperial vessels were discovered approaching The Rio Pardo, which was at anchor at the bottom of the bay, began the action, which was rather singular, the Imperialists being in incomparably superior force The enemy, being favored by the wind in maneuvering, kept

under sail, and gave a furious fire, from favorable positions, all of them upon my one poor little schooner. She, however, maintained the fight with resolution, and at close quarters, even carbines being used on both sides. But the injuries done were in inverse proportion to the forces of the two parties, for the Republican vessel was soon strewn with dead bodies, while the hull was riddled and the spars destroyed. We had resolved to fight to the last, and this resolution was increased by the Brazilian Amazon on board. My wife not only refused to land, but took an active part in the engagement. It the crew fought with resolution, they received no little aid from the brave Manuel Rodriguez, who commanded the battery and kept up a well-directed and effective fire.

After several hours spent in active fight, the enemy retired, on account, as was said, of the death of the commander of the *Bella Americana*, one of their vessels. We spent the remainder of the day in burying our dead and in repairing damages.

Changes were expected to take place at Laguna on the approach of the enemy, who were very strong on land, and the little good-will shown by St. Catherine's induced some of the towns to rise against the Republican authority. Among these was the town of Jamaica, at the extremity of the lake. Canabarro gave me a peremptory charge to reduce it, and, as a punishment, to sack it. The garrison had made preparations for defense toward the water, but I landed at the distance of three miles, and then attacked them unexpectedly from the mountains. The garrison being discomfited and put to flight, the troops under my command were soon in possession

of the town. I wish, for myself, and for every other person who has not forgotten to be a man, to be exempt from the necessity of witnessing the sack of a town. A long and minute description would not be sufficient to give a just idea of the baseness and wickedness of such a deed. May God save me from such a spectacle hereafter! I never spent a day of such wretchedness and in such lamentation. I was filled with horror, and the fatigue I endured in restraining personal violence was excessive. As for preventing robbery, that was impossible. A terrible state of disorder prevailed. The authority of a commander availed nothing, nor could all the exertions made by me and a few officers control the unbridled cupidity of the soldiers. It had no effect to warn them that the enemy would return to the fight in much greater numbers, and if they should take them by surprise, disbanded and intoxicated, would make a sacrifice of them, though that was true to the letter. Nothing could prevent them from engaging in a general scene of pillage. The town, though small, unfortunately contained a vast quantity of spirits, and drunkenness soon became general. The men with me were new levies, whom I did not know, and were wholly undisciplined. I am sure that if even fifty of the enemy had appeared, in those circumstances, we should have been lost.

After a long time, by threats, blows, and some wounds, those wild beasts were marched out and embarked, several pipes of spirits were shipped for the division, and we returned to the lagoon, while the Republican vanguard was retiring before the enemy, who were advancing with celerity and were very strong.

That day I had much to do, for, though the men were not very numerous, there were many embarrassments, and many horses to be taken care of. And, besides, the outlet of the lagoon was narrow at the entrance, the current was strong, and when this was not found, the shores were not distant. I had to labor, therefore, from morning until near noon, to get the division over, and then stood near the bar to observe the enemy's vessels, which were advancing in combination with the land forces, with a great number of troops on board. Before ascending the mountain, I had sent information to the General that the enemy were preparing to force the passage of the bar, having been able to discover the enemy's vessels while I was effecting the transport. On reaching the other side, I satisfied myself of the fact. The enemy had twenty-two vessels, all adapted to the entrance. I then repeated the message, but either the General was doubtful, or his men wished to eat or to rest. The fact was, that not a man arrived in time to assist in operating at the point where our infantry had been posted, and where we might have made great havoc with the enemy. Resistance was made by the battery on the eastern point, commanded by the brave Captain Capotto but, in consequence of the want of practice on the part of the cannoneers, very little damage was done. The same result was experienced by the three vessels under my command, the crews of which were very small, many of the men that day being on land, and thus some would rest, and other would not expose themselves to the tremendous battle that was preparing. I was at my post in the Rio Pardo, and my wife, the incomparable Anita, fired



the first shot, putting the match to the gun with her own hand, and animating with her voice the timid and the hesitating

The battle was short, but murderous. Not many were killed, because very few were on board, but in the three vessels I was the only officer left alive. All the enemy's squadron entered, making a tremendous fire, favored by the wind and the current, by which their velocity was much increased, and anchored at the distance of a cannon-shot from our vessels, still keeping up their cannonade. I asked Canabarro for men to continue the battle, but received in answer a command to destroy the vessels and retire, with all the remainder that could be landed. I had sent Anita with the message, directing her to remain on shore, but she returned on board with the answer, showing a coolness and courage that excited my astonishment and highest admiration. To her boldness and exertions was due the saving of the ammunition, which was safely landed. When this was effected, I remained alone on board, having yet to perform the last act of setting the little flotilla on fire. The enemy still continued their severe cannonade, and I contemplated a terrible spectacle on every vessel, as I visited them in succession, the decks being strewn with the dead. Captain Enrique, of the *Taparica*, from *Laguna*, was found shot through the breast with a grape shot; Griggs, commander of the *Cassapava*, had been cut in two by a shot, and his trunk was standing against the bulwarks, his face retaining its natural rubicund look, so that he seemed as if living. Soon afterward their bodies were sunk in the water.

Night came on, as I collected the survivors and marched behind the division on the retreat for Rio Grande, by the same road they had trodden a few months before, with their hearts filled with hope and confident of victory.

Among the many sufferings of my stormy life, I have not been without happy moments, and among them I count that in which, at the head of the few men remaining to me after numerous conflicts, who had gained the character of bravery, I first mounted, and began my march, with my wife at my side, in a career that always had attractions for me, even greater than that of the sea. It seemed to me of little importance that my entire property was that which I carried, and that I was in the service of a poor republic, unable to pay anybody. I had a saber and a carbine, which I carried on the front of my saddle. My wife was my treasure, and no less fervent in the cause of the people than I, and she looked upon battles as an amusement, and the inconveniences of a life in the field as a pastime. Then, whatever might happen, I was looked upon with smiles, and the more wild the extensive desert plains appeared, the more beautiful and delightful they seemed to our eyes. I thought myself in the performance of my duty, in encountering and overcoming the dangers to which I exposed myself, as the object I had in view was the good of men that needed my aid.

We reached Las Torres, the boundary of the two neighboring provinces, where we established our camps. The enemy contented themselves with being masters of the lagoon, and did not proceed beyond. But, in combination

with the division of Andrea, the division of Acunha advanced by the Serra, having recently come from the province of St Paul, and being on the way for the Cima da Serra (the top of the mountain), a department belonging to Rio Grande. The Serrans, overwhelmed by a superior force, asked assistance of General Canabarro, and he arranged an expedition for their aid, under the command of General Terceira. I, with my companions, formed a part of it, and, having joined the Serrans, who were under Colonel Acunha, we completely defeated that division at Santa Victoria. The General was lost in the river Pelotas, and the greater part of his troops were made prisoners.

That victory brought the three provinces of Lages, Vaccaria, and Cima da Serra, under the republic, and a few days afterward the conquerors entered Lages.

Colonel Terceira, being uncertain whether the enemy would come by Vaccaria, or by the Caritibani, divided his forces into two, sending Colonel Aranha, with the good cavalry of the Serra, to Vaccaria, and marching toward the Caritibani with the infantry and a part of the cavalry. It was by that point that the enemy approached. This division of the forces proved fatal. Their recent victory, the ardent feeling of the corps, and the information received concerning the enemy, which represented their numbers and spirit as less than they really were, led to their despising them too much.

After a three-days' march we reached Caritibani, and went round by the pass of Maromba, by which it was supposed the enemy would march. Guards were placed in the pass, and at other points where they were thought

necessary. Toward midnight the guards at the pass were attacked, and were compelled to retreat, so that they had hardly time to escape after firing a few shots. From that moment until the break of day, the Republican troops stood ready for action, and it was not long after that hour when the enemy appeared, having crossed the river with their whole force and being ready for action.

Any other officer than Terceira, on seeing their superiority, would have hastened to effect a junction with the column of Aranha, and would have occupied the enemy until he could have accomplished it. But the ardent Republican feared that the enemy might escape him, and deprive him of an opportunity to fight. He therefore pressed on to the encounter, although the enemy were in an advantageous position. They formed their line of battle on a hill of considerable height, opposite which was a very deep valley, obstructed with thick bushes. I had covered our flanks with several platoons of cavalry, which they did not see. Terceira ordered an attack, with a band of infantry, taking advantage of the obstacles in the valley. The attack was made, and the enemy made a feint of retreating, but while the whole Republican body, after passing the valley, was pursuing the enemy under the hill, within musket-shot, it was charged in flank by a squadron that had been concealed by the right flank of the enemy, and was obliged to retreat in disorder, and to concentrate anew. In that encounter fell one of the bravest of my officers, Manuel N., who was very dear to me. The troops, being now reenforced, and sent forward with greater impetus and resolution, the enemy finally retreated.

